SAMPLE COPIES Sent Free to any Address.

TOLEDO WEEKLY BLADE

Circulation Last Week. 110,000.

VOLUME LV. TOLEDO, OHIO: THURSDAY, AUGUST 4, 1887. NUMBER 32.

Poetry.

WHEN JANIE MILKED THE COWS.

HELEN WHITNEY CLARKE.

The daisy held her dainty cup
 To catch the dewdrops bright;
The bee had kissed the clover bobs,
 And bade them all good night;
The katydid had tuned her song
 Among the apple boughs,
And farther stretched the shadows long,
 When Janie milked the cows.

The swallows flitted here and there,
 The bat had left her bower,
The primrose, with a bashful air,
 Unclosed her petaled flower;
The whippoorwill his plaintive tale
 Proclaimed 'neath wooded boughs,
And twilight dropped her dusky veil,
 While Janie milked the cows.

And Ben, the plowboy, strolling by,
 Comes through the open bars,
While softly in the western sky
 Shine out the tranquil stars.
And while the corn blades whisper low,
 Two lovers pledged their vows,
Amid the twilight's purple glow,
 While Janie milked the cows.

* * * * * * *

A little cottage, snug and new,
 With hop vines at the door;
The sunbeams, peeping softly through,
 Lie dancing on the floor.
And when the first pale evening stars
 Shine through the forest boughs,
Young farmer Ben, beside the bars,
 Helps Janie milk the cows.

A WOMAN'S NO.

She had a parcel, small and round,
 One lovely afternoon last summer;
I offered, as in duty bound,
 To take it from her.

She thanked me with a gracious smile
 As sweet as rosy lips could make it;
It was so small 'twas not worth while
 To let me take it.

Again I offered as before
 Of that slight burden to relieve her;
She'd rather not, "Pray say no more!"
 'Twould really grieve her.

I ceased to plead; she seemed content;
 The thing was small and neatly corded,
And so along our way we went
 To where she boarded.

But when upon the stoop she stood,
 And ere our last adieus were uttered,
She eyed me in a roguish mood
 And softly muttered,

As swung the door to let her through
 And left me there all unresisting:
"I don't think very much of you
 For not insisting."

Our Story Teller.

PETER PATTERSON.

BY ROSE TERRY COOKE.

He was a tailor by trade, this Peter; a tailor in the great city of Gotham. He left the country in his first youth, answering an advertisement in a daily paper, and being honest and plodding, worked his way up till he had a business of his own, ceased to think of little Lydia Marsh, the sweetheart who had never forgotten him, and became a well-to-do man, with a stout, easy-going wife, and a comfortable home in an unfashionable quarter of the city.

He was a little man, with pursed-up lips, a short and uplifted nose, twinkling grey eyes, small and sagacious, and a rather well-worn chestnut wig, quite old-fashioned in its long curly ends and very marked white parting. But the wig was a part of Peter. He would not have known himself or been recognized by his customers in any other head gear.

Peter was fussy, priggish and self-conceited, but thoroughly honest and well-meaning. There are very few perfect people in this lower world, and we might not find them comfortable companions if there were more, human nature is a mixture common to us all, and to be unable to laugh at our neighbors would deprive life of much of its savor. Happily we are not aware that our neighbors are laughing at us in the same fashion—a fact we might not find so pungently agreeable. Certainly our hero never suspected that he could be laughed at.

In due course of time Mrs. Peter Patterson left her comfortable home forever. In the twenty long years of her married life she had been childless, and yet never regretted it. She had, in her want of other and nobler occupation, eaten too much and walked too little; so one day she was found lifeless on her parlor floor, from an attack of apoplexy.

Peter was sorry. He was not crushed, but decently sorry. There had been no romance in his marriage. He had proposed to his wife because she was a quiet, domestic sort of girl, who would help him lay up money; and she married him because he asked her. Literally this was her reason. She had been a good, economical partner for Peter, and when he had to break up housekeeping and take to boarding he felt Mrs. Patterson's loss far more deeply than he had expected to. No more savory little dishes that his soul loved for dinner now; his favorite puddings, with foamy sauce or fairy butter, were unknown at Mrs. McGuffy's table. He had to eat the dry or reeking slice of beef, the watery potatoes, the tough cabbage, the bakery pies, and make the best of them. But custom did not harden his palate or digestion. He lost his appetite and set up dyspepsia. There was no help for it; he must marry again.

Now Peter had at least $50,000 well invested, and on a lucky day was offered $30,000 more for the stock and custom of his store, no longer a mere tailor's shop, but a great, profitable clothing establishment. He doubted and demurred a good deal; but it was now late in the winter, mince-pies had set in, poultry was tough at the Sunday dinners that had made one day in the week endurable to him, and his dyspepsia raged. Dyspepsia is the thumbscrew, the rack, the torture of the waterdrop, the iron boot, all combined to a man; women can endure a great deal more a great deal better. Under this awful dispensation Peter only cared to get away from work and anxiety. His deliberations ended rapidly; he sold out his business, invested his money and went back to Framingham, where he was born, to try change of air.

Here he endured the mild starvation of a country hotel, but he could ask for certain hygienic viands and get them. Mrs. Azariah Strong, who kept the tavern, could boil him oatmeal and bake him Graham bread; the milk was unadulterated and the eggs fresh. Peter gradually got better, and, besides, he found his old sweetheart, Lydia Marsh, still alive and unmarried.

Lydia had grown tall, thin and grey since he knew her; but she was still meek, simple, affectionate, and very glad to renew her acquaintance with Peter, who had found but few whom he remembered left in Framingham, and was glad of one cordial welcome. Now Lydia Marsh, having enough money to live on as single women do live in the country, and little enough to do in her house, where a bound girl and a cat constituted all the family, had taken violently to the temperance cause. It is an odd thing that almost all the old maids and widows in a country town do become devoted either to the work of temperance or the cause of foreign missions. There may be plenty of white heathen at their door; their next neighbor may be a drunkard, and abuse his wife and children, but these specialties do not interest them; they take to glittering generalities even as ducks take to water, and find a pleasant excitement in figuring as officers of an organization. The married women, with husbands and children to provide for, have "other fish to fry," and, with a few sad and painful exceptions, adhere to their womanly duties in "that sweet, safe corner by the household fire" made for good women.

Now Peter was dull and lonesome in his inn, and it became a matter of course with him to spend his evenings with Lydia. The amiable enthusiast plied him with her own notions and achievements till he became interested deeply both in her and her work. The old love, like Aaron's dry rot, budded and blossomed, and he made a formal proposal to Lydia, who modestly accepted him for better or worse. By this time Peter was extremely bored by Framingham's quiet and dullness. He was by no means desirous to spend the rest of his days there. His dyspepsia was better, and he discovered that Lydia was an excellent cook and housekeeper; consequently he persuaded her to set an early day for the wedding, and hastened back to the city to provide a new home.

Of course, with his moderate means, he had to buy a house in a block; but then there are certain conveniences in that; your house is warmer than a single mansion; your neighbors cannot make more outside show than you do; a block, like death reduces men to the same level—apparently, at least; and whether you wish to have a characteristic dwelling or not, you can't have it, except within. Lydia gasped a little at the idea of going to York to live."

It was a great elevation, and Framingham people bristled with envy; but Lydia rather dreaded it. However, Peter soothed her with stories of city conveniences: a kitchen where the water, both hot and cold, came into the sink at her pleasure; no lamps to fill or trim; no weekly butcher to wait and stay at home for; all the needs and luxuries of life close at hand; unlimited meetings and temperance lectures; and affiliation awaiting her with all the women's unions and female leagues known to her hitherto as distant glories and powers through the newspapers. What a change from the one feeble society in Farmingham, where she had only been a member!—one of three—the other six were all officers.

So in due time Lydia was installed in her new home, along with the willing-bound girl and the unwilling cat, and revelled in the glories of a city house with a basement kitchen, a parlor with red plush furniture and a blue tapestry carpet, ornamented with large and forbidding portraits of Peter in his neatly parted wig, and Sunday coat, vis-a-vis with the first Mrs. Peter, sound and snug in a black velvet gown. It is as cheap to be painted in velvet as in calico. This state apartment was kept dark and still. The square room behind it was the living-room, and both Peter's and Lydia's old furnishings were sprinkled sparsely over the house.

They had very little society, for Peter's social development had always been small; but Lydia found enough to do in her new house and her evening meetings; and Peter joined a men's temperance society, who held their meetings in the same building where Lydia's branch of the women's league held their's, so that it was remarkably convenient for them to go and come together.

Deprived of any other outlet for his busy nature, Peter soon became a prominent person in the M. T. A. Circle, No. 4. He rose to the rank of secretary, and was then elected vice-president. Lydia had no such honors showered on her; naturally modest, she was afraid to speak before a crowd of strangers. But while her sensitive womanhood led her to keep silence, she was a regular attendant and a liberal contributor, so the "sistering" did not frown upon her.

Peter, however, was as active as a bluebottle fly; he talked and prayed and worked with vigorous zeal; he button-holed indifferent men and awoke their interest; he hauled more than one youth from the saloons where he was beginning to slide down the easy descent of degradation, and helped him to stand thereafter on his feet; and many a wife, bereft worse than by death, many a family of more than fatherless children, blessed the good, fussy little man who fed and clothed them, and promptly clapped the drunken brute who figured as the "head" of those desolate households into the places prepared for such transgressors.

About a year after Peter set up his household gods in the uptown block, the city was visited by two noted female apostles of the temperance cause—Mrs. Johnson Park and Miss Adeline Nary. Their eloquence of speech, their gifts in prayer, their organizing power, their acceptance with the sisters everwhere, were the theme of every tongue. Quiet Lydia came home from her weekly meeting full of mild enthusiasm; she was carried away with Sister Park. Never had she heard such fluent speech, so clear, so convincing, so tender; and as for Sister Nary, she never heard such a prayer as that woman made—never!

And so she went on daily, for she left the household to Betsey Ann and the cat, and followed these two wherever they went to preach or teach, in the churches, the halls, the—anywhere. Peter could not but share in her interest; he listened to her reports of meetings with both his ears and all his soul. He looked upon Lydia as favored above measure, and fairly pined to have these wonderful women admit the general public to their presence, and allow them to share their gifts and graces; but the meetings so far were so crowded with women that there was no place found for men.

Ond day Betsey Ann announced to Lydia that "Somebody's ben movin' into the nex house, Mis' Patterson; p'r'aps you're goin' to hev neighbors that side, ef you heven't got them t'other."

It had been a mystery and a trial to Lydia ever since she came to her new home that her next-door neighbors did not call on her. She saw a man leave the house after breakfast and return before dinner, and sometimes she saw a lady go out and take the cross-town cars; once she had done that at the same time, but she did not quite dare to "scrape acquaintance," as she termed it, and as there was no door plate on that door, she could not address the lady by name. It seemed a cold, unchristian way to live, but after a time she became used to it, and in her interesting meetings forgot this unpleasant state of things. The left-hand-house had long been empty, but Lydia was not so sanguine about its new occupants as her handmaid.

Still, being from the country, where we all make it our business to know every man, woman and child who goes into or comes out of the next houses, and those across the street besides, Lydia did turn a watchful eye on the new family. She observed that they kept later hours than she and Peter did, for night after night, when Peter had locked every lock and turned out every burner, when the cat was slaughtering the innocents in the cellar and kitchen, when Betsy was snoring in the attic, and the worthy pair themselves were safe in bed and asleep, Lydia would suddenly wake, lift her deep frilled nightcap from the pillow, and hearing the roll of a carriage come up the street, stop, a bell rung sharply, and doors open and shut, she would remark to the still slumbering Peter, "Those folks next door is pretty late birds." Yet she had never caught a glimpse of them for two months after they were settled at her left hand.

One, dark, wintry night there set in a heavy rain, so heavy that neither Peter nor Lydia thought it safe to go out, for the water froze as it fell, and the streets were a sheet of wet ice; they were very much disappointed, for that night Mrs. Johnson-Park and Miss Adeline Nary were to speak in a grand meeting for "both sexes," as the advertisement specially announced. But Peter was too rotund to trust himself out in such a state of things, and Lydia could not go alone; so they passed a quiet evening by the fire, or rather by that hole in the floor which represents the family hearth in city houses, Peter reading aloud the latest papers and pamphlets issued by the temperance party, and Lydia peacefully knitting on a silk stocking destined for her lord and master.

There were some awful revelations in those papers that excited Peter very much; statistics as to the amount of habitual drunkenness among the female leaders of society in the city shocked his very soul; he read and re-read, commented and groaned, till Lydia began to shiver at the thought that all the rich and aristocratic women in Gotham were in constant danger of delirium tremens.

In fact, when bedtime came and sleep descended on the eyes of the worthy pair, they were both dreaming of reeling women in sealskin and velvet, diamonds glittering in their ears, and plumes waving above their foolish faces, who blocked Fifth avenue, and refused passage to sober folk, when they were simultaneously aroused by a sharp, imperative ring at the door-bell.

Peter jumped and hurried on his clothes. "Don't you come!" he smartly addressed Lydia. "It's probably murder, or fire. You stay right there."

Lydia sank back obediently, and another loud peal hurried Peter to the door. He stopped to light the gas in the hall, and, as it flashed up, heard a carriage drive away, and another ring smote on his ear. He opened the door, and the light streamed on two women, flushed in face, dripping with rain, clothed with oil waterproof cloaks, disheveled curls peeping from one hood and a straight rough bang from the other.

"Go off the steps, you drunken wretches," screamed Peter, slamming the door in their faces. Then he turned down the gas and listened at the keyhole.

"Oh, Jane! how dreadful! It must be that brother of Bridget's that was to come as our waiter to-day; he don't know us. Oh, I stagger so on this wet ice!"

Peter caught the words "dreadful" and "stagger," and nodded his head sagaciously.

Again the bell rang fiercely, and two pairs of hands assaulted the door. It shook, but did not yield.

"Why don't you open the door? We are frozen. Where is Bridget? We are wet through. Let us in!"

"H-m! Evidently not used to cold water," chuckled Peter, groping his way up the stairs, and finding Lydia quite pale with fright.

"Oh! oh! What—what was it, Peter?"

"Nothing—nothing, my dear. Two manifestly inebriated females who wished to get in. Sad—very sad; but so. You recollect what the *Coldwater Herald* said, in that article on the increasing intemperance of the female sex, this evening? Well, this is an awful proof of the correctness of that statement. You won't be troubled with them, I think, any more."

"Oh, Peter! what if it should be the people in the next house?"

"It may be. I think their late hours point in that direction."

And with a comfortable sense of being morally far above his neighbors, Peter lay down and slept the sleep of the consciously upright man.

Meantime the two luckless women on the doorstep had been fortunate enough to see a policeman in the distance, and, waiting till he was near, the tallest one said: "Won't you be kind enough to make the inmates here open this door? We were careless enough to forget the latchkey, and the new servant did not recognize us."

"Are you sure 'tis the roight door!" guessed the astute policeman. "Fwhat's the number av yer own?"

"Two hundred and eighteen," was the prompt answer.

Patsey flashed his bull's-eye on the door. "Ah, thin, I thought that was the way iv it; 'tis next door ye are; an' why would they be for lettin' ye in when ye worren't there?"

"Oh!" And a little hysterical laugh followed. Then, with much slipping and scrambling, the two thoroughly wet women went down one set of steps and up another, slid a dollar into the willing palm of the city guardian, and ringing their own bell, were soon inside their own door.

The next afternoon Peter encountered at the reading room of his special society a prominent temperance man, who was thoroughly at work for the cause, knew all about its organizations, and "ran" its mass meetings.

In the course of conversation Peter remarked to Mr. Blair that it was very sad to find out how drunkenness was spreading among women. "Only last night, sir," he went on, with the slight pomposity of a man who knows of what he speaks, and is qualified therefore to instruct his hearer—"yes, only last night I was aroused by frantic peals at my door-bell, loud cries and knockings, and when I hurried down and opened the door, there stood two quite respectable females. I caught a glimpse of a velvet dress, sir, on one, and the other was clothed in satin—yes, sir, I should say yeller satin"—(Oh, Peter, it was old gold); "but their hair was straggled all out and their faces red. They was manifestly inebriated—yes, sir, they was, indeed."

"Dear me! dear me! And what did you do with them?" inquired good Mr. Blair.

"Let them alone sir. Yes, sir, let them severely alone. There's a policeman has a midnight beat on our street; I ruther think he raked 'em in."

"By-the-way, Mr. Patterson, our mass meeting to-night is put off. I just went up to —— street to see Mrs. Johnson-Park, in answer to a telegram she sent me, and found her seriously ill—quite unable to speak to-night. She is threatened with rheumatic fever; and Miss Nary has a hoarse cold."

"Oh! I hoped I should hear them to-night," said Peter, in a tone of disappointment.

"No one will. You see, the meeting last evening closed very late, and the night was so rainy the driver of their carriage made a mistake and stopped at the wrong door—the next house. They did not know it, and made fruitless efforts to get in, standing in the cold rain till they were wet through, before a policeman passed and pointed out their mistake. I am afraid they will both be seriously ill."

A terrible idea started into Peter's head. "Did you say they live on —— street?" he gasped. "What number?"

"Two hundred and eighteen,"

"O—h!" groaned Peter.

He had called the woman he worshipped afar off, the great lights of the M. N. O. P. Q., "drunken wretches" to their faces. Poor Peter Patterson!—*Boston Traveller.*

KILLING THE GREAT AUK.

How an Interesting Bird Was Destroyed—Other Extinct Creatures.

Sixty or seventy years ago the great auks were exceedingly common along the northern coast, coming as far south as Nahant. But warfare was commenced upon them, says C. F. Holden, in St. Nicholas, and though it hardly seems possible, their extermination is doubtless complete; the last living bird having been killed in 1844 on a group of islands called Funglaserk, off the southwest coast of Iceland.

In the last century these birds, which were large, handsome, and striking in appearance, were common at the Faroe Islands; and, as they were found to be good eating, they were slaughtered by the boat load, not only for immediate use, but to be dried and preserved. They were finally driven to a desolate rock that was considered inaccessible; but one calm day a Faroese vessel succeeded in making a landing and the crew destroyed nearly the entire rookery. A few birds escaped to sea and returned after the departure of the men, and for a time were safe. Then, as if nature herself were in league against them, the rock, a few years later, was engulfed by a submarine eruption.

The few remaining great auks now assembled and formed a rookery on a rock called Eldey, where, for fourteen years, they lived a precarious existence. During that time 60 of their number were taken, and finally the last pair was destroyed. Their history in other localities is very similar to this. That the birds were once common on the Maine coast is shown by the fact that their bones are found in the oyster-shell heaps at varions parts of the shore.

At the same time and in the same locality with the great auk, lived the Labrador duck, a fine bird, quite rare even in collections, and now totally extinct. The last known living specimen was killed by Col. Wedderburn, of Halifax, in 1852.

In a similar way the curious dodo, which was a giant pigeon, was exterminated. The sailors who visited the island of Mauritius used to kill them in mere wanton sport.

The notornis, a beautiful rail of New Zealand, has become extinct, probably within the memory of our readers, its extermination, also being due to man. And in our own time we see the buffalo being crowded farther and farther into the mountains and almost exterminated from our western plains.

The Owl and the Cat.

Edward C. George, of Ringwood, N. J., a son of Philip R. George, of the firm of Cooper, Hewitt & Co., is the member of the Passaic county board of chosen freeholders from West Milford township. Mr. George appeared yesterday with his hands and face badly stratched. He had been having some fun with a cat and an owl. It was a racket equaled only by the celebrated encounter between the monkey and the parrot. Mr. George had a hen tied with a string to a stick in his yard. The hen had a brood of small chickens.

A big owl came down and began making a breakfast out of the chickens, and there was a fight between the hen and the owl. Soon the owl discovered that he was fast. His legs had become mixed up with the string. He left the hen and tried to discover the secret of his shackles. Mr. George came out and captured him. He was one of the biggest and fattest and liveliest owls that Mr. George had ever seen, and he decided to have some fun with him. The owl was put in a room, and Mr. George got a cat and carried it into the same apartment.

As soon as the cat saw the owl it jumped four feet high, and every individual hair on its back stood on end. One attack on the owl was enough for the cat. Then Mr. George got another, and, as he hoped, a savager cat. This cat was so terrified that it turned on Mr. George, and in trying to get rid of her he got scratches. He says the owl stood with its mouth open and looked as if it was laughing.

Severe Summer in Ireland.

When perspiring Americans stay at home and read about fellow citizens who are traveling in Ireland, they need not be filled with envy. It is warm over in Ireland, and very dry, likewise. In southern Ireland no rain has fallen for two months; there is no wind, and the thermometer varies from 86° in the shade to 130° in the glare of the sun. It is an almost unprecedented state of affairs there, and the people are in great distress.

Humor.

CONDENSED NOVELS.

"I hope, my dear," said a newly-made Benedict, "if I should happen to be out nights occasionally you won't be lonely."

"Oh, no, dear," she replied sweetly. "if you should find it necessary to be out, I'll send for ma to keep me company."

He's home early every night.

⁂

Miss Clara—Oh, Ethel, do you know that I have had two offers in the past week?

Miss Ethel—Indeed! I suppose you accepted the first one.

⁂

"You asked me to bring you a little pin money," said a young husband to his wife.

"Yes, dear," said the lady, expectantly.

"Well, to save you the fatigue of going out in this hot weather I have brought you some pins instead."

⁂

"How cool and comfortable you look, dear," said a mother to her daughter. "Have you been taking a bath?"

"No, mamma," was the reply. "I have been reading a love scene from Howells."

⁂

Girl (looking at hammock)—Er—aren't these a little small, sir?

Dealer—Plenty big enough to hold two, Miss.

Girl blushes and buys one.

⁂

"If you don't know when you were born, Uncle Rastus, how can you say that you are 55 years of age?"

"Kase I'se kep' track ob my aige, sah, ebber sence I was 30 ya' ole."

⁂

"I want to look at some canes," said a magnificent young man to the dealer, "and I'm in a big hurry."

"Yessir, yessir," responded the dealer, very much flustrated. "Here, James, show the gentlemen some hurricanes."

Like Her Elders.

A story of the rising generation:

In one of the suburban towns there is a young lady—quite a young young lady she is, too—whose somewhat boyish aspect and innocently masculine tastes have won for her the soubriquet of Tommy. Not long ago she gave a little party to the children of the neighborhood, and in preparing for the event her mother, in order to get at an idea of the sort of young people her daughter would like to have attend, told her to prepare a list of those she wished to invite. Tommy went to work with zest and in a short time finished a pretty long list.

"There, mamma," said she, with an air of conclusiveness, "there's every single one that I want to come."

Her mother took the document and read it with an astonishment which increased as her eye approached the end of the list. Tommy had only one girl's name on the whole list!

"Why, Tommy," her mother exclaimed, "do you want none but boys to come to your party? What are you thinking of?"

"Well, mamma," says Tommy, "you know girls aren't any fun!"

"But would your boys have any fun if there weren't any girls?"

"Weren't any girls? Why, there'll be Kitty Bickerstaff and me, and that ought to be girls enough!"

The mother, however, insisted upon the nomination of a full quota of girls; but in order to get it she had to make inquiries herself. Tommy's information was deficient.—*Boston Transcript.*

A Very Equivocal Complement.

Two sisters were entertaining their friends the other night, when one remarked, speaking of a gentleman who lived in the house, and who was present at the time.

"Yes, Mr. Fitzhugh is just too kind. Lotta, you know, is always preparing some new dish, and as the rest of us have had experience we are a little shy about tasting them for the first time, but Mr. Fitzhugh always comes heroically to the rescue and acts the food censor to perfection."

"Yes," said the big brother, trying to be agreeable; "that he does. The girls remind me of Robinson Crusoe. You know whenever he found anything he was not quite sure of its being poison or not, he always first tried it on a monkey."—*Pittsbury Chronicle.*

A Natural Mistake.

"Yes," said the old gentleman, sadly to the traveling man who sat next to him in the car. "It's a hard thing to have outlived your usefulness; I feel it very much."

"I suppose you were engaged in a pleasant and congenial occupation," ventured the traveling man.

"I was in the show business," was the reply. "O, how I long to hear the applause of the multitude and sniff the sawdust once more.

"O," said his companion, "from that last remark I should judge that you were connected with a circus."

"You are mistaken, sir," was the somewhat stiff rejoinder. "I was a ballet master."—*Merchant Traveler.*

A Brave Man Shrinks.

"How's this, John? You said you intended to propose to Miss Gushington this evening, and here you are back before 9 o'clock. She surely didn't refuse you?"

"No-o, I didn't propose. I concluded to postpone the question."

"Now, see here, John, if you don't get that girl it's your own fault. The idea of being such a coward! You, who have bravely walked up to the cannon's mouth."

"Y-e-s, but the cannon hadn't been eating onions."

A Delicate Compliment.

"Miss Clara," said Dumley, who means well, but is clumsy at a compliment, "can you tell me in what respect you resemble a mule?"

Before Miss Clara had time to act, Dumley solved the conundrum himself.

"Because you have such small feet," he explained.

A Count in Disguise.

Miss DeStruck—"Mamma is inquiring for you in the library, papa. I know Count Ccmeupsky will excuse you for a moment. He can read that article himself."

Count (?) Comeupsky (absent-mindedly and unguardedly as the old gentleman rises)—"Next!"—*Judge.*

Outrageous Propositions.

Bride—My dear, I wish you would bring home one of those boxes of French bonbons to-night.

Husband—Wha——

"And after tea it will be real pleasant to go out and get some ice-cream——"

"Great stars and stripes! Why, we're married."

A Very Long Play.

"In the provinces," said Tartambout, the actor, "we used to play a piece of twelve acts on Sunday."

"Oh, that's nothing," replied a native of the south of France, "at Marseilles we only gave one piece, but it was so long that we had to play two acts of it at a time."

What's the Matter With the Pie.

"Waiter," said a gentleman in the dining car, "have you any gooseberry pie?"

"No, sah; hain't carryin' any dis yeah, sah."

"Why is that!"

"Well, you see, sah, dey's scace dis season. Las' winter wuz so cole and stormy dat it wuz mighty tough on de geese."

But She is a "Great Actress."

Jack—What is your doll's name, Lolette?

Lolette—Mrs. Potter.

Jack—But your doll can't act.

Lolette—No; that's why I named her so.—*Tid Bits*

A Modern Ingenue.

Mamma—"But, Flora, how do you know that this young man loves you? Has he told you so?"

Flora—"Oh, no, mamma. But if you could only see the way he looks at me when I am not looking at him!"

Not Bad for Hot Weather.

"What is that terrible racket about?" asked a man as he passed a house on Queen street, and heard a child yelling at the top of its voice.

"Oh, that's nothin," exclaimed his companion, "it is simply a woman banging her heir."

The Wrong Result.

"Ma," said Bobby, "have I been a good boy to-day?"

"Yes, Bobby, and I am very proud of you."

"Well, will you do me a favor, ma?"

"If it's reasonable, Bobby. What is it?"

"Let me go to bed to-night without saying my prayers."

A Tragedy in Five Chapters.

I.

"Who was that in your box the other night, Mollie?" asked a beautiful blonde being, framed by Nature to support the struggling milliners at the expense of the head of the family first and some other man after, to a brunette being of the same kind.

"O, that was Mr. Smith, of New York. He's awful handsome, isn't he, Josie?"

"He's just splendid."

"He's of good family, too"

"Introduce me, won't you?"

"O, he's poor."

"Poor thing!"

"I'll tell you what we'll do. I'll keep him for the Santa Cruz trip and you can have him for the springs."

II.

Extract from a letter from Augustus Cæsar Smith, San Francisco, to his sister in New York:

"You will be pleased, my dearest sis, to know that I am progressing finely in California. I have just met a most charming young lady, Miss Mollie Blank, whose father has devoted many years most successfully to dollarculture. She is much struck with me, and it seems to be quite genuine. She has invited me so strongly to go to Santa Cruz while her family is there that I trust to consummate the matrimonial scheme very shortly. I feel that I only need speak now to be accepted. Congratulate me!"

III.

"How was he, Mollie?"

"Who?"

"Smith."

"Smith? What Smith?"

"Smith of New York."

"O, he was splendid. The first two weeks we had an elegant time."

"Well, you remember your promise?"

"What about?"

"To give him to me."

"Certainly. You can have him. He's all right; very pleasant and agreeable until he proposes to marry you. Then he's no good. Look out for him. He made eight holes in the sand with his knees at Santa Cruz imploring me to become Mrs. Smith."

IV.

Extract from a letter from A. C. Smith to his sister:

"You will be pained to learn that I found the Mollie Blank I told you about, a little fool. I couldn't stand her after two weeks' acquaintance. You would not have liked her, I know. I have become smitten with a true and noble little woman, Miss Josie ———, who is in every respect the antithesis of that coquet. She will make a lovely little wife—and she is quite as wealthy. I am happy this time, for I know she loves me.

V.

Brief note from A. C. Smith to his sister:

My Dearest Sister: Strike father for $250 for me to get home with. You affectionate brother, Gus.

A Just Judge.

Justice, to prosecuting witness—Now state your case as brifly as you can.

Prosecuting Witness—I will, your honor. I am a stationer, and this morning this man came into my house and says:

"Have you got any black ink?"

"Yes," I replied.

"Jet black?"

"Yes."

"Will it turn black after a while, or will it write black at once?"

"Writes black at once."

"Jet black?"

"Yes."

"'You are a liar,' and with that, your honor, he turned to walk out, and when I put my hand on him gently, intending to ask for an explanation of his curious conduct, he wheeled around and knocked me down."

Justice—"This is a rather interesting case. You are a stationer, eh?"

Prosecuting Witness—"Yes, sir."

"And have you really got any black ink?"

"Yes, sir."

"Black as soon as you write with it?"

"Yes, sir."

Justice (after a moment's reflection)—"You are a liar. The prisoner is discharged."

Purchasing Experience.

John White was a respectable-looking young man of 20, with a bad black eye and a sorrowful look, and when the court intimated that his sorrowful story would be patiently listened to he explained.

"You see, I was going up Woodward avenue with a friend. We saw an old man on the corner. My friend bet the cigars that I dasn't knock the old man's hat off."

"And you took the bet?"

"Yes, sir."

"And you knocked off his hat?"

"Yes, sir."

"And then—?"

"The old man knocked me down."

"Was he arrested?"

"No, sir; he had gone before the officer got there. I made a fool of myself, your Honor."

"So you did, George. Beware of old men. They look innocent and harmless, but strike like a pile-driver. Have you got a five about you?"

"Y-yes, sir."

"Well, hand it to the clerk and go. Your eye will be all right in about ten days, and the experience will be worth $500 to you."—*Detroit Free Press.*

An Intelligent Official.

In one of the Dakota cities where the free-delivery system went into effect the men appointed as carriers were somewhat inexperienced. One of them seemed to get over his route in a remarkably short space of time. Long before the others returned he was back with an empty pouch, looking for another load. The postmaster questioned him a little, but he insisted that he knew what he was doing and didn't need any instructions. The fourth day he came back with about half the letters he took out.

"What is the matter?" asked the postmaster.

"The boxes on my route are all full."

"What boxes?"

"Them little iron boxes that you put up around on the lamp posts that say 'U. S. Mail' on the end. I've been putting the mail into them every day, and have left them unlocked too, but I don't believe the big fools around the neighborhood know enough to go to them and get out their letters. I caught one man to-day putting letters he wanted to mail into one of them, though I know there are half a dozen for him in it now. I threatened to lick him if I caught him trying it again, and he said he was going to report me."

Hardly Named After Him.

Speaking of priests, here is a true story. An American priest, Father Carroll, the chaplain of a Maryland college, in the course of a sight-seeing stroll in London, dropped into St. Martin's-in-the-Fields, on Trafalgar square. A typically officious verger came up, and the priest, half-quizzing him, asked the name of the church.

"St. Martin's, sir."

"St. Martin's? Why, let's see. He was a cousin of St. Patrick, the Irishman."

"Oh, no, sir. There are no Hirish 'ere, sir. This was named for St. Martin Luther, sir."

Taking the Edge Off a Compliment.

Ethel (on the sidewalk)—I say, Kitty, dear, you ought always to be seen coming down steps. Your legs are awfully fetching in front; so straight, you know.

Kitty (pausing on her way down)—Why not going up, Ethel?

Ethel (with great sweetness)—Oh, for the same reason, dear!

Kitty (aside)—! ! ! ! ! ! ! !

His Majesty Myself.

Question—Have you read the speech which Grover Cleveland made at Clinton the other day in response to a toast to the President of the United States?

Answer—Yes.

Question—Can you think of any book whose title is expressive of the character of the President's remarks on this occasion?

Answer—I can.

Question—What is the name of the book?

Answer—"His Majesty Myself."

What He Wanted.

A gentleman went into a dry-goods store and asked for ten yards of naked cambric. The young lady blushed and said: "I guess you mean undressed cambric?" "Oh, yes! that's it."

Lucky for Book Agents.

If some men knew as much as they talked there wouldn't be any sale for the encyclopædia.

Observed When the Light is Turned Down.

A scientist declares that rocking chairs make people deaf and near-sighted. We have noticed this, especially when two young people are in the rocking chair.

Miscellany.

THE LAUGHING FAMILY.

A New Jersey Home Where Jolly Nash Could Get Points—Puzzling the Doctors.

The story of New Jersey's laughing family is certainly one of the oldest that ever reached the ears of that state. That a family with such a peculiar malady, and one so evidently interesting to the medical profession, should have lived so long in a thickly-populated community without attracting public notice and getting into the newspapers, except in a brief and remote way years ago, is strange. The family reside in a large, substantial house, not far from the Delaware river, in Hunterdon county. The father and sons are well-to-do farmers. The entire family are chronic laughers, having an affection of the muscles of the mouth and throat that compels them to give vent to apparent merriment at stated intervals. The malady first appeared in the father about a dozen years ago. He was usually a very quiet man, enjoying fun, but manifesting his enjoyment without much noise. He was seated at the dinner table one day, eating steadily and not engaging in the conversation which the other members of the family were carrying on. Suddenly, and without cause, he burst into a loud fit of laughter so extremely different from his accustomed laugh that all were attracted by it. When asked for the reason for his sudden outburst he made no reply. Some of the boys thought he had hysteria and pounded him on the back, but in vain. After a few moments he made motions for pencil and paper, wrote that he was unable to control his risibility and asked them to send for a doctor. The rural physician came but could give no remedy that stopped the laughter. Peal after peal of what sounded like the heartiest kind of laughter came from him, and nothing would avail to prevent it. The doctor finall came to the conclusion that he was the victim of a nervous attack, and, leaving a nervine, departed. The father continued laughing until sundown, when he suddenly stopped and fell to the floor completely exhausted. He soon grew better, however, ate a supper and spent the evening much as usual. No signs of a return of the trouble appearing, he went to bed and was soon asleep. About 2 o'clock his wife was awakened by his laughter, and the same symptoms as before manifested themselves. He kept it up until 7 o'clock, when the affliction suddenly ceased and did not return again until dinner time. Thus it continued, recurring each day shortly after noon and in the night about 2 o'clock, and has done so ever since. As weeks passed he grew so accustomed to the disease that he was caused little inconvenience. He did not get fatigued as at first, and soon was able to go about his farm-work, while laughing immoderately. He could not talk while under the spell, but carried a slate and pencil with him, after the fashion of a deaf and dumb person. The trouble was very regular in its advent, and only occasionally broke forth at unlooked-for seasons. Once the old man was taken in church, and just as the minister was exhorting his hearers in the most solemn strains, spoiled the effect of the discourse, besides disturbing the equilibrium of the clergyman. At another time he was found by a neighbor on the road, lying beneath a bag of flour, laughing. He has been taken while driving home from the mill, and the suddenness of the outbreak frightened the horse, causing it to run away and dump the man and part of his load out.

For eighteen months the father was the only one of the household afflicted with the malady. Several of them had complained from time to time of an inclination to join the father in the laugh, but none of them did so until nearly two years after he was taken, when Susie, the youngest child, suddenly burst into a similar fit during one of her father's attacks. From that time she laughed at about the same hours with her father. One by one the other members fell victims to the strange complaint, until two years ago only Charles, the eldest son, was free, and long exemption led him to believe that he would escape. But he was mistaken, and it is said he had his first attack while proposing for the hand of a girl in Wilkesbarre, Pa. So frightened was she by Charles's queer behavior that she ran from the room, and it was weeks before an explanation could induce her to see him again. She is now one of the family and never minds the hideous chorus which twice a day resounds through the house. Several eminent physicians from this city and Philadelphia are understood to have visited the house and become interested in the case. They all confessed themselves baffled and wanted some of the family to come to New York for treatment. This they refused to do. Their noticeable misfortune has rendered them very sensitive and they will not travel where they will be subjected to public scrutiny and remark. They go to church or the store in the village close by, and attend social gatherings occasionally in the evening, but only among lifelong friends. People within a radius of a few miles are now so accustomed to the thing that they have ceased to discuss it; consequently, few people outside of the immediate vicinity, and the physicians who have attended them, are cognizant of the circumstances. People passing the house, especially in summer, have thought it exceedingly strange to see a father and his sons in the field, plowing and sowing rods apart, yet each laughing as though he had just heard the best joke of the year.

Several years ago two young men came from the interior of the state to attend a party at Easton, Pa. It was a warm night and they did not start until late. They drove past the house of the laughing family soon after the regular nightly attack had begun. They windows were all open, as it was early summer. As they approached, they heard the most unearthly noise. The horse took fright and nearly ran away. Coming to the conclusion that, at least, the place was haunted, they hurried home, and the next morning spread the news. Parties were formed to investigate the matter, but none of them solved the mystery, until informed by a man in the village near by as to the nature of the case.

The years of incessant laughter have told somewhat on the faces of the family, but not so as to be very noticeable. There are scores of lines under the eyes and above the cheeks, caused by the drawing up of the skin. Then their mouths have become wider and they keep them closed with difficulty. The most marked result of the disease, however, is in the voice. The entire family talk in the same tone, resembling as nearly as anything the voice of an alto singer. Males and females have the same inflection and intonation. Most of them have more or less trouble with their eyes, several having become very near-sighted. The pupils have contracted and the eyeball is diminished in size. This is accounted for by the contraction of the eyes while laughing and the effort required in working or reading while under an attack. Very little physical annoyance is caused the laughers. They read and write, sleep and work without any trouble. The only thing they seem unable to do, while attacked, is to eat, and that can be readily understood. Several grandchildren have been born, and in all but one instance they were taken, soon after birth, with stated attacks at the same hours as their parents. Of course they do not laugh as the older ones do, but they crow and express all the signs of baby glee twice a day.

THE GIRL AND THE CASH BOOK.

The Mysterious Way in which her Accounts are Kept—Bookkeeping that is Deceptive.

In a burst of obviously misplaced confidence, a young lady just returned from college confided one of the awful secrets of her sex—the true inwardness of the female account-book. "You see," she said, "I can't always remember exactly what I have spent all my money for, so I just put down all the items I can remember, and then charge the deficit to postage stamps. Mamma often wonders what I can possibly do with all the stamps I buy, for she knows I haven't such a dreadful list of correspondents. Of course," she went on, with a truly inexplicable look of conscious prevarication, "I don't write to anybody mamma doesn't know about."

"Of course," assented the tourist.

"And you see," continued the fair Vassarite, "when she looks over my accounts and sees 25 cents charged for missionary fund, 10 cents for lead pencils, 50 cents for caramels, and $2 for postage stamps, she thinks it's kind of funny."—*Albany Journal.*

It Kills Them All.

According to an eminent English authority a goose lives 50 years. Provided, of course, he refrains from blowing out the gas when he retires.—*Chicago Herald.*

WOMEN WHO SWIM.

A Fashionable Teacher and His Crack Pupil.

"I never touch anything," he said to me one day composedly, "which is not of the upper crust. I instruct the aristocratic people of New York how to swim. I will not have anything to do with the humbler elements of the town. This is partially because I like it, and partially because a bath that is run exclusively for the best class of society will be liberally patronized. My place occupies four city lots, for which I paid $85,000 before I began to build. The expenses are very large, as it is necessary to keep the pool warm enough in winter to admit of bathing, and all the accessories are in good taste."

That was true to an eminent degree. Everything that the water touched was marble or silver, and the dressing-rooms were models of comfort and elegance. Illustrated magazines and papers were scattered about the reading rooms, and the attendants were all in showy uniforms. There were probably half a dozen ladies swimming at the time. They wore very light and close fitting bathing suits, and their instructors were women.

One of the swimmers was a society lady whose face has been familiar to New Yorkers and the fashionable halls for several seasons. She is a dainty little woman, with a face as delicate as a cameo, and she has a soft voice and a gentle manner. She reminds one of a nun, she is so quiet and demure. The day that I glanced into the bath she was just emerging from her dressing-room. Her trim figure was clad in a single garment that looked as though it might have been made of Turkish towling. She pattered down the walk on a run, scudded up the steps to a springboard five or six feet above the water, poised herself on the end a moment, and then sprang in the air like a bird and dived out of sight. Presently she came to the surface of the water, ten or fifteen feet beyond, and went splashing hand over hand to the steps. Once there she scrambled to the walk again and repeated her dive with a shriek of exultation that could be heard all over the building. She was as wild, untrammeled and venturesome as a street arab on an east side dock. Many of the crack croquet, badminton and polo playing girls swim regularly at these baths. They have learned that it develops their muscles, increases the color in their cheeks, and adds to their buoyancy, courage and spirits. Most of them are as reckless as dock rats in the water, though as proper as quakeresses on land. Many of them would doubtless repeat with my friend, the lawyer, "Me tub is me second self."—*Blakely Hall.*

STIMULANTS FOR PLANTS.

Advice About Using Fertilizers on Small Patches of Planted Ground.

Plants, no matter what they are, after they fairly start growing, can be made to "move on" more quickly by the judicious use of stimulants. Soot is a good and safe fertilizer for nearly everything, and scattered round the stems of plants, making the soil black, acts in the first place as a slug antidote, and in the next as plant food. It is, however, not the cleanest of articles to use, and advertised manures that are sold in small bags or tins answer the same purpose and are more agreeable. The different kinds are made of very much the same materials differently blended, and their action is not the same on all soils. There is nothing much more interesting than small trials of fertilizers, and then it can be determined which is the best adapted for any particular soil, crop, or garden. About two to three ounces to each superficial yard is a safe and good dressing of prepared manures, including guano; but very active fertilizers, such as nitrate of soda and sulphate of ammonia, should only be used at about half that rate. Bone-meal is excellent for vines and fruit trees, and three to four ounces may be applied to the square yard. The same quantity of common salt may be given to asparagus beds, but to nothing else, one ounce per yard being sufficient for scattering on the ground between flowers and crops generally, and it is good for almost everything in light and dry soils, but not so good on cold, heavy lands. The majority of small gardens are deficient in lime—a substance slugs and grubs do not like, but which plants and crops do.—*Amateur Gardener.*

The Old Man was Too Hasty.

A staid old Hubbardston farmer came to the Hub yesterday to do "a leetle tradin'," and as he meandered down Washington street, "headed for the Fitchburg Depot," as he said, he suddenly halted, gazed excitedly at a sign in front of a clothing house, and teen darted into the store, exclaiming, "Well, I vum, that is good!" After due deliberation he selected a $10 suit of clothes, tendering in payment just $7. "That's the right change, sir," said he to the astonished clerk. "But, I don't understand; I told you that suit would be $10."

"Yes, I know, but don't your old sign out there at the door say 'all we want is 70 cents on the dollar?" and picking up his new purchase the honest old Hubbardston farmer hastily left. He trotted along, congratulating himself on his wonderful smartness, and was heard to mutter, "I guess I'm lively enough for these 'ere city folks." But a sudden change came "o'er the spirit of his dreams" after he had walked a short distance. A look of utter disgust overspread his face, the bundle fell from his arms, and in a mournful tone he said, "Why in blazes didn't I look around a little before I bought them clothes?" The cause of this consternation was another clothing sign that read: "Goods sold here at half price." After studying the situation several minutes he resumed his journey depotward, saying, "I might have saved $5 just as well as not if I hadn't been in such a pesky hurry."—*Boston Post.*

Mose Moffit Lassoes a Bear.

Last week all the Unaweep cowboys were in the round-up at the head of the Dominguez. They had just finished moving camp, and Mac Thomason and Mose Moffit were riding along on their bronchos toward their new quarters. They had arrived within a mile of the camp, when they discovered a black bear in the brush. They at once started off in pursuit of Bruin and chased him up a tree. They determined to capture him, and, though totally unarmed save with their lariats, succeeded in doing so.

They first cleared away the underbrush from around the tree, so that they could loose their lariats, and at once commenced the work of roping him. They roped him several times, but Bruin would, with his fore feet, throw the rope off as quickly as it fell to his shoulders. Finally Mose Moffit succeeded in fastening him, and, putting his horse in motion, dragged the bear from the tree. As soon as he fell, Mac Thomason was ready with a club to dispatch him, which he did with a few heavy blows across the head. The boys then went into camp, where they told their adventure to their comrades, and then securing knives, went back and removed the hide. The bear, when dressed, weighed 250 pounds, and was about 2 years old.—*Mesa County (Col.) Democrat.*

Seasick Passengers.

An ocean steamer, head winds, a rough sea, and a steerage packed with Irish emigrants furnish amusement to the passenger who has an eye for the humorous and is not made seasick by the rolling and the pitching. The cabin is a forlorn place, even the dinner table charms few from their staterooms, but the steerage is full of scenes ranging from the terrible to the ludicrous.

On one steamer the steerage passengers were so terrified during a bit of rough weather, that they made up their minds they were going down, and would not undress for several nights. One old woman, who had not slept for several nights, was offered a composing draught by the doctor.

"An, thin, dochtor darlint," she said, refusing to take it, "let me go down with all me sinses aboot me!"

The doctor found it difficult to understand another crone.

"Ah, thin, dochtor," said she, "ye mustn't mind me mumblin', for I've taken out the false teeth, ye see, that I may be sick the aisier."

"Were you frightened last night?" a girl was asked the morning after a gale.

"I niver," she replied, "said so many prayers together since the day of my christening."—*Youths' Companion.*

A Different Vine.

"What a delicious drink," said an agriculturally ignorant young woman who was sipping some kumyss at the cattle show. "Is it made from the product of the grapevine, George?"

"No," replied George, "it is made from the product of the bovine."

NAMES AND SURNAMES.

The Way "Society" Has of Writing Them.

It is the fashion now to write one's name in full, says a correspondent of the *Epoch*, and I am very glad of it. I am a sensitive person, and when I was younger and was called "Hig Jones," I used to suffer acutely, both from the insignificance of the name and its ugliness; even at an early age I never wrote my name simply with the initials; there wasn't enough of it. "Higginson W. Jones" looked and sounded so much better that I wrote it that way for some years. Then arose the fashion of writing the second in full. I was delighted. "H. Wentwosth Jones" had a distingue air, and I really went up a peg in my own estimation. I noticed, too, that a great many of the "swells" wrote their names in that way. J. Weatherby Stull is one shining instance, and J. Clark Sell is another.

By-and-by I began to grow dissatisfied with my name even in its new form. I noticed that another of the Joneses had recently adopted a new method, and wrote, instead of C. Boyd Jones, C. Boyd-Jones, that is to say, employed a hyphen. This, it struck me, was just a huckleberry above my persimmon, to use a rural phrase that was common in the country where I was brought up; and for a long time I debated within myself whether I should have a new card-plate printed with "Mr. H. Wentworth Jones" on it. Finally I concluded not to do it. The simple "H." looked too small as a first name to balance the rest of the combination if that were to be taken all together and joined with a hyphen. A brilliant idea came to me—I would write the name in full; and I did so.

By this time, you must know, I had become a member of "society," thanks to my middle name and my lucky hit in marrying money. We had gone into coaching, tennis, private theatricals, tobogganing and Tuxedo. My wife communicated my brilliant idea to her dear friends, Mrs. Spotter and Mrs. Steele. They adopted it joyfully; and from that day forth they appeared resplendent as Mrs. Higginson Wentworth Jones, Mrs. James Bown Spotter, and Mrs. Bollivar Sommer Steele. In the hams and bacon line, where he made his money, Steele was still known by his initials, and "B. S. Steele" was worth a good many thousand dollars on a cheque. But society, I find, honors a draft signed with a resounding name much more quickly and heartily than a card with simple H. W. Jones upon it.

Mrs. Gordon Richards says that this fashion makes all the names read like an extract out of a college catalogue, when they are printed in the *Home Journal*. She delights, also, in telling a disagreeable story about an odious and vulgar woman whom she once heard of up in Pike county, Pennsylvania, who had been reading Miss Potter's novels just after she was married, and had named her first child (this is the way she pronounced it) Con-stan tine So-bus-ki Thaddus of Warsaw Quick Decker; her maiden name having been Quick. But Mrs. Gordon Richards is a queer woman, and people have told me that they think she sometimes tries to be sarcastic.

It may be better, as the old proverb has it, to let well enough alone; and we certainly have got along swimmingly as Mr. and Mrs. Higginson Wentworth Jones, but I have changed twice before, each time for the better, and I really have a great notion now to take another name—something in consonance with the New England flavor of my present given names, and write myself hereafter "Mr. Higginson Wentworth Bradford Jones."

THE FIRST.

When Coins, Handkerchiefs, Maps, Pens, and Other Things Were Original.

The first coining of money is attributed to Pheidon, King of Argos, in 895 B. C. Coined money was first used in this country twenty-five years before the Christian era, but gold was not coined here till the eleventh century, and money was not given the round form to which we are accustomed until the lapse of another hundred years or so.

The first geographical map of England was made in the year 1520.

Handkerchiefs were first manufactured at Paisley in 1743.

Postoffices were first known in England as early as 1581, and exactly a hundred years later a penny post was introduced for London and its suburbs by an upholsterer named Murray.

Pens were first used in the seventh century. They were, of course, quills, and steel pens did not come into use until 1820, when the first gross of them was sold wholesale for £7 4s. The quality of these pens was greatly inferior to that of those for which we now pay sixpence a gross.

The first navigable canal in England was made in 1134, when Henry I. joined the Trent to the Witham.

Spectacles were first used in the latter part of the thirteenth century. There is no certainty as to who was the inventor of them, but the distinction is generally claimed for Alessandro di Spina who is said to have made some about 1285.

Woolen cloth was first made in England in 1331, though its making is one of the most ancient arts. It was not dyed or dressed by Englishmen until 1667.

Cricket was first played about the year 1300. It was then and for a long time afterward known as "club ball."

The first dictionary was compiled by Pa-out-She, a Chinaman, who lived about 1,100 B. C.

The first voyage round the world was made in the Vittoria, a ship which formed part of the expedition that sailed under Magellan in 1519.

The first London directory was printed in 1677, and contained 64 pages, with the names of 1,790 persons or firms.—*London Exchange.*

Oh, the Gay Girls One Sees on the Beach!

One young woman down here daily startles the people on the Boardwalk by the audacity of her costumes. She belongs to one of the best families in Philadelphia, and lives in Germantown. She is evidently bent on two things, to keep cool, and incidentally to attract attention. This girl has a beautiful cream-tinted complexion, with rather decided features, and carries her slender and shapely figure with a swing that almost approaches a swagger.

She is a great favorite with the young men, and even escapes the censure of very proper spinsters and dowagers, who vote her a "little unconventional, 'tis true, but a very charming girl." But about her dress. Last week at one of the hops she wore a white mull, unrelieved by any flounce or suspicion of drapery, not even a tournure, the waist cut more decollete than is often seen, particularly in the back. The next day she promenaded the Boardwalk wearing a waist that made every one stop and stare. It was a white open-work goods that fitted as closely as her skin—slightly open in the throat. The startling part of it was the absence of an underwaist or corset cover.

In the water this same young lady, who was a debutante last season, wears white again. And such white! Almos as diaphanous as this cheese cloth goods that is yet so much worn for summer dresses. She is an expert swimmer and avoids too much of a spectacle of herself by spending most of her time after once she is wet way out by the life-guard's boat that patrols the water beyond the water beyond the line of bathers, and when she comes out a maid wraps her in a soft cloak.—*Atlantic City cor. Philadelphia Press.*

A Swell Chinaman.

I was specially requested not to give it away. Please don't repeat it. But the late flower show, you know, where they sold bouquets of choice roses at 75 cents for one night, and made the men pay $2 for a buttonhole all the rest of the time. Shrewd, indeed, it was. One night there was a great stir. A very swell Chinaman walked in in gorgeous robes. He came up to the bonbon stand and smiled on the ladies. He put down his money and bought something with Oriental dignity. The ladies whispered to one another, "the Chinese Consul," and he paraded around followed by an admiring crowd of girls until he reached a flower stand, and one of the ladies said: "Ah, Lee, come down to see the show?" It was the cook of her elegant establishment in the Western Addition.—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

How She Explained It.

An American mother traveling in France offered a half-fare ticket for her son, who lacked several months of the full fare age. The collector looked suspiciously at the child and at her. "Your son is under 7, madame?" "He is, monsieur." "Your son is very large for his age, madam." "He is, monsieur." "Your son is altogether too large for his age, madame," snapped the man, exasperated by the American's coolness "Oui, monsieur, that may be," retorted the mother, calmly, "he is not French, you see."

Recent Literature.

"The Crusade of the Excelsior," by Bret Harte is issued by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. The scene is laid mainly in a little, half-forgotten, Spanish-Mexican settlement hidden in the fog of the Gulf of California. No ship has touched at the sleepy point for 30 years. Into this quiet haven a ship-load of eager, competitive Americans is precipitated, and the story moves on within this boundary. It is very pleasantly written, though lacking the unity of his short stories, and in some parts seems lagging and without the fire that characterized this author of old. There is a quiet, refined humor running in a still undercurrent through the book so light and airy as to be almost overlooked by the hasty reader. No more charming book can be recommended for summer reading.

"The Fortunes of Words," by Frederico Garlanda, Ph. D., author of "The Philosophy of Words," is issued by A. Lovell & Co., New York. The volume is made up of a series of lectures to a lady, in which the science of language is discussed in a familiar way. The history and character of words are taken up, the changes in their meaning described, their derivations in general and in particular, researches in the history and connection of familiar words, superstitions of language, philosophy of language, etc. The book gives a great many ideas which, if not entirely new, are provocative of thought. Price, $1.25.

"A Guide for Notaries Public and Commissioners" is issued by Ingham, Clarke & Co., Cleveland, O. It is a complete handbook containing all the law relating to the powers and duties of notaries and commissioners, full forms for every act a notary may perform, and instructions how to proceed; also a code of rules for the first time formulated. The author and compiler is Judge Gersham M. Barker, of the Cleveland bar. Sold for $1.

A book valuable for statistical reference is "The Maverick National Bank Manual" published in Boston by the Wright & Potter Printing Co. The book covers considerable ground and contains facts and figures that will be of great use to either the student, writer or business man. It is well gotten up, being printed in clear type and on nice paper, and well bound.

A very pretty little pamphlet comes from Lee & Shephard, Boston, entitled "The Obelisk and Its Voices; or, The Inner Facings of the Washington Monument with Their Lessons," by Henry B. Carrington. The author's impressions upon his first visit to the completed monument are given in verse. There is also a history of the obelisk, and a dedication to Robert J. Winthrop, who is so closely associated with it.

"Songs in Earnest" is the title of a little pamphlet containing some 50 poems by Mrs. M. P. Crozier, published by J. H. Soule, Washington.

We has just received a pretty song called "There's no one like Mother to me," by Charles A. Davies. For a nice home song, in which both the words and music are so very pretty, it is hard to equal. It can be played on the piano or organ, and will be sent to any address for only 11 2-cent stamps. Address the publishers, J. C. Greene & Co., 24 and 42 Arcade, Cincinnati, O.

Literary Notes.

A portrait of the late Dr. Mark Hopkins will appear in the August *Book Buyer*.

A contributor to *The Writer* for July discusses the vexed question of "The Best Hours for Work."

Mr. Andrew Lang's anthropological explanation of the origin of myths is almost ready for publication.

Some unpublished letters written by Charles Dickens are in the hands of the printer. They were addressed to a former contributor to *Household Words*.

Mr. Howells calls Tolstoi (in *Harper's* "Editor's Study") "the greatest living writer, and incomparably the greatest writer of fiction who has ever lived."

Dr. Brinton is about to add to his valuable collection of early American works a volume entitled "Ancient Nahuatl Poetry." It will contain a number of songs in the Aztec or Nahuatl language, most of which were composed before the Spanish conquest. They will be accompanied by translations and notes.

A letter from Mr. Robert Louis Stevenson, announcing that his American publishers were the Messrs. Scribner, was printed in the London *Times* a few weeks ago.

A novel based on Browning's "Waring," and written by a member of the London Browning society, will shortly appear. It is to be called "St. Bernardo; The Romance of a Medical Student."

Andrew D. White will conclude in the August *Popular Science Monthly* his account of the astonishing superstitions of the middle ages respecting diabolical influence in the production of storms.

The dramatization of "She" just produced in San Francisco is said to be clever. It is spectacular rather than dramatic. The *Argonaut* says that in the hands of the Kiralfys it would be a great success.

The selections from the letters of Eliza Southgate Brown, illustrating "A Girl's Life Eighty Years Ago," will be concluded in the August number of *Scribner's Magazine*, and will contain a number of reproductions of old miniatures.

The fiction in the August *Harper's* consists of the two masterly serials, "April Hopes" and "Narka," and a Norwegian fisherman story by Barnet Phillips, entitled "A Fisherman's Mate," which is cleverly told and beautifully illustrated.

What promises to be a queer novel will soon be begun in *Longman's Magazine*. It is a story of Britain in the first century and is called by its authors "An Experiment in Imaginative Art." These authors are Mr. Christie Murray and another.

Brander Matthews's mysterious and striking story, "The Last Meeting," and Lieut. J. D. J. Kelley's thrilling sea tale, "A Desperate Chance," have just been added to the "Yellow Covers" series of popular paper books published by the Scribners.

In the second part of Mrs. Rebecca Harding Davis's series of Southern articles, published in the August *Harper's*, the story and description are grouped around Mobile, displaying the characteristic life of the Gulf state and the new spirit of enterprise now revolutionizing the South.

T. B. Peterson & Brothers will publish shortly "The Princess Roubine," a Russian story by Henry Greville, translated by George D. Cox. The book is described as a love story without sickly sentimentality. The action takes place chiefly in St. Petersburg, though there are fascinating glimpses of the country and the Neva.

Mrs. Julia Ward Howe's portrait will be the frontispiece of the August *Century*, accompanying a note by herself concerning the origin of the "Battle Hymn of the Republic," appended to an article by Brander Matthews on "The Songs of the War." Mr. Matthews gives authoritatively the origin of several of the principal war-songs, North and South, with the authorized text.

"Romantic Love and Personal Beauty; Their Development, Casual Relations, Historic and National Peculiarities," is the attractive title of a new work just announced by Macmillan & Co. The author, Mr. Henry T. Finck (Harvard, 1876), has collected a number of curious facts tending to show that romantic love (as distinguished from conjugal affection) is a modern sentiment, only about six hundred years old.

In the August number of the *Magazine of American History* Dr. Fessenden N. Otis will publish a graphic account of the presentation of the Arctic ship Resolute to the Queen of England, in 1856, by the government of the United States. Dr. Otis was an officer of the expedition, and writes from the standpoint of an eye witness. A copy of the celebrated picture of the scene in Sydenham Palace, painted by order of the Queen, with exact portraits of the chief dignitaries present, will accompany this exceptionally interesting paper.

A Common Type of Dry Goods Shopper.

A woman who needlessly gives a clerk trouble in showing goods lacks good breeding, very sagely remarks a contemporary. But it is not a clerk's place to teach her etiquette. Such customers, as a rule, possess a tongue as flexible as their method of buying, and, if angered, seem to make it a point to traduce the proprietor and bring his store into disrepute. It will be much better for all concerned to look upon such customers as an evil incident to the retail business. Let every clerk who is temped to make some ill-natured remark to such customers remember that every successful dry goods merchant and clerk have experienced the same annoyance, but have endeavored to make the best of it. Remember also that no business is entirely free from vexatious incidents in some form or other. It seems at times as though some women shoppers have no feeling.

—Dr. Pierce's "Pellets"—the original "Little Liver Pills" (sugar-coated)—cure sick and bilious headache, sour stomach, and bilious attacks. By druggists.

AT THE FAIR.

The Experience of a Guileless Dakota Granger.

The secretary of the Dakota Agricultural Fair association has received the following letter:

I am a farmer and I hear you are going to have another agricultural fair next fall, and I thought I would write and tell you that I am getting ready for it.

You probably don't remember me, but I attended your fair last year. I brought the doggondest biggest punkin on the grounds, though I reckon mebby you didn't see it, most of your time being took up keeping a record of the different racing hosses entered. I also had a fine blooded cow, while my wife brought a big loaf of bread so light it wouldn't hardly lay still and two bottles of ho'made wine; though you might not of saw these either, as I noticed that besides the hoss business you had enough work for one man issuing permits to those stardy farmers which had three-card monte outfits and such other agricultural products.

And after all it cost me $10 to see the other side of the cards one of these gentlemen exhibited.

I reckon I may say I had hard luck at your fair last fall. When I first drove in the folks was making such a hollering 'bout a hoss race that had just come off, that my team got scart and run away and sprained my wife's ankle. While I was looking 'round for a good place to put the big punkin a man come along and said he was judge on wines and drunk up both bottles of ours.

I afterwards saw him standing in front of a tent and yelling: "'Ere's yer chance! 'ere's yer chance! 'ere's yer chance! See the livin' half woman an' the man what was titattooed all over on the island ov Chattanooga! Only one dime!"

I then went to tie up the cow, and when I came back a tramp had his face in the loaf of bread. I didn't care so much about that as that I missed him when I kicked at him.

I stayed three days and each night some gypsies which were camping right on the grounds milked my cow and pounded her with a lumber wagon whiffletree because she switched her tail.

I watched the races most of the time, there not being much else to look at. One day I had to pay a man $15 because the hoss that come in 'way ahead on the first two heats was the very last on the other three. I think that hoss must have been took sick—I know I was.

The next day a pickpocket got my silver watch.

About every half hour Bill (that's my boy) would come to me and get another half dollar. He said he had a system that he was certain must finally beat the wheel of fortune, and the nut-shells, and the roulette, and the man down back of the barn who was throwing the loaded dice. I couldn't say nothing because I had took Bill with me to show him how I was going to clean out the three-card monte man that time it cost me $10.

My wife bought a bottle of liquid glue, which proved to be mostly water, and a receipt for soap which she afterwards discovered was printed in Norwegian. She would have bought some other things, probably, but she lost her pocketbook.

In the meantime I might mention that somebody stole the whip, and spring seat, and end-board, and neckyoke off'n my wagon and cut all the ivory rings off'n the harness.

When the fair was through I demanded my diplomas on my cow and punkin as they were the only ones there. I got them after some talk—two leetle pieces of paper with some printing on them—and when I turned 'round to go out a big fat man stepped on one of my corns. He was the owner of one of the race-hosses and was looking down rolling up the $6,500 the treasurer had just paid him as his share of the purses, to put it in his pocket, and so didn't notice me.

That, Mr. Secretary, is a brief and condensed history of my experience at your fair last fall. I shall come this year, but as Bill says, I shall come heeled.

I shall make no exhibits, but I have got a two-wheeled sulky and every day I hitch old Doll to it and run her 'round the five acre field. I shall enter her in the senior class—as I believe it is called—I judge she is old enough.

Bill has got himself a thimble-rig outfit and has whittled some dice out of the bone of a mule's leg and has inserted lead on the opposite side from the big numbers.

My wife is preparing liquid glue by the wholesale, the same kind she bought, and will peddle it on the ground.

For myself, besides entering old Doll and betting all my money agin her I shall work the three-card monte business for all it is worth. I can already throw the cards so as to nearly always mix up my wife and occasionally fool Bill.

I am also painting the end of the ox-yoke to look like a face and shall stick a clay pipe in its mouth and let people throw rolling pins at it, three whacks for a quarter. Come over and try it. If you break a pipe you get six nickel cigars.

We shall all of us bum our feed on the grounds and sleep under the grand stand. If I can get a two-headed calf to exhibit in a tent (not to enter for a diploma) I shall do so. In fact, to sum the whole matter up, we shall come prepared for an agricultural fair as we understand it.—*Dakota Bell.*

"AWAY FROM HOME."

Tricks that are Played while "the Folks are in the Country.

The upper part of the city is a howling wilderness, whole blocks of houses are shut, and each day another is added to the list. The doors are boarded up and the shades down, and only the servants on board wages, or the caretakers, lead a more or less vegetable existence—apparently—in the basement. I say "apparently" advisedly. Few people seeing the dead and blind front of the house have any idea of the very larky times that go on behind the lowered shades. All the houses on the block in which I live are closed for the summer. During the day time they are dull and silent as the grave, but after 10 o'clock the pianos in the house either side of me tune up and are banged unmercifully, frequently accompanied by dancing and singing. There is going in and out, laughing and talking, and much hospitality and merriment until midnight.

The servants who are left in the house for the summer, as soon as the mistress is out of the house, proceed to make themselves comfortable. They occupy her own bed chamber and invite in a few of their friends and relatives to occupy the others. They luxuriate in her toilet articles, and use her bath room; give little dinner parties on her best china—if they can find any keys to fit the locks, and make free with her books and piano. Naturally, they do not like the loneliness of solitary life in a big house and they are by nature generous and open hearted, so that the blessings they enjoy flow over upon their friends and families.

Not long since a gentleman who had taken his wife and family to Europe and announced his intention of remaining there all summer, was suddenly forced to return home by a cable sent by his partner during the Wall street flurry. He got here about 7 o'clock in the morning and concluded to drive up to the house and arrange with his caretaker to give him his breakfast every morning while he was in town and attend to his room; he had happened to carry off his pass key to Europe and had it on a ring with others, so he let himself in and passed on to the dining-room meaning to ring for the servant. There he discovered a remnant of a meal with his wife's best glass, china and damask upon the table. This astonished him somewhat and led him to further investigations. In his front bedroom was the caretaker and a new husband calmly sleeping, and in the nursery behind, the caretaker's widowed sister, a washer lady and two children. Upstairs were a brace of male cousins. The piano was open in the drawing-room, the bookcase unlocked in the library, and though the front of the house looked as decorously closed as possible the entire house was being lived in with considerable energy.

He slipped out again quietly went down to the club and sent a note up to the house saying that he had arrived and would be there at 5 o'clock. At that hour he rung and was admitted to a silent shrouded abode with everything much in the condition in which his wife had left it. He pondered over the question for some time, and finally came to a decision. He told his caretaker that he probably would remain in America all summer, and though he would be much in the country he had decided to make the house his headquarters and return at indefinite periods. That he had a key and would let himself in without ringing when he came. Her face fell a good deal, but she offered no comment, and the man is congratulating himself upon being master of the situation.—*N. Y. cor. of Brooklyn Eagle.*

A Positive Statement.

We presume it is the negative man who is always putting his "noes" in other people's business.

Vigor and Vitality

Are quickly given to every part of the body by Hood's Sarsaparilla. That tired feeling is entirely overcome. The blood is purified, enriched and vitalized, and carries health instead of disease to every organ. The stomach is toned and strengthened, the appetite restored. The kidneys and liver are roused and invigorated. The brain is refreshed, the mind made clear and ready for work. Try it.

WIPED OUT.

A Boston Man's Adventure in the Woolly West.

Stepping upon a Boston Shawmut avenue horse car a few days since, says a writer in the *Youth's Companion*, I was surprised to recognize in the conductor an old acquaintance who, I supposed, was herding sheep in the far Northwest.

"Why, Brown, you here!" I exclaimed. "How's this? Where are your sheep?"

"My sheep left me," said he, with a jerk at the fare indicator.

"Sold out?" I inquired.

"No; got jumped."

"Jumped! what jumped you?" I asked.

"Well, you see it was about like this," replied my friend, and, as we trundled on down past Dover street, he gave me the following account of his Western experience: "You were out there two years ago," he said, "and remember how I was located."

I remember very well, for I had thought then that he had a model sheep range for a small one; it was in southwestern Dakota on a good stream of water, and had at the southeast of it a fine tract of pine and cotton-wood timber.

"Well, I was doing very well, as you know, and in June last had 240 ewes with their lambs; just a satisfactory little bunch, as you may suppose. I looked after them carefully every day to keep off the coyotes; in fact I didn't often allow them to pass from under my eye when I was out on the range. Besides this I built up a corral for them at night down in the edge of the timber.

"One afternoon, about the 20th of the month, I was sitting on some rocks watching them. It had been sultry, with the sun scorching hot in the forenoon, and the sheep had kept in the shade of the timber through the middle of the day, till early in the afternoon, when they all streamed out of the bushes, and began to feed up the slope toward where I sat with a big green umbrella set up over me, as a shelter from the sun.

SHEEP, WHEN THEY ARE FEEDING,

as you know, generally keep together, and I should think that at this time, mine were, most of them, on a plot of not much more than an acre of ground; but they were coming up the slope at quite a good pace for animals feeding.

The sky was clear, though just a trifle hazy; but by and by I noticed a bit of a cloud in the northwest that seemed to me to be behaving in a singular way. It appeared to move with a kind of spasmodic motion.

"I noticed, too, that it was rapidly growing longer, and that it seemed to shift from dark to a light green hue.

"I watched it closely, for I surmised from its appearance that there was some kind of a tornado coming, and immediately after noticed that there was a sort of sleeve or funnel-shaped trunk, hanging down from it toward the ground.

"The view to northward from where I sat was a good one, and I could see the cloud coming a number of miles off. The sleeve or trunk conducted itself in a singular manner. First it would appear to give a little switch, or dab down at the ground; then it would start up again as if to take a look at what it had done, and get ready for another stroke at the objects below, and with every stroke I could see a brown cloud of dust, grass, brush and timber rise into the air and go whirling up into the sky; this hanging cylinder or trunk was black-colored, and seemed to be whirling around as it danced along.

"By the time it was within a mile and a half from me, I felt sure that it was coming in the direction in which I sat, and I could hear a kind of whizzing, roaring noise.

"The sheep heard it, too. They stopped feeding, looked up, and then began to huddle together. But I didn't stop to watch them long; I was busy thinking which way I had better run.

"There was quite a deep chink or hole down between two of the rocks where I was sitting. I shut my big umbrella, dropped down into this chasm stretched out full length, and laid the umbrella over the opening in the rocks into which I had placed myself, for I concluded that it would not be very likely to tear those big rocks.

"I had hardly more than placed myself there when it grew dark as night, and the whizzing, roaring noise became loud as thunder! I dug my nails into the crevices of the stones and held on—and then, while the tornado went over me with a roaring shriek, a rattle, a shower of stones and dirt, and I felt as is the whole ground about me was lifted into the air. This did not last more than half a minute; perhaps not so long as that. I got up out of the crevice, and, as soon as I could see for dust, looked around for my bunch of sheep. I saw two of them 300 or 400 yards off to the left, running as if a panther was after them; another one, a lamb, lay kicking a little nearer me. Those were all that I could see.

"I ran down to the corral, and there found two of the sheep, one with a broken leg; they must have been blown into it over the eight-foot fence, for I had turned them all out in the morning.

"Then I began looking farther on through the timber, and, sir, I had not gone far, when I saw a sheep 35 or 30 feet from the ground in the top of a pine tree—lodged there.

"A little farther on I came upon one lying with a broken back on the ground, and shortly after that I saw another, lodged high up in the crotch of a big cotton wood.

"And so I went on, looking for my sheep in the trees. Before night I found fifteen, nine of them dead on the ground, and six up in the tree tops—some of these latter still kicking to get free.

"That was all I ever found of the whole bunch; in fact, I was so disgusted with my ill-luck that I did not look much farther, for I knew it was of no use. The tornado had completely wiped me out.

"The next day I salted down three barrels of mutton, and made a trade with a hunter to live at my 'shack,' and keep possession for me, while I came on East to get a job and earn some more money.

"They say lightning never strikes twice in the same place, and, perhaps, tornadoes do not. So when I get a few hundred dollars saved up here, I mean to go back and set up again. This your street, sir? Well, good day."

Wonderful Feats with a Saw.

I have often read of the wonderful feats performed by skilled workmen with tools, such as engraving the Lord's Prayer on the back of a silver three-cent piece, or making a steam engine that would stand on a silver quarter; but I saw some wonders performed the other night that surpassed them all. All the minute articles manufactured heretofore have been made with small tools, and in some cases with the aid of a microscope, but there is a man in the Sea Beach Palace Exposition on Coney Island who works out the most delicate articles with a band-saw 19 feet long and revolving at the rate of over a mile a minute. Upon this immense machine the skilled operator in my presence sawed out four chairs, all complete with legs and backs, but so small that the four were placed on the end of a lead pencil at one time. Then a dozen knives and forks of the most diminutive size were made and placed around the lead pencil. So small were they that although the entire dozen were placed round the pencil not one of them touched the other. Then the operator trimmed his finger-nails on the huge saw as cleverly and easily as one could do it with a penknife. Wetting his thumb, he pressed the ball of it into some sawdust and then sawed the sawdust off the thumb without scratching the skin, yet a single nervous twitch of the arm would have cost him a hand. All sorts of curious puzzles are turned out with astonishing rapidity from all sorts of misshapen blocks of wood. Even articles of clothing, as thin and flexible as cloth, are worked out by this magician from little pieces of wood with his big saw. The cap he works in was sawed out of over 1,000 pieces of wood, no two of which are the same size or shape.—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

A Two-Year-Old "Tough."

Officer Gibbons got himself into a bad fix by picking up a little tot who was lost on Liberty-st., near Wood-st. The diminutive wanderer was a pretty little girl, two years old, who could not give her name or tell where she lived, and was attired in a pretty cream-colored lace dress and lace bonnet. The officer thought that he was done with the job when he took his find to the central station, but he made a mistake, as when he tried to turn her over to the tender care of Capt. Reed and the turnkeys she set up a series of shrieks which brought everybody to time on the instant, and throwing her arms about the officer's neck, clung to him with a desperate grip, and refused to look at any body else. The venerable Capt. Reed and his assistants tried their blandishments on her in vain. Finally, after discovering that cajoling, candy and pet names were wasted on the desert air, they left Officer Gibbons a captive to the little tyrant, who nestled contentedly in his arms for two hours, laying her chubby little face upon his shoulder and clinging to him tightly until her brother, a boy about ten years of age, found her after making inquiries at the mayor's office, where the case had been reported. The infantile autocrat had wandered away from her home. The officers say they don't want to arrest her again, as she is proof against the police force, the mayor, and the entire commonwealth, and, taken all in all, is a very tough customer to handle.—*Pittsburg Commercial.*

LEMON AND HOT WATER.

A Patient Drug Clerk Prescribes for an Impatient Invalid's Dyspepsia—A Sure Cure.

A sallow-faced young man stood at the prescription counter of an up-town drug store the other day, and surveyed the clerk with heavy, yellow eyes.

"Not feeling well?" observed the latter pleasantly.

"Should say I wasn't," responded the other gruffly.

"What's the matter?"

"Headache, liver out of order, can't eat, can't sleep, can't think, can't even drink. Life's a gloomy, dismal, dyspeptic fraud, and I don't know what to do. I believe I'd die today if I didn't have a business engagement to-morrow, and I hardly think I could get over it in time to meet my man."

"What can I do for you?" inquired the clerk, cheerfully.

"That's a nice question to ask me," returned the invalid, with disgust. "Do you suppose I would come to you and waste my time monkeying around this pill shop if I knew what to take myself?"

"How would some liver pills do?" suggested the clerk, without a trace of resentment in his tones.

"Liver pills be hanged," answered the patient, most impatiently. "I've taken enough of them the past month to give the torpidest liver in the Union club the St. Vitus's dance."

"How would you like some mineral water?"

"Confound your mineral water! I've drank enough of that stuff to float the English navy. All I need is a prospectus and a rating on the Mining Exchange to be a first-class dividend-paying mine. Mineral water is a fraud," and he shook his head with emphasis.

"I'll tell you what to take," observed the clerk, slavely. "It will do you good. If it doesn't I don't know what will."

"What is it? I don't want any old medical chestnuts. My stomach is educated up to appreciate novelties."

"It is a simple remedy and efficacious," returned the clerk. "It is merely lemon juice squeezed into a glass of hot water, without sugar or a stick. Drink a glass of this night and morning, and see what the effect will be. I recommended it to a friend of mine the other day who was much sicker than you. He tried it, and found himself better almost immediately. His daily headaches, which medicines had failed to cure, left him, his appetite improved, and he gained several pounds in weight within a few weeks. After a while he omitted the drink, either at night or in the morning, and now at times does without either of them. I am satisfied from experiment that there is no better medicine for persons who are troubled with bilious and liver complaints than the simple remedy I have given. It is far better than quinine or any other drug, and it is devoid of their injurious consequences. It excites the liver, stimulates the digestive organs, and tones up the system generally. It is not unpleasant, either; indeed, one soons get to liking it."

"Do you think he will take it?" asked a reporter after the invalid had departed with his free prescription.

"Yes," answered the clerk, "and if he does he will never try any more rostrums. It is the best thing I have ever seen, and I have to hear of the first case it doesn't help."

FATHERED FORTY-ONE CHILDREN.

Remarkable Record of a Pennsylvania Hunchback.

When John Heffner, of Reading, Pa., was accidentally killed by the cars in that city in 1885, at the age of 69, he was the father of 41 children, and a step-child also called him father. Heffner was one of Reading's characters, and was in the full vigor of health when he was killed. It is doubtful if his record in the paternal line was ever equaled. Heffner was a dwarfed hunchback. He was born in Berlin in 1816 and came to this country in 1843, settling in Reading. Until his death he made a living by collecting and selling rags and paper. His remarkable family history is part of the records of the Berks country courts, it having been elicited a short time before his death while he was a witness in a law suit.

He was married first in 1860. In eight years his wife bore him seventeen children. The first and second years of their marriage she gave birth to twins. For four successive years afterward she bore triplets. In the seventh year she gave birth to one child, and died soon afterward. Of the seventeen children she left, consequently, the oldest was only seven years of age. Heffner engaged a young woman to look after his large brood of babies, and three months later she became the second Mrs. Heffner. She presented her husband with two children the first two years. Five years later she had added ten more to the family, two at every birth. Then for three years she added but one a year. She died before another year came round. Of the 32 children that John Heffner had been presented with 12 died. The 20 that were left, however, did not appear to be any obstacle to a young widow with one child consenting to become the third wife of the jolly little humpback—for he was known as one of the happiest and most genial men in Reading, although it kept him toiling like a slave to keep his score of mouths in bread. The third Mrs. Heffner became the mother of nine children to her husband in ten years, and the contentment and happiness of the couple were proverbial. One day in the fall of 1885 the father of the 41 children was crossing the Reading track and was run down by a locomotive and instantly killed. But for that sad ending of his life it is impossible to estimate what the size of the little peddler's family would eventually have been. His widow and a large number of his children—I believe there are 28 of the 42 still alive—live in Reading. They are all thrifty and respectable people.

A Maine Woman's Horse Trade.

Last Saturday Mr. H. F. Thompson, the Cumberland street livery-stable keeper, paid $110 for a horse and carriage. He bought the team of a woman who said she had no further use for it. The woman first came to the stable without the team and proposed the trade. She said the horse and carriage were up on Fox street, but Mr. Thompson need not take the trouble of going up there, as she would get the team and drive around to the stable. In about an hour the woman returned, driving a good-looking bay mare, and the sale was made. But the team had not come from Fox street, for instead of going there the woman had gone to Hayes's stable, on Plum street, and there hired the team. Mr. Hayes naturally suspected something wrong when his property was not returned and notified the authorities that the team was missing. Of course the supposition was that the team had been driven out of town, but yesterday Mr. Hayes was surprised to learn that it was still in this city, and Mr. Thompson was probably not so agreeably surprised when he discovered the facts in the case. Mr. Hayes got his team but the woman and the $110 are missing.—*Portland (Me.) Press.*

San Diego's Wonderful Weather.

About two weeks since a gentleman arrived with his family, and, intending to make his home here, rented a domicile and began housekeeping. Among the articles exhumed from the packing-boxes was a thermometer, which the good housewife hung beneath the sheltering roof of a porch on the west side of the building. Three times each day she, as was her custom, carefully noted the mercury. Much to her surprise, the quicksilver seemed to remain stationary. Finally, after four days' time, she called her husband's attention to the matter. "There must be something wrong with that thermometer, my dear. It has been 70 degrees ever since I hung it up, four days ago. I think it must have been injured in the box with the other things." The question was referred to a neighbor who had come to San Diego in the early days of the boom, and had a little more extended acquaintance with the local weather. "Oh, the thermometer is all right," he replied. "This is an equable climate, you know. It will not vary very much from these figures if you leave it there till next Christmas."—*San Diego (Cal.) Union.*

Legal Brevity.

A certain learned judge, when attempting to be clear, is at times rather perplexing. "My good woman," he is reported to have said to a witness, "You must give an answer, in the fewest possible words of which you are capable, to the plain and simple question whether, when you were crossing the street with the baby on your arm, and the omnibus was coming down on the right side and the cab on the left side, and the brougham was trying to pass the omnibus, you saw the plaintiff between the brougham and the cab, or between the omnibus and the cab, or whether and when you saw him at all, and whether or not near the brougham, cab and omnibus, or either, or any two, and which of them respectively—or how was it?"

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria,
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria,

OUR WEEKLY SALAD.

It has become a fashion to laugh about the idiosyncracies of Dr. Mary Walker, and the witticisms gotten off by newspapers at her expense would fill volumes. And the salad-server is by no means sure that she is not deserving of both respect and admiration. Certainly she has exhibited a courage and determination in carrying out her ideas of dressing in a comfortable way that are heroic, and would bring fortune and success to many a man who has made her the subject of their sneers. During all these years that dress reformers have been agitating the subject advising this change and that, she has simply worn the garb that seemed best to her, and let other people talk. Whatever we may think of the beauty and desirability of her costume for women, we can respect her earnest and unswerving stick-to-itiveness which is of the same character as that which has made men famous, but has rendered her ridiculous.

A new term has come into use in some of our fashionable circles, one that is principally employed by the fathers and mothers of pretty daughters. It has both an English and an American meaning which differ considerably from each other. The word is used as a noun, and is found in the dictionary as "detrimental." In England it applies to a young man of fine family and no money, who is so fascinating that he interferes with the young lady's making a finer marriage, by carrying her off under the very nose of some titled Crœsus. The American "detrimental" is also good looking and fascinating, but is without family and money, ready to flirt but not to marry. He is, therefore, really less to be dreaded than the English "detrimental."

It is pretty warm weather to ask any one to read such editorial slush as the following taken from a somewhat lengthy article in one of the Blade exchanges: Dream your fond dreams, O woman, and go your way; in the heart of mankind is your destiny written. Learn all you may of numbers intricate, intangible and infinite in power trace the pathways of the stars, study the sweet philosophies of life, but strive not to walk its path alone. Beyond the call of him who seeks, and seeks to find, woman can not wander. Go where she may, she will hear this call in tones to which she can not long be indifferent.

This exquisite effusion is one paragraph out of a third of a column called forth from some knight of the pen by the announcement of the resignation of Miss Alice E. Freeman, the President of Wellesley College, and her approaching marriage to a Cambridge Professor. The writer assumes that this step on her part places her among the deserters from the ranks of those who believe in the ability of women to lead an independent, self-supporting life, in other words, by marrying, she proves her inability to continue in a path she had marked out which did not contemplate a husband. The inference drawn is that all women only wait the chance to enter matrimony and give up work—Heaven save the mark! In nine cases out of ten her duties are multiplied indefinitely and she has one dollar to spend where before she had five.

This sapient writer makes a mistake in his first premise. Miss Freeman, like every other high-minded woman, prepared herself, as a man does, for a life work, looking upon marriage not exactly as he does, as a matter subordinated to that work, but as a possibility, should that one come to her whom she could so love as to make her sacrifice her hopes and ambitions and find her happiness in the privacy of domestic life. The fact that she has gained such an honorable position proves that she loves her work. That she will give it up to become the wife of a Cambridge professor shows that she believes he is the one to help her realize the high ideal of marriage which such a woman always has. But neither she nor any other sensible woman who prepares herself to earn an honorable livelihood, does so because she has no belief in the beauty and happiness of a *true* marriage, but rather that she may not be compelled to give herself to some one whose only attraction in her eyes is his ability to furnish her a home. She does not set herself against Nature, but rather to honor her by placing her law upon a higher plane than that made by a marriage of convenience.

A writer in the Contributors' club of the *Atlantic Monthly* recently defines vulgarity to be nothing else but "second rate!" "Vulgarity is contentment with an inferior thing seen from the point of view of one who knows better." That is, perhaps, a very good definition, only it does not go deep enough. There are people who have been taught better, and yet they possess what may be called a vulgarity of thought which is innate and leads them to do vulgar things. To eat with a knife is vulgar, says this writer, and yet the salad-server has seen it done by a pure minded and delicate woman to whom a vulgar thought is utterly strange, but who, born and bred in an old-fashioned home, had never been taught that the use of the fork was "first-rate" and that of the knife "second rate." Vulgarity in its real sense goes a good deal deeper than a compliance with the prevailing custom, even though that custom is a great deal better and belongs to a more cultivated state of society.

BOTH FISH AND FOWL.

A Strange Creature Discovered by "The Traveller" in the Mountains of Wyoming.

The mountains of Wyoming have long been haunted by "The Traveller," a man now over 60 years old, but possessing the vitality of youth and the endurance of early manhood. The Traveller spends his days in wandering through the Owl, Big Horn and Rattlesnake mountains. His wanderings are apparently aimless, and the man himself is as much of a mystery as is the object of this singular mode of life. He made his appearance in this region a quarter of a century ago and began the mountain wanderings he has ever since kept up. He is gloomy and taciturn in manner and speech, but has on several occasions given evidence of manners and education curiously inconsistent with his recent life.

The Traveller dropped into the streets of Lander a few days ago, and was soon surrounded by a curious throng, because of the beautiful down which he displayed, and of which he, in his usual sparing speech, told an extraordinary story. In the most hidden recesses of Rattlesnake Mountains there is concealed a deep and beautiful lake. It is inhabited by a singular freak of nature, which is both fish and fowl. From this nondescript the Traveller obtained the down. It is softer and more beautiful than that of the eider duck.

This fish and fowl has a body and head like those of a pike. Two wide and strong fins spring from the center of the body. Beneath these fins grows the down, beautiful and luxuriant. The belly is closely covered with feathers overlapping one another. The back is covered with slate-covered feathers, while the fins display broad silvery scales. Just in front of the fins there emerges from the lower breast or belly feathers a pair of strong legs, to which are attached broad, webbed feet. The tail is the tail of a fish, but is straight up and is covered with luxuriant and bright-hued feathers. The curiosity is at home both on the surface of the water and in the depths. It also frequents the land. The traveler has seen the surface of the lake covered with broods of young.

How Nice He Must Look!

The masculine costume at Bar Harbor this year is more gorgeous than ever, and fairly overwhelms the attire of women in its brilliancy. One can imagine how much the landscape may be beautified by an elderly man in spectacles, clad in yellow shoes, blue stockings, white knickerbockers, a red belt, blue and white flannel shirt, the whole being surmounted by a Tam-o'-Shanter of scarlet worsted with a big black worsted ball on top.—*Boston Journal.*

An Opinion Cheerfully Given.

From their relation to society, the clergymen of a growing denomination, the minister of a congregation, the pastor of a flock, naturally feels great sympathy for the afflicted. Hence, when the truly pious priest finds a certain remedy is no humbug, but does afford genuine, reliable relief, he does not hesitate to give to the world his honest opinion of it.

The following is from one of the most faithful missionaries ever sent to Siam:

"Drs. Starkey & Palen: I cheerfully give you my name as a reference for inquiries as to the merits of the Compound Oxygen Treatment. After having been so greatly benefited by the use of this Treatment, I should deem it an act of the deepest ingratitude to withhold my name from a remedy which is so effectual in healing and removing the pains, diseases and infirmities which our fellow creatures are suffering, or are liable to. With the deepest gratitude for all your kindness. I remain your true Oxygen friend. "J. H. Chandler.
"Camden, N. J., 573 Lime street, 29th Oct., 1885."

A *Treatise on Compound Oxygen*, containing a history of the discovery and mode of action of this remarkable curative agent, and a large record of surprising cures in consumption, catarrh, neuralgia, bronchitis, asthma, etc., and a wide range of diseases will be *sent free*. Address Drs. Starkey & Palen, 1529 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.

The Camp Fire.

[Contributions from the old soldiers are earnestly solicited by the editor of the Camp Fire. No matter if you cannot write a lengthy history of your lives, for we much prefer short, lively sketches, personal and historical. All communications will be attended to, and no contributor will be overlooked. We do not want anything from the records, as we are supplied with a full set.]

THE DYING SOLDIER.

The fearful night is closing round me,
  On the bloody field I lie;
Is this death now creeping o'er me;
  Must I here forgotten die?
Father! mother! O, the anguish
  Of this dreadful hour to tell;
But alas! no help can reach me,
  Dear ones all, a long farewell.

What light is this so strangely gleaming?
  Ah! I see the dear old home;
Hark! I hear familiar voices;
  And they say "Come, soldier, come."
Father! mother! O, the sweetness
  Of your kind and tender care;
But alas! the vision's vanished,
  And I'm going—but not there.

Again that light so strange is gleaming;
  Ah! 'tis far more glorious now,
And its rays of dazzling whiteness
  Seem to rest upon my brow.
Father! Mother! I am happy,
  For the angels round me stand,
And I know that they will bear me
  Upward to that better land.

The Soldier's Scrap Bag.

W. P. Sweatland, of Durora, Neb., rises to remark that, in his opinion, if any old soldier votes for Cleveland, he is not worthy to be called a soldier, or a soldier's friend.

John H. Costed, Kearney, Neb., writes that he takes great pleasure in reading the Camp Fire, and finds much that is interesting to old soldiers. He expresses the hope that the voters will not elect any more Grovers. He was a member of Co. A, 7th W. Va.

Sweetening a Darkey.

Editor Camp Fire:—As this is a stormy day, I thought I would throw on a chip to liven up the line a little in the form of a sweet darkey, a veritable ex-slave of the olden time. Now, I contend that we must have a little fun, as we go along in the Camp Fire as well as elsewhere. But for the story. I was a member of company C, 52d Illinois infantry, and went with Sherman to the sea, and as we trudged along one day, away down near the coast in the Ribbon Cane county, what should come upon our vision all at once but a sugar house of the largest size, and presto, a charge was made at once upon the enemy, for be it known, we allowed no hogshead of sugar and molasses to bid defiance to us from behind bolted doors, and in this charge each man seemed to be anxious to be the first to scale the works. In this short but desperate charge, a great strapping big darkey volunteered to go into the fight with us, in hopes of covering himself with glory, if with nothing worse. Little did he understand the full meaning of such an action as he was about to take part in, or he would have been content with his humble position he had been holding in the rear. But in this instance, his love for his country, or rather for molasses, overcame his usual caution, for the first line of us had scarcely been able to make a breach in the works, and had just captured an entire hoghead of the finest New Orleans molasses, and each soldier was busy ladleing the precious article out with all care, so as not to get it on each other's clothes, when what should we see but a patent pail passing over our heads, and attached to it at the other end, and to the rear of us, was the redoubtable darkey, and, ere we could speak, back came the pail full of molasses, and as much on the outside as there was inside, and this streaming all over us. One of my comrades had a very large gourd with a long handle, the gourd holding a pailful or more of molasses. This was swung high in the air and brought down on the head of the unsuspecting colored brother with all the vim the soldier could muster. The gourd fit like a charm, for the darkey was minus a hat, but had a full coat of wool and dust where the hat ought to be was not. And now began the fun for all but the victim. For him it was a serious joke. What with the gourd fitting tightly on his head, and a pailful or more of molasses streaming down his face and body, it was very lively. Each man grew liberal all at once, and added to the already sweet darkey all the molasses he had captured, trusting to luck to get some more. Well, it was too ridiculous for anything. Each boy poured molasses on that overgrown negro (excuse the phrase but nothing else will do), and hallooing at the same time with all their might, and finally, just as the victim got the gourd off his head and was gasping for breath, his feet were tripped from under him and down he came full length on the ground. Quick as thought he was rolled over in the dust. Well, boys, you can imagine, perhaps, but I can't tell you how he looked. The Lord help that darkey if we had had any feathers on hand, for Satan seemed to have broken loose among us. The last thing I saw of that darkey he was running for life with the molasses flying while we were trying to get our breath. You who were not in the army, think it was not possible for us to laugh at a human being in so much fright and misery, but the old boys know we did. Some one says, I hope the writer of this did not add any molasses or dust to the poor being; and, in reply, I would just add: "Oh! no." As I was more active then than I am now, and so could get away when there was fun on hand. I don't know how this may look in print, but it was the most ridiculous performance I think I ever had anything to do with.—B. H. Hampton, Co. C., 53d Ills. Inf.

The Imaginary and the Real.

Editor Camp Fire:—Did you ever see me before? I think not, but some of the boys have, I am sure. My first labor that I performed for Uncle Sam was September 21, 1861, being 15 years and 9 months old, but I thought I was as big as any one, and having neither father or mother living to restrain me, I was bound to be a soldier and fight the Secesh, as we termed them. I thought I would never get tired of fighting while we were at Camp Butler, Ill., but after awhile we received marching orders. We were just about wild with delight at the prospect of going down South, and as Jimmy Coin would say, "Just mash them thin," and he would mash a hard tack with his teeth; and Capt. W. H. Reddin would say if he had a company of such men he would not be afraid to meet a regiment of Secesh. You see us little fellows were nowhere. Well, Cairo was captured by our regiment just after the Belmont fight. How we wished he had "bin dar." Everything went well until winter came. Well, to say the least, there was some mud in camp, but plenty to eat and wear, on guard about once or twice a week, with some money, gold at that, all the credit at the sutlers we wanted, and it was just fun to be a soldier in camp, we thought. Strike tents, pack knapsacks (and we had big ones); here we go, but where? The Ohio river levee is lined with steamboats, little tug boats are skimming on the river darting here and there. Well, our regiment takes charge of a boat, and we are very anxious to start. Well, after so long a time, we do start, and stop just around the bend below Fort Henry. We are ordered off, and we are sure that we are to see the elephant, but were disappointed, but I was introduced to my first picket line, and there wasn't so much fun about that. Snow about three inches deep; burning the soles off of my shoes while off duty, and having a new pair of pantaloons run away that I had left in camp to wear on extra occasions, but I suppose the other man needed them. My shoes troubled me most, and I went out hunting and I saw a man set a pair of shoes down, and when he came back to get them, I don't think they were there, but don't think he had any use for two pairs, and I could not get along very well without any.

But we did not stay long, because Fort Donaldson was between us and Nashville. That must not be allowed to remain, because we had started out to see the elephant, and we marched to the show grounds, and we got a glimpse of him there sure. Boys, do you remember that Thursday morning as we were ordered to support a battery when Joe Tem wanted to see what was going on upon the hill? How we yelled at him when he came running back, scraping the dirt out of his eyes with both hands. We thought he did not think the Johnnies would shoot so close to the ground as to throw dirt in his face. Until Saturday night I can tell you we had our hands full, and we were beginning to find out what it was to be a soldier. And at Shiloh, Jackson, Miss., Missionary Ridge, Resaca, Kenesaw Mountain, Atlanta July 22 and 28, 1864, Fort McAllister, we saw the elephant, but did no get to see his tail until we came to the swamps of South Carolina, where we got the last shot at him, although Joe Johnston tried to get some life in him at Bentonville, but he did not remain long enough for all of us to get a whack at him.

Say, what has become of the 70th Ohio, 99th Indiana, 15th Michigan, and last, but not least, the 48th Illinois? Once the 70th Ohio brought in a load of rails, and it made me feel—well, good all over. Wouldn't I be glad if others would chip in and give something, no matter how little? I wish some of the boys would write about the march to the sea and the storming of Fort McAlister, on which the flag of the 70th Ohio was the first to be planted on its ramparts. Boys, whose flag was it that was so near the 70th's that there was some little dispute?—Simply Dick, Co. D, 48th Reg't Ills. V. V. I.

RARE CHANCE TO MAKE MONEY.

Good men and women wanted to take orders for ENLARGED PORTRAITS. Write at once for terms. You can make it pay right at home; or send 7 cents in stamps, to pay postage, and we will send you, FREE for examination, an 8x10 sample of our NONPARIEL PORTRAIT, providing you agree to return it in case you do not take the agency for our work. Address

W. E. McChristie's Nonpariel Photo-Copying Co.,
CINCINNATI, OHIO.

A Converted Democrat.

Editor Camp Fire:—The Blade is a truly welcome visitor to my family, and my children take a great interest in the Camp Fire stories of the old soldiers. I was born in Hancock county, East Tennessee, June 7, 1841. My father was a strong Democrat, and named all his boys after Democratic Presidents. We were rocked in a Democratic cradle, and four of us brothers went into the Union army and came out truly a converted lot of Republicans, and now we support Republican institutions.

My regiment, the 3d Iowa cavalry, marched over 6,000 miles, and was in some 20 engagements. In the first heavy battle, Pea Ridge, Ark., we lost 270 men men in a hand-to-hand combat with the rebels. Col. Pike and his legion of Indians and Texas cavalry injured us severely, but we finally routed the enemy, the third day. From Pea Ridge we marched to Helena, Ark., from there to Little Rock, and to Shrieveport, La., to join Banks, but failed to join. So back we came to Little Rock, then to Helena and down the river to Vicksburg, Black River and Jackson, Miss. We made a raid back through Mississippi to Memphis, Tenn., and was in Georgia when the war closed.—F. J. Frost, Co. I, 3d Iowa Cav.

An Angry Kentuckian.

Editor Camp Fire:—I have been reading Democratic resolutions and articles until I have got rather riled. When such men as were at the S. B. Buckner convention at Louisville will call pensioners "paupers," it is a little too steep. These men are the mouth-piece of all Democrats of Kentucky. Every Democrat applauds their language, every little local paper in the state does the same. Now I want the readers of the Blade to know that there is one liberal Republican (one that has often voted for good Democrats) thoroughly satisfied. I will never again vote for a Democrat while I live. I always have and ever will consider a pension as a debt. If a man raises a family of children, if he spends all the prime of life and sacrifices the comforts and pleasures of life for their welfare, and they kick him out to root, hog, or die, when he is no longer able to work, hell is too good for them. If the young men that are now enjoying the liberty of this land, purchased by the hardships and blood of the federal soldiers, are too mean to contribute something for the support of the survivors, they should go the way Ward's ducks flew—Amen.

Taking Spanish Fort.

Editor Camp Fire:—Capt. C. F. Smith, late of Second regiment Wisconsin Infantry, is right when he says that he and Fred Steel and one other private took Spanish Fort, and by so doing the private was killed, and another private or two was detailed to help take Blakely. Gen. A. J. Smith was there but stood off a little way, with his boys and hollowed their throats sore.

Now, all we lacked in our nation at the time were hunting up a selection of mementoes that our noble and most noted peace-loving President might return them to his friends, were two more such man as Gen. F. Steel and Capt. C. F. Smith, to charge the enemy and take their works.

Now, I know whereof I speak. I was there as a member of the 10th Kansas V. V. I., and I agree with Capt. C. Smith, Co. C, 27th Iowa, in the *National Tribune* of a few weeks ago, when he says that the 16th corps helped us to take the same.—Jacob Stonigar, late Co. A, 10th regt. Kans. Vet. Vols., Mendon, Ill.

From a Veteran's Wife.

Editor Camp Fire:—In the Camp Fire of March 31, was an inquiry from E. W. Clark, of Ionia, Mich., for some of the 36th Illinois regiment. At the time we read it, my husband said I had better write to him, as he seldom writes to any one, but I waited, thinking some one else would write better than myself; and now, as I have seen no reply, I wonder if none of the 36th take the Blade but us. My husband, Uriah Foster, was one of the first to join the regiment and served until the close of the war. I have often heard him tell of the tricks they played on the Michigan boys, but as "all is fair in love and war," I suppose they meant no harm. I told my husband that perhaps Mr. Clark would not care to hear from him if he had deprived him of his hard-tack; but he thinks that probably he was willing to pay for his lessons. Well, I can tell Mr. Clark that he still knows how to for rations, and that he generally likes something pretty good, but he does not resort to stealing it now, for which I am very thankful. Let us hear from Mr. Clark.—Mrs. Uriah Foster, Big Rock, Kane county, Ill.

A Soldier's Daughter.

Editor Camp Fire:—I have seen that some of the soldiers' daughters have written. I will make an effort to write, too. I am 14 years old. I attend the Geneseo Collegiate institute. I started the 7th of September, 1886. My father was one who fought hard for this country, and is proud of it. He enlisted at the age of 17 in Co. I, 45th Ill. Inf. He served nearly three years, and he now belongs to the G. A. R. I had three uncles in the army, two died while there, the other died while home on a furlough. We have taken the Blade two years and like it very much.—Cora E. Blair, Geneseo, Ill.

French Hatred of the Germans.

At another shop, a book-seller's, a cool pleasant place, where we rested for about an hour, the proprietor, a black-eyed, beetle-browed young Frenchman, grew very warm and excited under my questions, taking me for a sympathizer. Oh, how he hated the Germans! He was five years old when Strasbourg was captured. His father, he said, used in the pauses of the firing, to take him into the streets, and show him the ravages made by the enemy. Their house was destroyed, their business almost ruined, and there was only one thing consoled him—the cost of keeping the provinces was greater to the Germans than their value. There was no business left, the hatred was too great. Their speech has been taken from them, in the schools everything must be "German, German, German." Even in their churches they were not allowed the French service—witness the marked out line in yesterday's record of the Cathedral, which said "Catechising the children in the French tongue," and "French service at 11," followed by the ominous words, "Both forbidden." "The Germans had deprived them of their country and their language, but they couldn't conquer them, the time would come," here he fairly hissed out his words, "when they would win back all they had lost and more." I asked, "When?" "When William dies," was the reply. No "Unser Kaiser" here, you may be sure, but such a sneering, contemptuous "William." You cannot imagine the intense hatred the people of the captured provinces feel for their captors; it is beyond words.—*Strasbourg Cor. Hartford Times.*

Fibbing About Their Waist Sizes.

Writing of waists, it has often occurre to me, when reading "dress exchange columns," that women, in mentioning the size of their waists, never seem to get beyond the regulation 22 inches. Occasionally I notice some courageous individual announces that she measures 23 inches, but beyond that no one seems to dare to go. Oftener than not we see 18, 19, 20, and 21 inches severally quoted as being the waist size. Now, one cannot help a feeling of certainty that in countless cases this does not represent Nature's standard. It is too uniform by far, for the great mother delights in variety, never more openly expressed than in relation to the human form divine. Alas, the divinity of shape is often destroyed by foolish folks who thing some reduction of size absolutely essential to beauty. I am sure any one who has noticed the fact I drew attention to will see that between 23 and 28 inches there is a great gulf fixed, and that very few unmarried women will confess to intermediate inches.

The Freckled Girl.

Oh, how I prize a freckled girl! I think I would go farther than any other man to see a freckled girl, for she never has any neuralgia or insomnia or hysterics. Give me a girl who has been intimate with the sunshine and I'll show you a girl whose feelings are superior to her sensations. I'll stake her conscience against her complexion. See never sees any ghosts and is liable to eat three meals a day and take a cold bath before breakfast. Every freckle on a girl's face is a testimonial—heaven sent—of a wholesome fearlessness.

WANTED.

At the American Well Works, Aurora, Ills., first-class Blacksmiths and Machinists. Men with families preferred. The tramp order of mechanics will not be employed. Permanent employment given to good men. Steam blacksmithing, well machinery forging and engine work is the work required to be done. If you desire an encyclopedia of well machinery it will be forwarded you on receipt of 25 cents.

"THE MODERN FAMILY PHYSICIAN"
TELLS
HOW
To prevent and cure sickness.
To doctor with vegetable remedies.
To care for domestic animals.
To marry and keep house.
To live and be happy.

Everything you want to know. Agents wanted in your district. Live men and women canvassers. Address, JOHN E. POTTER & CO., 29, 31, 33 and 35 North Tenth street, Philadelphia.

EARLY TIMES IN BUFFALO.

The Hired Girl Who Sat at the First Table —Awful Results of Staying Out Late.

"One of our neighbors hired a girl whose father was a farmer out on the Black Rock road," said an old resident of Buffalo to a *Courier* reporter of that city. "It was the custom of the hired girl—she wasn't called a servant—to sit at the table with the rest of the family. It happened that our neighbor gave a tea-party to the new minister of the Presbyterian church—the First Presbyterian church. The present edifice, I believe, was built in 1828, and by the bye, the minister had a salary of $300 a year. Well, quite a number of people in the village were invited, and one neighbor gently hinted to the girl that perhaps it would be best for her not to sit at the table with the company, as there were so many, and besides some one ought to be ready to wait on the table. The girl, whose name was "Doshy," instantly flared up. "Well," says she, "seems to me some folks in this village is gittin' mighty sot up all of a sudden!" Our neighbor tried to reason with her, but it was no use. "Seems I ain't good enough to set at table with the minister," she says. "A pretty minister, but the Lord'll judge him; the Lord'll judge him," and she fumed about at a great rate. She had to submit finally to remaining away from the table, but she had a fit of sulks for a week after. Everything was reckoned in shillings in those days. In the Historical society's rooms are some old bills of the Eagle tavern in which so many meals are charged at 3 shillings each, so many nights' lodging at 2 shillings each, there being 8 shillings in $1. The same mark for shillings was used in Buffalo in those days as is employed in England now.

Another evidence of the primitiveness of society was that everybody went to bed by 9 o'clock, except some wild young men who caroused about the village as late as 10 o'clock. I remember I became acquainted with a girl at singing school one winter. In due time I fell heels over head in love with her. Things ran along until late in September, and finally I made an excuse to call on her one evening. She lived out almost to Buffalo plains, so I started about 6:30. I enjoyed my call so much that I forgot all about time until the clock struck 9. Then I started up, bade my sweetheart good night, and set out for home, which at the earliest I couldn't reach before 10 o'clock, and my father was very strict and stern and expected his children to spend their evenings at home. I therefore neared the paternal mansion with some misgivings. As I came up the garden path I saw my father sitting on the porch with a lighted candle in his hand. Beside him was my mother. Both of them looked very grim and ominous. "This is a pretty time of night for you to be coming home," said my father. "Here it is 10 o'clock." My mother shook her head sorrowfully, and said: "Oh, Henry, how could you? How could you?" I felt miserably guilty. "Father," said I, "I——" "That will do, young man," said my father; "walk into the house." He led me into the sitting-room, took a pliant rattan from the corner of the fireplace, and—well, I didn't make any more calls for some time, and then I took care to be home at 9 o'clock.

To Weak Men

Suffering from Nervous Debility, Early Decay, Loss of Vitality, Weakness of Body and Mind, etc., I will send you a valuable treatise containing full particulars for certain restoration to health and manhood free of charge. A reliable home cure. Address Prof. F. C. Fowler, Moodus, Conn.

THE WICKED TWIN BROTHERS.

A Queer Case of Duality Which Is Exciting Justice in Iowa.

Anamosa, Ia., has a case of twins that is exciting a good deal of interest. A man is confined in the penitentiary there for the crime of bigamy who claims that he is the victim of circumstances. He says that the offence was not committed by him, but by his twin brother, who looks so much like him that they were always compelled to go about labeled so that each could tell himself from the other. The women in the case think they know what they are talking about, but a great many people think they do not, and that really some one has "mixed those babies up."

A number of letters have been written to the warden from parties who plead for the twin, as they say, who is unlawfully confined, and who condemn the heartlessness of the other twin, who has escaped. Some letters purporting to be from the missing brother have also been received at the penitentiary, but experts say that they are all in the same handwriting. An appeal was made to Governor Larrabee in behalf of the prisoner, but after considering the case he refused to interfare, although admitting there are circumstances which cast doubt on the justice of the punishment.—*Omaha Republican.*

Cure for the Deaf.

Peck's Patent Improved Cushioned Ear Drums perfectly restore the hearing and performs the work of the natural Drum. All conversation and even whispers heard distinctly. Illustrated book of testimonials free. Address F. Hiscox, 853 Broadway, N. Y. Name paper.

Strawberry or Stray-Berry.

An explanation of the origin of the word "strawberry" is that it is in the old English "streow-berie," or straying berry, referring to the straying habit of the runners of the plant. Then "strawberry" has no significance and is a misnomer. Why not call it by its right name—strayberry, which would be proper with reference not only to the vine, but to the disposition of the big berries to stray to the top of the box in market. We have, though, an idea that the name comes from a peculiarity in the mode of raising the fruit. In the fall many gardeners cover the vines thickly with straw to protect them from frost, removing the covering in the spring after the plants have started to grow.

Cholera Morbus
is about as sure to come as Summer is,
It comes suddenly and without warning—
is Dangerous and often Fatal.
ARE YOU PREPARED for its coming?
If any of your family are attacked PROMPT action only may save life. For
46 YEARS ONE medicine has ALWAYS cured
CHOLERA, CHOLERA MORBUS, DIARRHOEA, DYSENTERY and all SUMMER COMPLAINTS
CHILDREN can take it with perfect safety.
This medicine is
Perry Davis' Pain Killer.
To be on the safe side get some NOW and have it on hand.
For sale by all Druggists.

RUBBER ROOFING.

Cheapest—Best, Fire and Waterproof. Adapted for new or old roofs. Anybody can apply. Write at once for Book Circular. INDIANA PAINT AND ROOFING CO., Indianapolis, Ind. Sample free if you mention Toledo Blade.

Question Bureau.

1. The true name and postoffice address must be given in all cases, but, when specially requested they will not be published.
2. No attention will be paid to mathematical problems, questions of grammatical construction, or inquiries regarding the reliability of individuals, firms or corporations.
3. Communications for this department MUST be written on a separate sheet, directed to the "Question Bureau," and contain not more than three questions. Do not ask a question and then proceed to argue it. If we can answer it and it is considered of general interest, it will be answered. It is useless to request an answer in the "next issue." The Question Bureau is always full, and we are usually two or three weeks behind.
4. This department is not intended to settle party disputes or decide bets. Replies to questions are intended to be of general interest, and no one has the right to DEMAND a reply. Do not request an answer by mail.
5. No question will receive the SLIGHTEST attention unless the first and third rules above are STRICTLY complied with.

Ærolites.

W. C., Frackville, Pa.:

Please describe an ærolite; from whence do they come, if not from some other planet?

Ærolites, or meteoric stones, fire balls, and shooting stars, are now classed together as being merely varieties of the same phenomenon. Ærolites which fall through the day have been observed to be projected from a small dark cloud, accompanied by a noise like thunder or the firing of canon; at night they proceed from a fire ball which splits into fragments with a similar sound. It is believed that the dark cloud that accompanies the fall of ærolites by day would be luminous by night; and smoking, exploding fire balls have sometimes been seen luminous even in the brightest of tropical day light. The connection between ærolites and fire balls have thus been established. Fire balls, again, cannot be separated from shooting stars, the two phenomena being sometimes blended, and also being found to merge into one another, both with respect to the size of their disks, the emanation of sparks, and the velocities of their motion. There are numerous records and stories in all ages and countries, of the fall of stones from the skies; but until recent times they were treated by philosophers as instances of popular credulity and superstition. It was not until the beginning of the nineteenth century that the fact was established beyond a doubt. According to Livy, a shower of stones fell on the Alban mount, not far from Rome, about 654 B. C. The fall of a great stone at Aegospotami, on the Hellespont, about 467 B. C., is recorded in the Parian chronicle, and mentioned by Plutarch and Pliny. It was still shown in the days of Pliny (d. 79 A. D.), who describes it as the size of a wagon and of a burned color. In the year 1492 A. D. a ponderous stone, weighing 260 pounds, fell from the sky near the village of Ensisheim, in Alsace; part of it is said to be in the village church there; and one of those in the Smithsonian institute in Washington is said to have fallen in Mexico in 1500 A. D. An extraordinary shower of stones fell near L'Aigle, in Normandy, on April 26, 1803. As was quite natural, meteoric stone have always been regarded with religious veneration. At Emesa, in Syria, the sun was worshipped under the form of a black stone reported to have fallen from Heaven. The Holy Kaaba of Mecca and the great stone of the pyramid of Cholula, in Mexico, have the same history. One constant characteristic of meteoric stones is the fused black crust, like varnish, with which the surface is coated. Their specific gravity ranges from 2 to 7 or 8 times that of water. As to their chemical composition the predominating element is iron, in a native, or metallic state, generally combined with a small portion of nickel. For the height and apparent diameter the actual diameter of the largest fire ball is estimated by Humboldt to vary from 500 to 28,000 feet; other allow a diameter of about a mile. Shooting stars are much smaller, their weight varying from 30 grains to 7 pounds. In most cases of luminous meteors a train of light many miles in length is left behind. One of the most remarkable facts connected with shooting stars is that certain appearances of them are *periodic*. On most occasions they are *sporadic*—that is, they appear singly, and traverse the sky in all directions; at other times they appear in swarms of thousands, moving parallel; and these swarms are *periodic*, or recur on the same days of the year. Attention was first directed to this fact in North America between the 12th and 13th of November, in 1833. Between 1799 and 1883—two of the most brilliant manifestations of the November stream on record—there elapsed 34 years, and the next brilliant appearances were in 1867 and '68. Many theories have been advanced to account for them. They have been supposed to be the remains of some exploded world, shattered into fragments by some terrific explosion. Again, it has been believed that they were part of the original nebula, and somehow had failed to have collected and made into a planet. Some have believed them to be comets' tails; and many other ideas have been advanced to account for their presence.

Sunday Schools.

A. B. Canby, Kenoma, Mo.:

Who organized the first Sunday school, where organized, and when? with a short history of the growth and prosperity of same.

Sunday schools were founded about the close of the year 1781, by Robert Raikes, a printer in Gloucester, England. Business leading him into the suburbs of the town, inhabited by the lowest class of the people, he was struck with concern at seeing a group of children, miserably ragged, at play. He was informed that "on Sunday the street was filled with a multitude of wretches, who, having no employment on that day, spent their time in noise and riot, playing at chuck, and cursing and swearing." To check this deplorable profanation of the Lord's Day, he engaged four women to instruct as many children as he should send him on a Sunday, in reading and the church catechism. In a short period a visible improvement was affected, both in the manners and morals of the children, who attended in considerable numbers. In 1786 Bishop Asbury established the first Sunday school on Raikes's plan in the United States. Five years later the first Sunday school was organized in Philadelphia under the presidency of Bishop White. In 1797 Samuel Slater formed a Sunday school for his operations at Pawtucket, R. I., and a poor colored woman, Katy Ferguson, who had never heard of Raikes, or of Sunday schools, established such a school in 1793 for the benefit of the street children in the humble quarter in which she lived. A school for secular instruction on Sunday, having no relation to theology, was begun two years earlier and incorporated three years later. Between 1801 and 1804 Mrs. Isabelle Graham, and Joanna Bethune, her daughter, who had become acquainted with the English schools while traveling abroad, set up three schools in New York city at their own expense. From that time they gradually increased throughout the country, though none of them was connected with any church till 1809, in Pittsburg, Pa. The schools instituted by Raikes and his successors were very different from that of the present. The teachers were hired; most of the pupils were very ignorant, and often very vicious, belonging to the pauper classes. The spelling book and hymn book were almost the only text books required, as very few could read a line. Religious instruction, in the ordinary sense, was not given, because it could not be understood. The library, as an aid to education, was not introduced for some time. Sunday schools are now to be found everywhere the English tongue is spoken. They thrive vigorously in the Protestant churches in France, and more recently have been planted in parts of Germany and Italy. The Roman Catholics have numerous Sunday schools. The total number of Protestant Sunday schools in the United States reported in 1881 was: Schools, 48,730; officers and teachers, 932,283; scholars, 6,820,835; total, 7,753,118. In Canada: Schools, 5,400; teachers, 41,712; scholars, 340,170; total, 381,882. In New Foundland; total, 27,360. Grand total reported, 8,162,360.

Sobriquets of the States and Their Residents.

1. J. G. B., Swanton, O., and 2. J. H. C., Minden, Miss.:

1. What are the nicknames of the several states?

2. What are the names applied to the residents of the various states?

The following are the sobriquets of the states and their inhabitants:

Maine—Pole Star State, Dirigo State, Pine Tree State; Down Easters.
New Hampshire—Granite State; White Mountain Boys, Granite Boys.
Vermont—Green Mountain State, New Hampshire Grants; Green Mountain Boys.
Massachusetts—Old Bay State; Bay Staters.
Rhode Island—Little Rhody, Sister Rhody; Gun Flints.
Connecticut—Nutmeg State, Land of Steady Habits, Blue Law State, Freestone State; Nutmegs.
New York—Empire State; Knickerbockers.
New Jersey—Camden and Amboy; Clam Catchers.
Pennsylvania—Keystone State; Bucktails.
Delaware—Blue Hen State, Diamond State; Blue Hen's Chickens.
Maryland—Old Line State; Clam Thumpers.
Virginia—Old Dominion, Mother of States, Mother of Presidents; Beagles.
West Virginia—Loyal Highlands; Snake Diggers.
North Carolina—Old North State, Turpentine State; Tar Boilers.
South Carolina—Palmetto State; Weasels.
Georgia—Cracker State; Buzzards, Crackers.
Florida—Gulf State, Peninsula State; Fly-up-the-Creeks.
Alabama—Lizards.
Mississippi—Bayou State, Mudcat State; Tadpoles, Mudcats.
Louisiana—Pelican State, Creole State; Pelicans, Creoles.
Texas—Lone Star State; Beef-heads.
Kentucky—Corn Cracker State, Blue Grass' State; Corn Crackers.
Ohio—Buckeye State; Buckeyes.
Indiana—Hoosier State, Hoosierdom; Hoosiers.
Illinois—Sucker State, Prairie State; Suckers.
Michigan — Wolverine State, Lake State; Wolverines.
Wisconsin—Badger State; Badgers.
Minnesota—Gopher State; Gophers.
Iowa—Hawkey State; Hawkeyes.
Missouri—Bullion State, Iron State; Bullions.
Arkansas—Bear State; Bears, Toothpicks.
Kansas—Garden of the West; Jayhawkers.
Nebraska—Black Water State; Bug Eaters.
Oregon—Hard Cases.
California—Golden State; Gold Hunters.
Nevada—Silver State; Sage Hens.
Colorado—Centennial State; Centennials.

Copyright, Publishing, and Authors Profits.

E. M., Clay Center, Kan.:

1. Is it customary for authors to send their productions to magazines and weeklies for publication, without obtaining a copyright on them, or do publishers pay for articles not copyrighted, and what are the ordinary rates paid? 2. If an author, for certain and sufficient reasons, does not wish the name published, can a copyright be obtained under a nom de plume, or can it be obtained for the author by the publisher, and, if so, what is the proper mode of procedure? 3. Would any publisher undertake to bring out a book for half the profits?

1. It is the general custom to send articles for publication without previously copyrighting them. If the publisher pays for the article, it is his own, and he then copyrights it, if he thinks it worth while. As a rule, an unknown author merely throws away the money if he copyrights an article. If you expect to sell to a publisher, most certainly do not copyright it. There are no "ordinary rates" for literary work, for their market value (if they have any) depends upon too many different factors. An article's value depends, primarily, upon who writes it. If the author is widely known, and he is popular with the reading public, publishers are anxious to get the products of his pen, for it is certain that the book will have a large sale. But there are not a score of such writers in America. If an author is unknown he should renounce all idea of getting any money for his work until he has become somewhat known. He should write brief articles and not attempt a book. There are two things that make literary work the poorest possible in a literary sense: First, there is an enormous number of people who want to write; there is more literary work offered than can be utilized. Three-fourths of the manuscript offered to editors and publishers is absolutely worthless—perfect trash—and the remaining fourth is greater than the capacity of the papers and magazines. The *Century* is said to have enough articles paid for to fill the magazine for three years to come. Second, the absence of international copyright allows American publishers to reprint the works of English and other foreign authors without paying anything to them, thus filling the market. 2. A copyright can not be obtained under a false name. Sell your work to a publisher, and let him copyright it. 3. No. Of a new book (unless the author is well known) an edition is 1,000. "Half the profits" would not pay for the expense of setting the type, stereotyping, printing, binding and advertising it. If you have a book to publish, drop all idea of making any money out of the first edition. You will find that, in order to get a publisher to look at it (unless you are extraordinarily lucky) unless you agree to stand the expense of type-setting, stereotyping, printing and binding. The publisher will put his imprint on it, and put it on the market, and, after retaining his stipulated compensation for this service, pay you the remainder. Where this is not done, but the publisher gets the book out at his own expense, the author receives 12 or 15 cents on each volume gotten out. Probably the average rate is 10 per cent. of the retail price.

Pensions—Public Lands—Patents.

Readers of the BLADE who desire special information regarding pensions, instead of inquiring through the Question Bureau, should write directly to Hon. John C. Black, commissioner of pensions, Washington, D. C.; for public lands information, to Hon. Wm. A. J. Sparks, commissioner of the general land office, Washington, D. C.; and for patents to Hon. B. J. Hall, commissioner of the patent office, Washington, D. C.

Miscellaneous.

Walter Spiva, Gum Branch, Miss.:

Who invented the first piano?

The first piano was invented in 1710 by an Italian (name unknown). All late inventions have been by Americans.

R. A. P., Somerset, Ky.:

Who is the legal heir to an estate where a man died and leaves a widow and no children? Was the law changed one year ago last winter?

The property should go to the widow.

L. E. D., Parker, Ind.:

Is Mr. Estey, the founder of the Estey Organ Works, living or dead? If dead, please give date.

To the best of our knowledge he is still alive.

J. G. Jones, Attica, Ind.:

Will the BLADE please tell what the public debt was at the close of the war and what it is now?

The public debt in 1865 was $2,680,647,869; in 1866 it was $2,773,236,173; on June 1, 1887, it was $1,098,024,973.

F. N. Ranger, Morenci, Mich.:

1. Will you tell me to whom send for the monthly government crop report and the price. 2. How can I obtain the early crop report or report of agriculture.

1 and 2. Write to Commissioner Coleman, Washington, D. C., and he will send them free.

Mrs. L. A. B., Canandaigua, N. Y.:

Please tell what the fate of Col. Cochran was? I can only recall the earlier part of his career in the war of the rebellion.

He was taken prisoner at the battle of Bull Run, and died in 1863. At the time of his death he was a brigadier-general of a volunteer corps.

A Reader, Bloomville, O.:

Will you please answer the following question through your columns of the BLADE: When was the organization of the Knights of Labor first organized, and what is the object of their organization?

See answer to A. B. Jones, Atchison, Kan., in Weekly BLADE of July 7.

L. S., Croton, Iowa:

Will you please publish through the columns of your paper a recipe for making ice cream, such as you get at city restaurants?

One qt cream; 1 pt of milk; 2 cupfuls of sugar; 1 egg (well beaten); 1 dessert spoonful of vanilla; 1 dessert spoonful of corn starch; Heat sugar, milk, corn starch and egg as for custard; when cool beat in the cream and freeze.

M. M. F., Arcadia, Mich.:

I am a girl of 19 with a very limited education, but I want to learn the printer's trade. Can I, and educate myself at the same time?

Until a person has become expert at their business they cannot get employment. The best way is to apply to some newspaper in a small town or to some job office. There are many female printers in the country, and the International Typographical Union is now considering a proposition to make their pay equal to that of men.

George Kebel, Ritzville, Washington Territory:

Please tell me, if possible, how to magnetize compass needles, pocket knife blades and other articles?

The article to be magnetized is laid on a table and a pole of a powerful magnet is rubbed a few times along its length, always in the same direction. If the magnetizing pole be N., the end of the article it first touches each time becomes also N., and the one where it is lifted S. The same thing may be done by putting, say, the N. magnetizing pole first in the middle of the article, then give it a few passes from the middle to the end, returning always in an arch from the end to the middle. After doing the same to the other half with the S. pole, the magnetization is complete. The first end rubbed becomes the S., and the other end the N. pole of the new magnet.

T. Jeffries, Hillsboro, Wis.:

Please give us a description of the island of Cyprus, its size, population, of what race, the people, their character, customs, etc.

Cyprus, an island situated south of Asia Minor, in that portion of the Mediterranean called the Levant. Cyprus was anciently divided into many small kingdoms. It was originally possessed by the Phœnicians, from which it passed to the Greeks, and subsequently to the Egyptians and Persians. After the victories of Alexander, it declared for Macedon. It next became a portion of the Greaco-Egyptian kingdom of the Ptolemies, then of the Roman and Byzantine Empire. The Arabs conquered it in 648 A. D. In 1191 it was taken by Richard Codeur-de-Lion, who ceded it to the Templars. After several vicissitudes, it came into the possession of the Venetians from whom it was finally conquered by the Turks in 1571. The "conditional convention" concluded between the English and Turkish governments in 1878 leaves Cyprus a Turkish possession, but provides for it being occupied and administered by England, but it has lately been ceded to England.

Reader, Kiowa county, Kan.:

Please state what important service Thomas Paine rendered the American colonies?

Thomas Paine, an author famous for his connection with the American and French revolutions, and for his advocacy of infidel opinions, born January 1737, at Thetford, England. He was trained to the business of his father, who was a staymaker, but afterwards obtained a situation in the customs, and the management of a tobacco manufactory. His income, however, was small, and he fell in debt, and was dismissed in 1774, upon which he went to American, was favorably received by a bookseller in Philadelphia, and in 1776 published a pamphlet entitled Common Sense, in which he maintained the cause of the colonies against the mother country. The success and influence of this publication were extraordinary, and it won him the friendship of Washington, Franklin, and other distinguished American leaders. He was rewarded by Congress with appointment as a secretary to the committee of Foreign Affairs, visited France in the summer of 1787, where he made the acquaintance of Buffon, Malesherbes, La Rochefoucauld, and other eminent men; and in the autumn following went to England, where, in 1791, he published the "Rights of Man," the most famous of all the replies to Burke's "Reflections upon the French Revolution." In 1792, the department of Pas-de-Calias elected him a deputy to the national convention, where he usually voted with the Girondists. At the trial of Louis XVI. he proposed that the king should be spared and afforded an opportunity of seeking an asylum in America. In 1793, Robespierre caused him to be ejected from the convention, on the ground of his being a foreigner, and thrown into prison. During his imprisonment he wrote "The Age of Reason," against Atheism and against Christianity, and in favor of Deism. In 1802 he returned to the United States, and died in 1809.

Ethel, Appleton, Md.:

1. Who was, and how is Mendelssohn pronounced, and where was he born? 2. What are the names of the Nine Muses?

Mendelssohn—Bartholdy, (Felix) a German musical composer, son of Abraham Mendelssohn, the eminent banker, and grandson of Moses Mendelssohn, the philosopher, born at Hamburg 1809. His father was a convert to Christianity, and brought young Felix up in the Lutheran faith. The affluent circumstances of his parents enabled them to bestow a most liberal and careful education on their son, whose fine genius early showed itself. Zelter was his instructor in composition, Berger on the piano. In his ninth year he gave his first public concert in Berlin, and in the following year played in Paris. From this period he commenced to write compositions of all sorts, some of them a very difficult character, for the piano, violin, etc. In 1824 the first of these three quartets for the piano were published. In 1825 he went to school a second time at Paris, his father, on the advice of eminent artists, having consented he shoulde devote himself exclusively to music. He now gave concerts in Paris and Berlin, after which he traveled for three years in England, Scotland, France and Italy. In 1835 he accepted the directorship of the Leipzig concerts. Here he was in the center of the musical world of Germany, and was stimulated to his highest and most brilliant efforts. Yet it was in England that he first met with a reception proportionate to his genius. His oratorio of St. Paul, after being performed at Dresden and Leipzig, was produced under his own management at Birmingham Festival, September 20, 1837, and created quite a furor. It and his other oratorio of Elijah, on which he labored for nine years, and which was brought out at the Birmingham Festival in 1846, are his two greatest works. Mendelssohn was on intimate terms with the late Prince Albert and Queen Victoria, and was a guest at Windsor on more than one occasion, died at Liepzig, November 4, 1847. Pronounced, Men-del-son, accent on the first syllable.

2. The names of the nine muses are—Clio, Euterpe, Thalia, Melpomene, Terpsichore, Erato, Polyhymnia, Urania, and Calliope.

J. R. Hyatt, Ducktown, Tenn.:

1. Does Mr. D. R. Locke write all the editorials of the Weekly BLADE? 2. Give the name and politics of each representative to the 50th Congress from the states of New York, Pennsylvania, Virginia and Missouri. 3. Who selects the electors?

1. No. 2. Missouri—W. H. Hatch, D.; C. H. Manseer, D.; Alex. M. Dockery, D.; James M. Burns, D.; Wm. Warner, R.; John T. Heard, D.; John E. Hutton, D.; John J. O'Neil, D.; John M. Glover, D.; Martin L. Clardy, D.; R. P. Bland, D.; Wm. J. Stone, D.; W. H. Wade, R.; J. P. Walker, D. New York—Perry Belmont, D.; Phelix Campbell, D.; S. V. White, R.; Peter M. Mahoney, D.; Arch. M. Bliss, D.; A. J. Cummings, D.; Lloyd S. Bryce, D.; Tim J. Campbell, D.; S. S. Cox, D.; Frank B. Spinola, D.; T. A. Merriman D.; W. B. Cochran, D.; Ashbel P. Fitch, R.; W. G. Stahlnecker, D.; Henry Bacan, D.; John H. Ketcham, R.; Stephen T. Hopkins, R.; Ed. W. Greenman, D.; Nicholas T. Cane, D.; George West, R.; John H. Moffitt, R.; A. X. Parker, R.; James S. Sherman, R.; David Wilber, R.; Milton DeLano, R.; Newton W. Nutting, R.; Thomas S. Flood, R.; Ira Davenport, R.; Chas. S. Baker, R.; John G. Sawyer, R.; J. M. Farquhar, R.; J. B. Webber, R.; W. G. Laidlaw, R.; 25th district is vacant, Frank Hiscock, R., having been elected United States senator. Pennsylvania—E. S. Osborn (at large), R.; H. H. Bingham, R.; Chas. O'Neill, R.; Samuel J. Randall, D.; W. D. Keiley, R.; Alf. C. Harmer, R.; S. Darlington, R.; Robert M. Yardly, R.; D. Ermintrout, D.; John A. Hillstand, R.; William A. Sawden, D.; Chas. R. Buckalew, D.; John Lynch, D.; Chas. M. Brumm, R.; Franklin Bound, R.; Frank C. Bunnell R.; H. C. McCormick, R.; Ed Scull, R.; Lewis E. Atkinson, R.; Levi Marsh, D.; John Potter, R.; Welty McCullough, R.; John Balzelle, R.; Thomas M. Bayne, R.; Oscar L. Jackson, R.; James T. Moffett, R., Norman Hall, D.; Wm. L. Scott, D. Virginia—T. H. B. Brown, R.; George E. Bowden, R.; George D. Wise, D.; W. E. Gains, R.; J. R. Brown, R.; Samuel G. Hopkins, (Labor); C. T. O. Farrell, D.; W. H. F. Lee, D.; H. C. Bowen, R.; Jacob Yost, R. 3. They are voted for by the people of the several states.

A. F., Portland, Maine:

I would like to have the BLADE describe the process of making money, as done in the United States mints, etc.

Bullion is received at the mint in the form of bricks of all sizes and very peculiar shape when it comes from Spanish American countries. The regular shaped bricks often weigh as heavy as 150 pounds. The Mexicans melt their silver and rub it into the most crude-shaped molds in the world, in quantities so large and heavy that a burro could not carry one casting. If the valuable metal were carried in quantities convenient for handling, raiders for miles around would be after it and demand the whole or a large portion of the silver as salvage for protection against other raiders. The Mexican silver received at the mint is taken to the machine-shop and cut up before it is in shape to be put into any of the largest crucibles. The regular-shaped bricks are taken first to the Assay Office, where the corners are clipped and the brick bored into. An assay is made of the clippings and borings. The result is made known to the person making the deposit in about twelve hours. He gets his money and the government gets his bullion. After the assay the bullion passes to the refinery, if it should require the operations there performed. When the silver has been obtained in a state as near as possible to absolute purity, it is taken to the press-room, and, by pressure, compressed into solid circular masses of from twelve to fifteen inches in diameter and five inches thick, resembling very much the shape of the cheese. The silver is then placed in an oven in iron pans. A fire is raised and the iron and oven are brought to a cherry red color for the purpose only of driving off moisture in the chloride of silver. The least portion of moisture in the crucibles would break them, and the silver would be lost in the ashes. The cakes next go to the melter and are run into bricks. If it goes on the market as bullion, its weight in ounces and its value are stamped upon each brick. If it is to be turned into coin, it is again melted, and an alloy of one-tenth copper is put in both for silver and gold, and the whole is then run into ingots. These are heated and rolled to the proper thickness and width, and the strips are then annealed and whitened. The blanks are next punched and cleansed of the grease from the rollers, and are then sent to the adjusters. Each piece is weighed, and if found too heavy a little is filed off the edge; if under weight, it is remelted. From the adjusters the blanks pass to the stamping room. The milling, as it is generally termed, is then put on, by pressure—squeezing the silver out into the little grooves of the mold. After it is upset, to raise the ring on the surface, the blank passes under the die. The impression is made on both sides from one blow. A rule of the coiner's department prohibits an employe leaving the department during the day until after the accounts are adjusted. From the comer the money passes to the counter, who, with the aid of a counting board, which holds an exact number of pieces, is able to count thousands where a person ordinarily would count only units. The counting board carries just 1,000 silver dollars. One of the most interesting objects to be seen in the mint is a large balance scale, so nicely adjusted that one may take a hair from the head, split it and place it in one of the scale pans, and the beam will be noticably deflected.

COL. SCOTT'S VISITOR.

Not So Much Opposed to Racing as the Colonel Fancied.

A middle-aged woman with a solemn cast of countenance, and wearing a plain black dress, approached Col. Dan Scott, secretary of the Sioux Falls Turf association one day this week and said:

"Sir, I understand there is going to be some hoss racing here next week?"

"We expect to have some races, madam."

"So I heard. A lot of gawkies are going to get on the track with two-wheeled sulkies and fence-rail horses and lean over and saw on the lines and crack the poor beasts with a short whip and holler and crowd and try to get ahead of each other?"

"Why, why, madam—."

"Then a big crowd of bald-headed old hypocrites and cornstalk dudes will stand around and bet on the hosses."

"Why, madam, I suppose there will be some betting."

"Then there will be a lot of old blokes up on the judges' stand too drunk to tell which hoss does come in ahead."

"N-o, oh, no—"

"Don't you 'no' me, I tell you they will all be drunk! Then a man with a mouth like a new cellar will stand up and sell pools on the races, and lie, and cheat, and break the law."

"I'm sorry madam, but—"

"I know it's all so! And the race will be sold by the owners, or some miserable driver will be paid to throw it, and if an honest man does bet on it he'll get beat out of his money."

"Madam, I'm sorry that you appear to be so much opposed to horse racing."

"Me opposed to hoss racing!"

"I gather so from your remarks."

"No, sir, not much; I just understand it, that's all. What I called for was to see if you couldn't give me a pointer on which is going to beat. I've sold a heating stove and a winter cloak and I've got my eye on a long-legged gray mare but I don't want to go and put my money on her unless she's going to get there on the home stretch. I'm willing to whack up what I got for the cloak to anybody that'll put me on to a dead sure thing to put the stove money on!"

The Ministry of Flowers.

Leaves of rose geranium are placed in finger bowls instead of a lemon slice.

Purple asters, combined with wild roses, fasten the tulle scarfs on seaside hats.

Bush baskets filled with water lilies and aquatic foliage are favorite gifts at watering places.

Bridesmaids are carrying white China asters with a cluster of gardenias at one side of the bouquet.

Large conch shells, containing wood mosses and English moss rosebuds, are fashionable for table centers.

Wedding bouquets are made of Niphetos rosebuds or lily of the valley. The flowers are turned down over the stems in a highly artistic style.

The bleeding heart is the newest design for laying on the funeral casket. It is a large heart formed of forget me-nots. From the center falls a spray of crimson roses which droop over one side of the coffin.

Doing Their Best Work.

Mery, the French novelist, was famous for the readiness of his repartee. He was once dining at the house of a colonel of artillery, and during the dessert the colonel's lady, who had noticed that Mery had not said anything particularly brilliant for some time, said: "M. Mery, come, won't you say something funny for us?" "Certainly, madame," replied Mery, "as soon as your husband, the colonel, has shot off his cannon."

—The liver and kidneys must be kept in good condition. Hood's Sarsaparilla is a great remedy for regulating these organs.

An Alphabetical Costume.

I don't remember to have heard the story before which is credited to Duncan Elliot, and which relates that being asked to describe a certain ball dress worn by a well-known New York girl, he said he only remembered that it was "V-shaped in the back and see-shaped in the front."—*Town Topics.*

Ladies

Who use SOZODONT have only to open their lips to prove its excellence. Their white, gleaming, spotless teeth, and fragrant breath will tell the story. There is more demand for this wholesome and unexceptionable preparation than for any other dentifrice in the market.

MARRIED AT MIDNIGHT.

An Uncommon Sight on the Platform of a Pullman Sleeper.

The unconventional, if not romantic, wedding which took place on the Northern Pacific train at Rathdrum, Sunday evening, was a "picnic" for the passengers. Mr. W. H. Broome, from New York, who came out to superintend the pyrotechnic display in Portland on the Fourth, was a passenger, and gave full details of the wedding. The bride is Mrs. A. A. Mitchell, of Minneapolis, aged about 35 years. The groom is Mr. B. F. Buck, a well-to-do grocer of Spokane Falls, where he has lived about a year. He is about 50 years old. They made each others, acquaintance several years ago in Madison, Wis. Each moved to Minneapolis. About the middle of this month Mrs. Mitchell secured a divorce from her husband, and on Thursday of last week started West to meet her new husband, taking passage in the Pullman sleeper Dickenson, under command of Conductor George Carter. There were six through lady passengers and a dozen or more gentlemen, among them Mr. F. E. Rice, superintendent of the Pullman Car company at St. Paul.

The train was due at Rathdrum at about 2 p. m., but did not arrive until midnight. Mr. Buck intended to be married on the train in Washington territory just after the train had passed the Idaho line, and had taken Rev. Mr. Beebe, of Spokane Falls, along to perform the ceremony. While he was waiting at Rathdrum for the delayed train, he decided to be married in Idaho and fortunately found a justice of the peace. Under the laws of Idaho no license is necessary. The train stops for water at Rathdrum. Mr. Bock hurried into the car, found the bride waiting, despite the late hour, led her to the rear platform of the Pullman, and there they were married. The couple stood at each side of the door, the 'squire in front of them, and the two official witnesses, Paul F. Moher and Ned Rice, just inside the car. Near them stood a Scotch missionary en route to Alaska. The justice, a good-natured little man, tilted his hat on the back of his head, took out a lead pencil, and sort of marking time with it as a conductor does with a baton, began:

"Please join hands."

Addressing groom: "Do you take this woman to be your lawful wife?"

Groom—"I do."

Addressing bride: "Do you take this man to be your lawful husband?"

Bride—"I do."

Addressing both: "Then under the authority conferred on me by the territory of Idaho, I pronounce you husband and wife, and what God hath joined together, let no man put asunder." Then, fearing the train would start off with him, he stepped off the car to the station platform, and called out in the darkness to Mr. Buck: "I'll sign these papers and send them down on to-morrow's train." The groom called him back and handed him a coin. The 'squire looked at it, returned thanks and exclaimed, "I'll set it up nne for the boys on this."

The Scotch missionary was almost dumb with astonishment. Recovering his speech, he said to Mr. Rice: "Mon, is this legal? Do they do things laak that in this koontry?" Mr. Rice assured him that this ceremony was strictly legal, and that it took no more time to hang and bury a man in Idaho.

Mr. Rice went to his wife's berth, awoke her, whispering so it could be heard to the further end of the car: "Been a weddin'; weddin' on the train," Mrs. Rice, half asleep, turned over, trying to collect her scattered senses, muttering: "Eh? what? wedding? who?" Then in a jerky, exasperating way which a person wide awake could scarcely understand, he told about the episode which had just occurred on the platform. This was heard by Mrs. A. and her sister, Mrs. S., two California ladies who occupied the section opposite Mrs. Rice's. Finally, Mrs. Rice, thoroughly nervous and excited at the manner of her husband's recital of the story, asked appealingly: "Now, Ned, do sit down; sit down quietly and calmly, and tell it all over, and tell it slow." He did so, the two California ladies with heads stuck out through the portieres, being attentive listeners.

In a few minutes all the ladies in the car had made themselves presentable. The bride and groom, who had been chatting with some gentlemen in the smoking-room, now came into the car and received congratulations at all hands. Mrs. Buck apologized to the ladies, saying she expected to be married at 2 in the afternoon, and if the train had not been late all of them could have witnessed the ceremony. Then she threw off her duster, and, standing up, asked: "How do you like my dress? I've had it on since 5 o'clock this morning." It was a rich brown silk, with a profusion of white lace about the neck and sleeves. She wore fawn-colored kid gloves. The books which the bride read on the trip out were "Tangled Lives," "Under a Shadow," "Wooed and Married," and "Lost and Won."—*Portland Oregonian.*

SOMEBODY'S CHILD.

Somebody's child is dying—dying with the flush of hope on its young face, and somebody's mother thinking of the time when that dear face will be hidden where no ray of hope can brighten it—because there was no cure for consumption. Reader, if the child be your neighbor's, take the comforting word to the mothers heart before it is too late. Tell her that consumption is curable; that men are living to-day whom the physicians pronounced incurable, because one lung had been almost destroyed by the disease. Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery" has cured hundreds; surpasses cod liver oil, hypophosphites, and other medicines in curing this disease. Sold by druggists.

LIGHTNING.

The More Common Kinds Contrasted With the Sheet and the Globular.

Every one is familiar with the fact that lightning does not spring direct from cloud to cloud or to the earth, but pursues a zig-zag course. This is due to the fact that the air is not equally humid throughout. Electricity always takes the path which offers least resistance to its passage. Damp air is a much better conducting medium than dry air—consequently the lightning selects the damp-air route, avoiding the drier strata and zones it encounters, and advances, now directly, now obliquely, until it reaches the opposite cloud, where it subdivides into a number of forks. Owing to the resistance which it encounters in its path, intense heat is generated; which causes the air to expand. Immediately after the flash, the air again contracts with great violence and with a loud report, which is echoed and reeched among the clouds. The report reaching the ear of the listener from varying distances, is drawn out into a series, and, being still further prolonged by the echoes, the roll of thunder is produced. It is a curious fact that, although the sound of thunder is exceedingly loud when heard near at hand, the area over which it is audible is comparatively circumscribed. The noise of a cannonade will be heard, under favorable conditions, at a distance of nearly 100 miles, while the sound of thunder does not travel over fifteen miles. The occurrence of the thunder and the lightning is, of course, simultaneous; but as light travels faster than sound—its passage is practically instantaneous—the flash may be seen several seconds before the thunder is heard. The distance of thunder may thus be approximately estimated, an interval of five seconds between the flash and the thunder-clap being allowed to each mile.

Sheet lightning has the appearance of a sheet of flame momentarily illuminating part of the sky or cloud surface. It is, in reality, but the reflection of lightning flashing beyond the horizon or behind the clouds, and at too great a distance for the thunder to be audible.

But the most remarkable of all the manifestations of electricity is globular lightning, in appearance like a ball of fire moving leisurely along, and remaining visible, it may be several minutes. Many curious accounts are related of its vagaries. One of the most interesting and circumstantial is that given by Mr. Fitzgerald, county Donegal, Ireland, who saw a globe of fire slowly descend from the Glendowan mountains to the valleys below. When it first touched the ground, it excavated a hole about 20 faet square, "as if it had been cut out with a huge knife." This was scarcely the work of a minute. For a distance of 20 perches it ploughed a trench about four feet deep, and, moving along the bank of a stream, it make a furrow a foot in depth. Finally, it tore away part of the bank five perches in length and five feet deep, and "hurling the immense mass into the bed of the stream it flew to the opposite peaty bank." The globe was visible twenty minutes and traversed a distance of a mile, showing that its progress was, for lightning, very slow indeed. During the thunder storms of extreme violence on Deeside, balls of fire are occasionally seen to roll down the side of Locknagar, which are no doubt identical with globular lightning.—*Chambers' Journal.*

A Minister of "Sectional Hate."

A Macon, Georgia, minister used this figure of speech: "As a tree falls so will it lie for all time, whether it falls to the north, where hell is, or to the south, where is heaven." It is said that a smile glimmered for a moment on the faces of his hearers.

—Slocum's Stenographic School, Buffalo, N. Y., is the largest and best in the United States. Situations obtained without charge. Circulars free.

Yours for Health
20 Years Record.
LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND.
Is a Positive Cure
For ALL of those Painful Delicate Complaints and Complicated troubles and Weaknesses so common among our Wives, Mothers, and Daughters.
☞ PLEASANT TO THE TASTE, EFFICACIOUS, IMMEDIATE AND LASTING IN ITS EFFECT. IN LIQUID, PILL OR LOZENGE FORM, (6 FOR $5.) EITHER OF THE LATTER SENT BY MAIL SECURE FROM OBSERVATION, ON RECEIPT OF PRICE. MRS. PINKHAM'S "GUIDE TO HEALTH" AND CONFIDENTIAL CIRCULAR MAILED TO ANY LADY SENDING ADDRESS AND STAMP TO LYNN, MASS. *Mention this Paper.*
Lydia E. Pinkham

Quaker Testimony.

Mrs. A. M. Dauphin, of 1939 Ridge ave., Philadelphia, has done a great deal to make known to ladies there the great value of Mrs. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, as a cure for their troubles and diseases. She writes as follows: "A young lady of this city, while bathing some years ago, was thrown violently against the life line, and the injuries received resulted in an ovarian tumor which grew and enlarged until DEATH SEEMED CERTAIN. Her physician finally advised her to try Mrs. Pinkham's Compound. She did so, and in a short time the tumor was dissolved and SHE IS NOW IN PERFECT HEALTH. I also know of many cases where the medicine has been of great value in preventing miscarriage and alleviating the pains and dangers of childbirth. Philadelphia ladies appreciate the worth of this medicine and its great value.

A Constant Study of a Noted Woman's Life.

Mrs. Lydia E. Pinkham, for years, made the diseases and weaknesses of her sex a constant study, and as a result of it was the famous "Vegetable Compound." Her knowledge equalled that of any first-class physician and therefore the remedy can be taken with perfect confidence. The subjects of treatment are so delicate that it is hard to be understood without trespassing on the grounds of what may seem improper language; yet it is a well-known fact that not one woman in ten is free from pain and troubles, therefore there is no good reason why they should not have the means placed before them of saving themselves all, if not the greater part of the periodic and other suffering. The medicine is exclusively for GOOD PURPOSES.

Mr. and Mrs. Cleveland.

She wears 3½ shoe. He 10.

She wears a 13 collar. He 18.

She is very choice in her use of expressions.

He recently said to visitors: "You folks out West," etc.

She has a pretty large fortune, and he is earning one fast.

She is fond of the odor of fine cigars, but dislikes the smoke.

He takes no exercise save an hour's walk at his country house.

She has been offered an opportunity to write a short story for the *Century* magazine.

He smokes usually one cigar a day, after dinner, and don't care much for tobacco.

He and she are very fond of oatmeal for breakfast and think it especially wholesome.

She uses the dumb-bells to keep her arms strong for hand-shaking, and has strong wrists.

He fans himself when at work with a large palm-leaf—an old split one that he is used to being his favorite.

He writes few letters and dictates none. He uses a stub pen and cork penholder. She uses a beautiful gold pen.

She holds daily cabinet meetings with the housekeeper and steward, and gives directions on all the details of her household.

She doesn't consider herself a musician, but plays the piano fairly well. He sometimes renders a rat-tat-tat with his finger nails and tries to whistle.

He doesn't like callers who "just called to pay respects and don't want an office," and said of one the other day: "I would much sooner see this man if he did want an office, for then he would have something to talk about."

TOOK HER OWN MEDICINE.

Lady Grant's Last Resort for the Cure of Dyspepsia.

No more than an outfield base ball throw from Kingston mansion, and within the lines of the estate, are the far-famed Pitkeathly mineral wells, guaranteed on something of better assurance than solemn affidavits of patent medicine men to cure most obstinate cases of dyspepsia, kidney disease and rheumatic gout. That the waters will accomplish these wonders is attested not by the sworn statements of persons unknown, but by hundreds of restored mortals you find in the region around. Sir Arthur Sullivan, the self-repeating composer of London, ranks among the cured. I need only relate one story familiar to Mr. Blaine to convince you of his confidence. Lady Grant, wife of a former owner of Kilgraston, had been an invalid for years, the victim of complications arising from dyspepsia. She traveled to all the continental springs from Carlsbad to Heleven Quelle without obtaining relief. Her patience gone, she at length appealed to an eminent London physician.

"Medicine can do nothing for you," said he. "Your one chance is the waters of Pitkeathly wells, in Scotland."

"But they are on my own estate," she exclaimed in pretty incredulity.

In despite of which the physician persuaded her to return home and drink of them, with the happy result of a permanent cure in two months. Since British nobility would not stoop to the deceits of quackery, you may accept this story as of gospel accuracy, which Mr. Blaine assuredly does, for he is partaking of the waters in faith and plenty. It may be weeks before the results can be credibly determined. Meanwhile he is to be undergoing the prostration usual to patients of acute bilious development, with the reaction from which comes certain traditional cure.—*Letter from Scotland.*

A Rare Chance Until October 1st.

To advertise their book on Diseases of Women and Children, the Zoa Phora Medicine Co. have published a pamphlet edition which they will send free to lady applicants until October 1st. Postage 4c. Address the secretary of the company, H. G. Colman, Kalamazoo, Mich.

Queen Victoria Mobbed.

The garden party at Buckingham palace on Wednesday resembled the Guildhall ball in some of its worst features. The queen was at one time mobbed by her guests in a disgraceful way, and the manner in which these well-dressed snobs pushed and scrambled in order to approach her majesty was something awful to behold. Some hundreds of the company crowded all around the royal tent, apparently intending to stop there and stare, and so intolerable did this nuisance become that Ponsonby, Sir John Cowell, Lord Bridport, Lord Latham and other members of the household were obliged to come forward and request them to move away.

Summer Comfort.

To sum up, if you want to be healthy in summer, and as comfortable as possible.

1. Don't drink anything alcoholic.
2. Don't take ice water and iced drinks in profusion.
3. Don't eat fat, greasy or rich food.
4. Do keep clean.
5. Do eat plenty of vegetable and fruit.
6. Do, if you need much nourishing food, take it in the form of farinaceous dishes, peas, beans, lean meat, bread and milk.

If these directions are followed you will feel better, and consequently be less affected by the heat than as if you should take indiscriminately whatever struck your fancy at the moment.

SICK HEADACHE
CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.
Positively Cured by these Little Pills.
They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too Hearty Eating. A perfect remedy for Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue, Pain in the Side, TORPID LIVER, &c. They regulate the Bowels and prevent Constipation and Piles. The smallest and easiest to take. Only one pill a dose. Purely vegetable. Price 25 cents.
CARTER MEDICINE CO., Prop'rs, New York.

STORIES OF PROMINENT PEOPLE

Secretary Moseley and Joe Brown.

Secretary Moseley, of the Inter State Commerce commission, was trying hard to keep cool one sultry afternoon last week, when a meek-looking old gentleman with a long white beard and general ministerial air entered and inquired for the clerk of the commisssion.

"I am the secretary," said Mr. Moseley. "What can I do for you?"

The old gentleman said he would like to get a copy of the long and short haul decision. This was handed to him, the secretary wondering what this country preacher wanted with it.

"You look warm," Mr. Moseley added. "Won't you take a seat near the window and cool off?"

"Thanks," was the reply, "I don't care if I do." After a few moments' silence the old gentleman ventured to ask: "What part of the country are you from?"

"I'm a Yankee—from Massachusetts."

Then his Yankee curiosity asserted itself and he said: "Where do you live?"

"In Georgia," was the reply.

"Are you interested in railroads?"

"Yes, I am president of one of them. My name is Brown."

"Are you any relative of old Senator Joe Brown? I have always had a desire to see him."

"Yes, I am slightly related to him," was the reply, "and I might say that I am the gentleman himself."

Mr. Moseley now says that he wishes public men would wear badges to designate their office.

When Oakes Ames Was Honest.

Early in the war 100 army wagons were manufactured by the government in New Hampshire under a contract which provided for their delivery at Kingston, where they were inspected, accepted and sent by railroad to Perryville, on the Susquehanna river, opposite Havre de Grace. When they arrived there they were again inspected by Capt. C. G. Sawtelle, of the quartermaster's department, who refused to accept them, or to approve the bill of $14,100 for them. So the wagons were packed and remained at Perrysville, in full view of the passers-by on the Philadelphia, Wilmington & Baltimore railroad. In 1863 a committee of the Senate made a report recommending that the wagons be accepted and paid for, and an item in an appropriation bill was about to slip through when Oakes Ames heard of it. While on Governor Andrews's council, early in the war, he had purchased army wagons, and he knew that this lot of them were flimsily made of cheap stuff, and worthless. He sent to his friend Felton, the President of the Philadelphia, Wilmington & Baltimore railroad, to have one of the wagons put on a platform car and sent to Washington that night without fail. The next morning the wagon was in front of the Capitol, and as the Representatives arrived Mr. Ames requested them to step out and examine for themselves. The claim was defeated.

Same Old Grover.

One of the President's Buffalo friends returned from the White House the other evening. He said that he had been having "a good time with Grover," and he looked it." He leaned up against one of the pillars in the rotunda at Willard's and remarked casually to the envious crowd: "Yes, he is the same old Grover, and no mistake. Last year when I was here I kinder made up my mind that Grover was getting stuck up, but I guess I was mistaken. He likes to talk over old times, but you can't run in any politics on him. He draws the line at politics, but otherwise he is just as friendly as ever. His wife was away when I saw him, but he isn't troubled much for the lack of company, I can tell you. I wonder if Grover has changed his habits since he got married? I didn't see any cheese over to the White House. Grover used to be a holy terror for cheese. When he was in Buffalo he would go to a beer saloon, call for a glass, and then begin on the cheese and crackers. Great Scott! what an appetite he had in those days! At first the German proprietor was inclined to be facetious in his remarks, but it turned out to be a good thing for the place, for men got in the habit of dropping in just to see Grover eat, and it drew custom. If his wife has induced him to stop eating cheese and crackers he is in love with her, sure enough."

Seeds That Germinate Quickly.

The human system is a fruitful soil, and among seeds that germinate most rapidly in it are those of rheumatism and neuralgia. A slight cold, brought on by sitting in a draught, wet feet or damp clothes will develop either of thes abominable painful maladies with unpleasant rapidity. The proper preventive of this agonizing vegetation is Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, a medicine which nullifies a tendency to either of the maladies named, and soothes the aches which they cause. Nor is it less effective as a remedy for rheumatism than as its preventive, a fact as amply attested as any other relating to its curative properties. Mariners, miners, frontiersmen and others have ever found it a faithful preservative of health in unfavorable regions, and a benign remedy for malarial disorders, and stomach, liver and bowel complaints. It is a fine promoter of appetite and a capital tonic.

In the Queen's Kitchen.

In the Queen's kitchen there is a bookkeeper to give orders to grocers, provision and other dealers; four clerks to aid him in his work, a chief cook, four master cooks, two yeomen of the kitchen, two assistant cooks, two roasting cooks, four scourers, three kitchen maids, a store-keeper, two "green office" men, two steam apparatus men, first and second yeomen of confectionery, an apprentice, three female assistants, an errand man, pastry cook, two female assistants, a baker and assistant and three coffee room women. There is an extensive wine cellar, superintended by a man of large salary, and an army of officers engaged in various departments suggestive of eating and drinking.

THE FAMOUS CUSTOM-MADE
PLYMOUTH ROCK $3 PANTS.
(Coats and Vests cut to order at proportionate prices.)
DO YOU WEAR PANTS
If you DO, you may save lots of money and at same time GET A GOOD FIT, by sending 6c. (and mentioning this paper) for a full line of samples of cloth, linen tape measure and self-measurement blanks, with full particulars. Satisfaction guaranteed.
PLYMOUTH ROCK PANTS CO.,
18 Summer St., Boston, Mass.

PHONOGRAPHY OR PHONETIC SHORT HAND
Self-taught. Send for Catalog. Address The Phonographic Institute, Cincinnati.

QUEEN OF THE SOUTH PORTABLE MILLS.
SELECT FRENCH BUHRS,
For Stock Feed or Meal for Family Use.
Six Sizes. Satisfaction Guaranteed. Write for Descriptive Circular.
Mention this paper.
Straub Machinery Co., CINCINNATI, OHIO.

GRATEFUL—COMFORTING.
EPPS'S COCOA
BREAKFAST.
"By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well-selected Cocoa, Mr. Epps has provided our breakfast tables with a delicately flavored beverage which may save us many heavy doctors' bills. It is by the judicious use of such articles of diet that a constitution may be gradually built up until strong enough to resist every tendency to disease. Hundreds of subtle maladies are floating around us ready to attack wherever there is a weak point. We may escape many a fatal shaft by keeping ourselves well fortified with pure blood and a properly nourished frame."—*Civil Service Gazette.*
Made simply with boiling water or milk. Sold only in half-pound tins, by Grocers, labelled thus:
JAMES EPPS & CO
Homœopathic Chemists, London, Eng.

EARLY DECAY
YOUTHFUL INDISCRETION (self-abuse or excess) results in complaints such as LOSS OF MEMORY, SPOTS BEFORE THE EYES, DEFECTIVE SMELL, HEARING, AND TASTE, NERVOUSNESS, WEAK BACK, CONSTIPATION, NIGHT EMISSIONS, LOSS OF SEXUAL POWER, ETC., ETC.
ALL MEN, YOUNG AND OLD, suffering from these afflictions, lead a life of misery.
A LINGERING DEATH the reward of their ignorance and folly causes many to contemplate and even commit SUICIDE, and large numbers end their days amidst the horrors of INSANE ASYLUMS. FAILURE IN BUSINESS AND THE RUINATION OF HOMES are frequently the results of ERRORS OF YOUTH.
WILL YOU BE ONE MORE numbered with these thousands of unfortunates? Or will you accept
A CURE
and be your own physician? Medicine alone never did and never will cure the diseases resulting from self abuse. If you will have a Remedy that is Perfection, as well as Cheap, and so Simple you can doctor yourself, send your address with stamp for reply, and I will mail you a description of an INSTRUMENT WORN AT NIGHT, and this NEVER FAILING REMEDY. DR. JAS. WILSON, BOX 156, CLEVELAND, O.
MENTION THIS PAPER.

POZZONI'S MEDICATED COMPLEXION POWDER.
Imparts a brilliant transparency to the skin. Removes all pimples, freckles and discolorations. For sale by all first-class druggists, or mailed for 50 cts. in stamps by J. A. POZZONI, St. Louis, Mo.

FACE, HANDS, FEET,
and all their imperfections, including Facial Development, Hair and Scalp, Superfluous Hair, Birth Marks, Moles, Warts, Moth, Freckles, Red Nose, Acne, Black Heads, Scars, Pitting and their treatment. Send 10c. for book of 50 pages, 4th edition.
Dr. J. H. Woodbury, 37 N. Pearl St., Albany, N.Y., Est'b'd 1870.

PATENTS.

PATENTS Obtained. H. W. T. Jenner, Patent Attorney, Washington, D. C. Charges moderate. Circulars free.

PATENTS.
F. A. LEHMAN, SOLICITOR OF PATENTS, Washington, D. C. No charge unless patent is secured. Send for circular.

TO Patentees and Inventors!
Patentees, Inventors and others desiring article of Light Machinery Manufactured will find unequalled Facilities and Low Estimates by corresponding with
THE JEWEL MANUFACTURING COMPANY,
Toledo, Ohio
Nickel-Plating done in First Class Style and Low Rates.

CARDS.

CARDS FREE. Book rich new samples and our big terms to Agents free. Send 4c. for mail. 12 lovely Basket Hidden Name, 10c. 25 plain gilt edge, 10c. Club 7 packs, 50c. HOLLEY CARD CO., Meriden, Conn.

AGENTS WANTED.

SALESMEN WANTED—Good pay. S. A. McOmber & Co., Nurserymen, Rochester, N. Y.

WANTED—Agents for the fastest selling, most useful household article ever invented. One to a dozen used in every family. Sample, 25c. Terms to agents free. M. F. Richards, 81 St. Clair st., Toledo, O.

200 more salesmen wanted. Good pay. Steady work the year round. J. AUSTIN SHAW, Nurseryman, Rochester, N. Y.

$20 weekly paid if disabled by sickness, accidents. No medical examination. Both sexes. Agents write. Mutual Union Ass'n, Rochester, N. Y.

AGENTS WANTED.—Permanent employment and good salary or commission. Address, giving age and references, A. D. Pratt, Nurseryman, Rochester, N. Y.

SEE HERE! Why not save *one half* on 100 useful Articles? Send for Catalogue. Big pay to Agents. CHICAGO SCALE CO., Chicago, Ill.

WANTED—Good live agents for The Buffalo, N. Y., Mutual Accident and Sick Benefit Association. Large inducements. Geo. A. Sanborn, Gen'l Manager, Buffalo N. Y.

$250 A MONTH. Agents wanted. 90 best selling articles in the world. 1 sample free. Address JAY BRONSON, Detroit, Mich.

$5 TO $8 A DAY. Samples worth $1.50 FREE. Lines not under the horse's feet. Write Brewster's Safety Rein Holder Co., Holly, Mich.

AGENTS Male or Female, for best chance yet. Send stamp for sealed particulars to Metrop. P. & Mfg. Co., 35 Nassau St., N.Y.

LADY AGENTS coin money with my new hub ber Undergarment. Immense success MRS. E. X. LITTLE, Box 443, Chicago, Ill.

AGENTS WANTED (Samples FREE) for DR. SCOTT'S beautiful ELECTRIC CORSETS, BRUSHES, BELTS, Etc. No risk, quick sales. Territory given, satisfaction guaranteed. Dr. Scott, 843 B'y, N.Y.

BURGLAR-Proof Door Fastener. New thing. Agents make $40 weekly. U. S. HOME MFG CO., A 16, CHICAGO, ILL.

$5 to $8 A DAY in your own town selling the Nickel Tidy Holder. Every Family buys them. Samples and Agents' price-list by mail 16c. in 2c. stamps. W. Hasselbach, Box C 51, Sandusky, O.

WANTED—Active, energetic men and women all over the country to sell the Missouri Steam Washer. Why does it pay to act as my agent? Because the arguments in its favor are so numerous and convincing that sales are made with little difficulty. I will ship a washer on two weeks' trial, on liberal terms, to be returned at my expense if not satisfactory. Agents can thus test it for themselves. Don't fail to write for terms and illustrated circular with outline of arguments to be used in making sales. J. WORTH, sole manufr., St. Louis, Mo.

AGENTS Make $10 a Day. 1c Sample Sashholder free by mail for 2c stamp. Away ahead of anything of the kind ever invented. Beats weights. SUCCESS UNPARALLELED. Outsells every thing. BROHARD & CO., CLARKSBURG, West Virginia.

WE PAY MEN & WOMEN 3 times the usual profit and send $1 samples fastest selling invention free to either sex. Our plan will surely please anyone seeking permanent and profitable employment. Send for special terms. Merrill Manuf'g Co., 94 Chicago, Ill.

SMOKE TANSILL'S PUNCH AMERICA'S FINEST 5¢ CIGAR
21,829,650 Tansill's Punch Cigars were shipped during the past two years, without a drummer in our employ. No other house in the world can truthfully make such a showing. One agent (dealer only) wanted in each town.
SOLD BY LEADING DRUGGISTS.
R. W. TANSILL & CO., 55 State St. Chicago.

CERTAIN AND BIG PROFITS.
Agents Wanted Everywhere for the "Jewel Seam Ripper,"
An article which sells at sight. Big Commissions, and sales certain wherever there are women who sew. Samples 25 cents. For particulars address JEWEL MANUFACTURING CO., Toledo, O.

MISCELLANEOUS.

LEGAL advice free. Send stamp for divorce law of Ill. Cornell & Spencer, 168 Randolph Street, Chicago.

DIVORCES—A. Goodrich, Attorney-at-Law, 124 Dearborn St., Chicago. Advice free; 18 years experience. Business quietly and legally transacted.

MARRY LARGEST marriage paper published. Mailed 1 year for 10c silver. Add. THE CORRESPONDENT, Toledo, O.

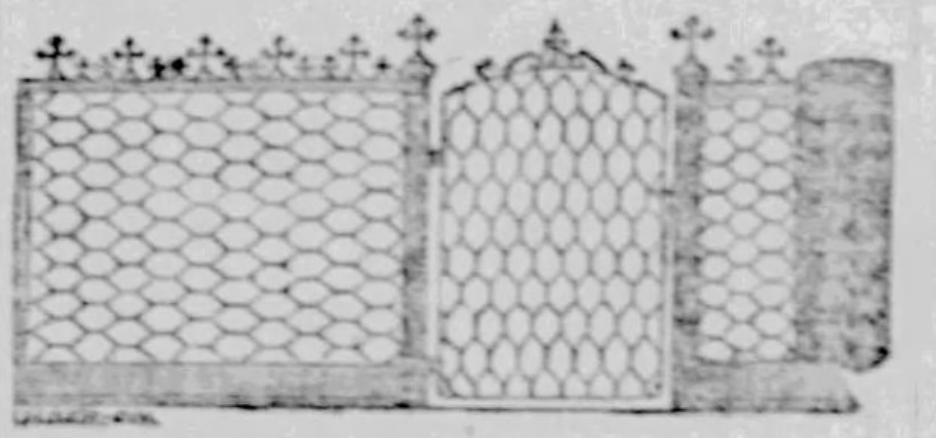
BROWN, EAGER & HULL'S, Toledo, O. is a good place to buy Books, Albums, Christmas Cards, Scrap Books and Stationery of all kinds.
References, Toledo Blade.

WATCH and Jewelry Catalogue, beautifully illustrated. Best goods at low prices. WM. WILLIAMS, Jeweler, 122 Halstead street, Chicago, Ill. Mention Toledo Blade.

Albion College Year Book Free.
Part 1.—Educational Problems—Discussions of Great Living Questions.
Part 2.—Educational Methods—Many of them now employed nowhere else. Nothing fossilized.
Part 3.—Appliances and Work at Albion College—Many of these appliances found in no other college.
Part 4.—Catalogue of Albion College—Showing rapid growth.
Six distinct schools united in one. Send for the Year Book. Compare it with other colleges. Judge for yourselves. Tuition free in all literary work. L. R. FISKE, President, Albion, Mich.

MUSIC GIVEN AWAY.
To introduce "Woodward's Musical Monthly" $1 per year and our new catalogue of sheet music in every family having a piano or organ, we will, on receipt of 20c for postage, send free samples with ten complete pieces of our very latest popular Vocal and Instrumental Music, full size (11 1-2x13 in), printed on elegant heavy music paper, and would cost $4 at music stores. We also publish the latest success
THE NIGHT BIRD'S COOING,
A very popular and beautiful waltz song mailed for 60c.
WILLIS WOODWARD & CO.,
842 and 844 Broadway, New York.

SEDGWICK STEEL WIRE FENCE.



The best Farm, Garden, Poultry Yard, Lawn, School Lot, Park and Cemetery Fences and Gates. Perfect Automatic Gate. Cheapest and Neatest Iron Fences. Iron and wire Summer Houses, Lawn Furniture, and other wire work. Best Wire Stretcher and Plier. Ask dealers in hardware, or address, SEDGWICK BROS., RICHMOND, IND.

MARK!
IF YOU WANT TO BUY A GUN

RIFLE, REVOLVER, SPORTING GOODS
OR ANYTHING IN THE SPORTING LINE, WRITE
JENNEY & GRAHAM GUN CO.,
53 State Street, - CHICAGO.

S.S.S. TRADE MARK

The Theatrical Profession.

Merit will win and receive public recognition and praise. Facts, which are the outcome of general experience, growing through years of critical and practical test, become as rooted and immovable as the rock of Gibraltar in public opinion, and henceforth need no further guarantee as to their genuineness. The indisputable fact that Swift's Specific is the best blood purifier in the world, is one of these immovable Gibraltar rock facts of which we have spoken, and every day's experience roots this conviction deeper and deeper in public opinion. Every class of our people in America and in Europe, every trade, calling and profession, including the medical profession, have borne voluntary testimony to the remarkable virtues of S. S. S. and its infallible efficacy in curing all diseases of the blood. These testimonials are on file by the thousands, and open to the inspection of all. Now come, unsolicited, two distinguished members of the theatrical profession, who gratefully testify to the wonderful curative qualities of the Specific in their individual cases. Their testimonials are herewith submitted to the public without further comment—let them speak for themselves. The lady is a member of the famous Thalia Theatre Company, of New York, and formerly of the Residence Theatre, Berlin, Germany, and of McVicker's Stock Company, of Chicago. The gentleman is a well known member of the New York Thalia Theatre Company. Both are well known in theatrical circles in this country and in Europe.

Charlotte Randow's Testimony.
NEW YORK, May 8, 1887.
Swift Specific Company, Atlanta, Ga.:
Gentlemen—Having been annoyed with pimples, eruptions and roughness of the skin, from bad condition of my blood, for more than a year, I used a leading preparation of sarsaparilla and other advertised remedies to no effect. Then I consulted a prominent physician, and from his treatment received no benefit. I then concluded to try the S. S. S. remedy for the blood, and five or six packages, by a thorough eradication of my trouble and restoring smoothness to my skin, have made me happy, and I cheerfully give you this testimonial for such use and publicity as you wish to make of it.
CHARLOTTE RANDOW,
132 Bowery, near Canal Street.

Hugo Hasskerl's Testimony.
The Swift Specific Company, Atlanta, Ga.:
Gentlemen—For two years I had a severe case of eczema. I used tar soaps, sulphur soaps, and various other remedies, and was prescribed for by numbers of physicians, but found no relief. At last I determined to try the S. S. S. remedy, and seven or eight bottles have thoroughly relieved me, and you can use this certificate in any manner you wish.
HUGO HASSKERL,
Member of Thalia Theatre
New York, May 8, 1887.

Treatise on Blood and Skin Diseases mailed free.
THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO.,
Drawer 3, Atlanta, Ga.

MEDICAL.

SURE CURE for Epilepsy or Fits in 24 hours. Free to poor. Dr. KRUSE, M. C., 2836 Hickory St. St. Louis, Mo.

OPIUM Morphine Habit Cured in 10 to 20 days. No pay till cured. Dr. J. Stephens, Lebanon, Ohio.

MEDICAL BUREAU.
All diseases treated by mail. Send for circular. Seminal Weakness, etc., a specialty. Give full particulars; advice and opinion free. Address Toledo Medical Bureau, Box 591, Toledo, Ohio.

CANCER and Tumors cured. New method. No knife. Book free. Drs. McLeish & Weber, 123 John St., Cincinnati, Ohio.

PILES.—Instant relief. Final cure and never returns. No indelicacy. Neither knife, purge, salve or suppository. Liver, kidney and all bowel trouble—especially constipation—cured like magic. Sufferers will learn of a simple remedy free, by addressing J. H. Reeves, 78 Nassau St., N.Y.

DEBILITY nervous and seminal diseases, lost manhood, wasting weakness, &c. Cause, effects and CURE. Our new pamphlet contains invaluable information for self treatment and is sent sealed FREE to all sufferers. Address The Clarke Medical Co., East Haddam, Conn.

HAIR REMOVED Permanently, root and branch, in five minutes, without pain, discoloration or injury with "Pilla Solvene." Sealed particulars 6 cents. Wilcox Specific Co., Philadelphia, Pa.

FAT FOLKS using "Anti-Corpulene Pills" lose 15 lbs. a month. They cause no sickness, contain no poison and never fail. Particulars (sealed) 4c. Wilcox Specific Co., Phila., Pa.

WEAK MEN and WOMEN can quickly cure themselves of Wasting Vitality, Lost Manhood, caused by errors, &c., quietly at home. 32 page Book on All Private Diseases sent free, (sealed.) Perfectly reliable. 30 years experience. Dr. D. H. LOWE, Winsted, Conn.

MANLY VIGOR, lost through errors or excesses, may be perfectly regained by the new Civiale Urethral CRAYONS. Send for our new illustrated "Guide to Health." Absolute secrecy. Address the Civiale Agency, 174 Fulton St., N. Y.

WEAK MEN suffering from Nervous Debility, Lost Manhood from youthful errors, &c., will receive a valuable treatise (sealed) and directions for self cure at home, free of charge, by addressing E. R. Morgan, M. D., Haddam, Conn. (Formerly House Physician-Surgeon of the Bridgeport Hospital.)

MANHOOD RESTORED. A victim of youthful imprudence causing Premature Decay, Nervous Debility, Lost Manhood, etc., having tried in vain every known remedy, has discovered a simple self-cure, which he will send FREE to his fellow sufferers. Address, C. J. MASON, P. O. Box 3179, New York City.

WEAK, UNDEVELOPED PARTS of the body enlarged and strengthened. Full particulars (sealed) free. ERIE MED. CO., Buffalo, N. Y.

Electric Belt Free
To introduce it and obtain agents we will for the next sixty days give away, free of charge, in each county in the U. S. a limited number of our German Electro Galvanic Suspensory Belts. Price $5; a positive and unfailing cure for Nervous Debility, Varicocele, Emissions, Impotency, &c. $500 Reward paid if every Belt we manufacture does not generate a genuine electric current. Address at once ELECTRIC BELT AGENCY, P. O. Box 178, Brooklyn, N. Y.

VARICOCELE or Wormy Veins of the scrotum. Only the surest cure of Lost Manhood, Debility, &c., quickly and painlessly cured by the Elastic Cravat Compressor, $6. Circular Free. CIVIALE REMEDIAL AGENCY, 174 Fulton St., New York.

TO WEAK MEN suffering from the effects of youthful errors, early decay, lost manhood, etc. I will send a valuable treatise (sealed) containing full particulars for home cure, free of charge. Address Prof. F. C. FOWLER, Moodus, Conn.

MORPHINE'S SLAVES
Despair no longer. A certain cure, quickly, painless and at home. No lost sleep, decrease from business. Absolute—no danger. Quick freedom ensured. Dr. KANE, of the De Quincy Hospital, absolutely cures or refunds the money. Testimonials from 300 doctors and 1000 patients. Particulars by mail. Dr. H. H. KANE, 174 Fulton Street, New York.

TO STOUT PEOPLE.
OBESITY easily, pleasantly and certainly cured, without hardship or nauseating drugs.
A valuable treatise, showing how fat can be destroyed (not merely lessened) and the cause removed, together with the prescription, advice and full explanation HOW TO ACT, sent in plain, sealed envelope, on receipt of four stamps. "The only common-sense work on Obesity ever issued."—Med. Review. Address E. K. LYNTON, 19 Park Place, New York.

WEAK MEN MADE STRONG
Men suffering from Nervous Debility, Lost Vigor, Lack of Development, Premature Decline, etc., resulting from indiscretion, excesses, etc., cured without Stomach Drugging, by the GREAT MARSTON TREATMENT. Sealed book free. Replies with information of value to all men. MARSTON REMEDY CO., 19 Park Place, New York.

D. NEEDHAM'S SONS
116-118 Dearborn Street, CHICAGO.
Red Clover Blossoms,
AND FLUID AND SOLID EXTRACTS OF THE BLOSSOMS. The BEST BLOOD PURIFIER KNOWN. Cures Cancer, Catarrh, Salt Rheum, Rheumatism, Dyspepsia, Sick Headache, Constipation, Piles, Whooping Cough, and all BLOOD DISEASES. Send for circular.

DRUNKENNESS
Or the Liquor Habit, Positively Cured by Administering Dr. Haines' Golden Specific.
It can be given in a cup of coffee or tea without the knowledge of the person taking it; is absolutely harmless, and will effect a permanent and speedy cure, whether the patient is a moderate drinker or an alcoholic wreck. It has been given in thousands of cases, and in every instance a perfect cure has followed. IT NEVER FAILS. The system once impregnated with the Specific, it becomes an utter impossibility for the liquor appetite to exist. For circular and full particulars address GOLDEN SPECIFIC CO., 185 Race Street, Cincinnati, Ohio.

ON 30 DAYS' TRIAL.
THIS NEW ELASTIC TRUSS
Has a Pad different from all others, is cup shape, with self-adjusting Ball in center, adapts itself to all positions of the body while the ball in the cup presses back the intestines just as a person does with the finger. With light pressure the Hernia is held securely day and night, and a radical cure certain. It is easy, durable and cheap. Sent by mail. Circulars free. EGGLESTON TRUSS CO., Chicago, Ill.

PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM
the popular favorite for dressing the hair, Restoring color when gray, and preventing Dandruff. It cleanses the scalp, stops the hair falling, and is sure to please. 50c. and $1.00 at Druggists.

HINDERCORNS.
The safest, surest and best cure for Corns, Bunions, &c. Stops all pain. Ensures comfort to the feet. Never fails to cure. 15 cents at Druggists. Hiscox & Co., N. Y.

TOLEDO BLADE.

THURSDAY, AUGUST 4, 1887.

Cheapest Paper in the World! Largest and Best Weekly Published!

TOLEDO BLADE Co., Publishers. D. R. LOCKE, Editor.

TERMS—Postage Paid:

Single copy, one year, $1.00; Six months, 60 cents; Three months, 30 cents; Clubs of 6, one year, $5.10. EVERY SEVENTH COPY FREE, or for a less number than seven, the agent may retain 10 per cent. commission in cash.

SPECIMEN COPIES sent, postpaid, free, to any address. Send for one, and at the same time give us the address of a dozen or so of your friends. Address

THE BLADE, Toledo, Ohio.

☞ ENTERED AT THE POSTOFFICE AT TOLEDO AS SECOND CLASS MAIL MATTER.

Circulation Last Week, 110,000.

TALMAGE—A BEAUTIFUL PORTRAIT OF A FAMOUS PREACHER.

At the request of thousands of our readers, we have had engraved a magnificent portrait of the great and world-famous pulpit orator, Rev. T. DEWITT TALMAGE, uniform in style with our other Military and Religious Heroes. The portrait is absolutely life-like, is executed in the very highest style of the art, and will be an ornament to any house. The thousands upon thousands of admirers of the great Brooklyn preacher, the greatest and most effective pulpit speaker now living, will be glad to secure this speaking likeness of the man. It has a more than passing value, for it is taken while he is yet in his prime, in the vigor and strength of his manhood, and while he is doing his most effective work. Every reader of his matchless sermons should have one. We mail them singly, post-paid, for 25 cents. For the combination with our other portraits, see announcement on fifth page, under the head of Publisher's Department.

THE PROHIBITION BATTLE.

On Thursday, August 4, the voters of the commonwealth of Texas will vote upon the question of the adoption of an amendment to the constitution of the state, prohibiting the manufacture, sale and exchange of intoxicating liquors, except for medical, medicinal, sacramental and scientific purposes. The campaign has been a tremendous one. Every agency whereby men's minds can be swayed has been brought into requisition on the one side or the other, to carry or defeat the amendment.

On the one side, the friends of Prohibition possess a mighty leverage in having the eternal Right upon their side. They have the great moral forces that underlie our modern civilization to aid them. All that tends to foster morality, sobriety, purity of life, education, intelligence and prosperity is enrolled under their banner. The enthusiasm in their ranks is tremendous. They are the evangels of the new era—the leaders in a new crusade. The war they are waging is more important to the cause of progress than were the crusades of old to that of Christianity.

The Rum Power, however, is making a most formidable fight. It recognizes that defeat in Texas would be the most terrible blow its evil cause has yet received, and is struggling with might and main to to keep the state under the domination of the whisky devil. All that money can do will be done, in the way of buying up the ignorant and degraded classes of society, and controlling their votes. The liquor men all over the nation are contributing lavishly to the enormous corruption fund which is being used in the Lone Star state to defeat Prohibition.

The struggle is one of freedom, enlightenment, morality and progress against intemperance, ignorance, degradation, pauperism and crime. The character of the leaders on the respective sides strikingly illustrate the real nature of the contest. Nearly all the ministers of all the churches are strong evangels of the Prohibition cause. The leading lawyers of the state, irrespective of politics, are on the stump aiding the good work. The teachers and leading professors of the educational establishments of the state are pleading with the young men, the hope of the nation, to stand in line with the hosts opposed to Rum. Senator REAGAN, ex-Senator MAXEY, and others of the most prominent Democratic leaders, are aiding to pulverize the Rum Power.

On the other hand, the hosts of whisky have unlimited money to aid them in their work of demoralization and corruption. The saloon-keepers are fighting for the perpetuation of their criminal trade. The drunkards are seeking to continue the reign of the malignant devil that is destroying themselves, and thus curse succeeding generations. All the retrograde elements in the state are in line with the Rum Power. Ignorance and boodle strike hands in the effort to defeat the amendment.

The fight is absolutely non-partisan. Texas, as all our readers know, is strongly Democratic in politics. While many of the most distinguished leaders of that party in the state, like Mr. REAGAN, are on the side of Prohibition, the lower strata of Democratic politicians, the fellows who control the saloon element, the vicious and degraded and ignorant classes, are bitterly opposed to it. The best element of the Republican party favors the amendment, while the other portion is its foe.

The result is extremely doubtful. With party lines entirely lost sight of, with an unlimited corruption fund in the hands of the Rum Power, predictions must necessarily be utterly unreliable. Each side confidently claims to be able to carry the state by 50,000 majority. August 4 will decide the matter. Let us hope that the cause of Right will triumph, and the people of Texas, by their votes, decide to

Pulverize the Rum Power.

THE Parliamentary commission consisting of a number of prominent English scientists and physicians, appointed in 1886 to inquire into the efficacy of innoculation against hydrophobia, has just made its report public in England. It declares most emphatically in its favor, saying that "it is difficult to overestimate the importance of the discovery." It is less certain in regard to the cure of the disease by Pasteur's treatment, and yet the inquiries of the commission demonstrated that a large number of cases in his practice have been cured absolutely where there was no doubt about the existence of hydrophobia. In fact the mortality among those PASTEUR treated was less than one per cent. Taken altogether, the report of the Commissioner gives an importance to his discovery in the eyes of the world, which it has not before possessed.

THERE is a new and serious phase of the color question—this time over the public schools—way down in Georgia. Elsewhere in the Union trouble of this sort has usually come from any attempt on the part of colored pupils to gain admission to schools of white children. In Georgia the situation is reversed. Atlanta university, an institution established for colored youth, is so well managed and furnishes a training so excellent that certain white youth, mostly professor's sons, have sought to secure the same advantages. The legislature has been called upon to cope with this tremendous question, and a bill has actually been introduced making it an indictable offense to admit white pupils into colored schools.

THERE will be four state tickets in the field in Ohio this fall—the Republican, the Democratic, the Labor and the third-party Prohibitionist ticket.

PRESIDENTIAL PROSPECTS FOR NEXT YEAR.

There will assuredly be four parties in the field next year—The Republican, the Democratic, the Labor and the political Prohibitionists. Either the Republicans or the Democrats will win. The other two parties will but be disturbing elements, drawing their strength from the two great parties.

It is probable that the political Prohibition party does more injury to the Republican cause than to the Democratic. The reverse is the case with the new Labor party. Its chief strength lies in the cities, of course; and in the few places where it placed candidates in the field at municipal elections last spring, it drew heavily upon the Democratic strength—notably in New York city and Cincinnati. It will probably be fair to accept the estimate of 75 and 25 per cent. as the proportions of Labor votes drawn from the Democratic and the Republican parties respectively.

The Democratic candidate for the Presidency will undoubtedly carry the entire South. That section is still solid, and it will not do for the Republicans to base any calculations upon a victory in Virginia, or West Virginia, or Tennessee, or any state of the late Confederacy.

The Republicans can carry with ease next year the same states that cast their electoral vote for BLAINE in 1884; but that will not elect their man. They must carry enough more to have a majority of the total number of electoral votes. The Northern states carried by the Democrats, with the electoral vote of each and CLEVELAND's majorities, are given below:

	Electoral vote.	Cleveland's majority.
Connecticut	6	8,284
Indiana	15	6,572
New Jersey	9	4,412
New York	36	1,047

CLEVELAND received 219 electoral votes in the whole Union to BLAINE's 182. The Republicans must gain 19 electoral votes or more. Indiana will probably go Republican next year, but her 15 votes are not enough. Indiana, with either Connecticut or New Jersey, would give us victory; or New York alone would elect the Republican candidate.

The Labor vote is the unknown factor in New York, Connecticut and New Jersey. There will be a strong Labor movement in these three states; and if the general conditions are to be practically the same as between Democrats and Republicans next year, as they were in 1884, the Republicans will carry both New York and Connecticut, through the strength which the Labor ticket will draw from the Democratic ranks.

And we do not see but that, in general terms, the Republican and the Democratic strength are in the same proportion as in 1884. Then withdraw, in New York alone, the 68,000 votes that were cast for HENRY GEORGE for mayor of the city last spring, remembering that about three-fourths will come from the Democratic vote, and about one-fourth from the Republican, and the prospect of Republican success is assuring. Indiana we will throw in for good measure, for we have no doubt that she will cast her electoral vote for the Republican candidate.

REST AND VACATIONS.

The great fault of our American people is their disposition to do every thing in a hurry, to rush matters, whether of business or pleasure. If a man starts upon a business trip, he will ride night and day, with the mercury in the nineties, in order to save time, even if haste is in no sense imperative. He eats, drinks, and sleeps in the same way—that is when he does sleep. Insomnia is fast becoming a national disease, and it is no wonder. With nerves kept at their utmost tension from one year's end to another, it is not strange that Nature rebels and refuses to be appeased sufficiently to allow of that sleep which knits up the raveled sleeve of care.

The mortality among prominent business and professional men results from this constant over-taxing of the powers. An occupation in which there is an absorbing, living interest is an excellent thing, and conduces to vigor and long life, but when it becomes a ceaseless grind, it wears out the body, and one of these diseases which have become so fearfully common seizes it, and bitter suffering, if not death, is the result.

In one thing the American people are improving, and that is in the way of vacations. These yearly rests were unknown a quarter of a century ago. Now they are becoming an integral part of the year's living. It is growing to be understood that no matter what the rush or hurry may be for 48 or 50 weeks, the remainder shall be given to rest and recuperation.

Pleasure resorts are multiplying everywhere, and more people go into quiet places, where hunting, boating and fishing may be indulged in, and little regard is paid to dress, fashion, and the social gaieties that belong to the winter months, or to crowded watering places.

The change in the matter and the mode of taking vacations, will show in its effect in the next few generations. They will be more vigorous in body, with stronger nerves, and less irritable and excitable.

THE death of President TAYLOR, of the Mormon church, has opened up a fine opportunity for log-rolling among the Saints. There are many who are aspirants to the vacant position, and it is announced that, "owing to the unsettled condition of the church affairs," the new president may not be selected for months. In an unsettled condition of things, a chief ruler would seem to be a very good thing to have. The talk that JOSEPH SMITH, jr., the son of the prophet, and head of the monogamous branch of the Mormons, may go to Salt Lake and assert his claim to the presidency of the saints in Utah is interesting, but not probable. The hatred of SMITH and all his followers for the Utah polygamists is inveterate; BRIGHAM YOUNG was their antichrist, and Salt Lake is their Gomorrah. The younger SMITH, now a man past middle life, is a moderate and sensible man, and he and all his church are bitterly opposed to polygamy. If there is really any influential element among the Salt Lake Mormons which favors the abandonment of polygamy, it could not do better than send for SMITH, whose rule would make the Mormon Church as harmless as the Seventh Day Baptists or the German Dunkards, and gave the saints an access of genuine Book-of-Mormon zeal at the same time.

THE Salt Lake *Tribune*, which is the leading anti-Mormon paper of the territory of Utah, prefers the charge against Gen. McCLERNAND, one of the Utah commissioners, that in voting for judges of elections he proposed to give the Mormons control of one-half the polls. This is too serious an accusation to be ignored, or to be passed by without an investigation. The law under with the elections are held was enacted for the specific purpose of keeping the Mormons from obtaining control, and if Commissioner McCLERNAND has been guilty of such a flagrant attempt to nullify it, he cannot be ousted from office too soon for his own good, and the good of those who placed him there.

The London *Times* says, in speaking of the act forbidding aliens to acquire real estate in the territories, that its chief surprise is the mistrust it evinces of the acclimatizing power of America. The nation "might be supposed to be sure of its ability to absorb foreign elements into itself to care to compel them to begin by offering reluctant allegiance." The nation has had enough of its own people being shut out of large tracts of land owned and operated by British capitalists for their own benefit, with no possibilities of the owners ever becoming American citizens.

THE OHIO PLATFORM.

The declaration of principles of the Ohio Republicans is a strong platform, and well arranged. It is divided really into two parts—national issues first, state issues second.

Under the former, comes first a strong, clear expression in favor of a protective tariff. Second, a declaration as to desirable and undesirable classes of foreign immigrants, the coming of the one being favored, of the other opposed—while the evils of imported cheap labor are clearly set forth and the practice condemned. This plank closes with a strong plea for justice to the working people of the South, for an honest ballot and a fair count.

The third plank declares that the war "is placed behind us;" but enunciates the only true doctrine, that the results of the war must stand irrevocable, and be observed in every part of the Union. There is no cause for the enemy to raise the "bloody shirt" cry, for there is nothing in the plank which can, by any fair-minded man, be so interpreted.

The next plank discusses the wool tariff, and contains a demand for such duties as will secure the American market to American flock-masters. Combined with this is a denunciation of the free trade plank in the Ohio Democratic platform, and the disaster that would follow the adoption of such a line of policy is clearly shown.

The needy soldiers and sailors of the Union army are championed by a demand for liberal pensions; sufficient appropriations for the maintenance of our water-ways are demanded; and the plan of national aid to education receives hearty approval. As a step in the direction of revenue reduction (if the latter be found necessary) the abolition of the tobacco tax (internal revenue) is favored.

The public land question and alien ownership are clearly treated in a brief plank. Lands are to be held for actual settlers only; land ownership by aliens and corporations is opposed.

The civil service utterance has the right ring. The enforcement of the present law in accordance with its spirit, and such additional legislation as will destroy the spoils system, are advocated.

The next plank declares this nation the friend of oppressed peoples, and sympathizes with the Irish Home Rule struggle.

This closes the national section. Very appropriately, the first declaration on state issues is a deserved endorsement of Governor FORAKER's administration, and his action in the rebel flag matter is heartily commended. Every Ohio Republican says amen to that.

The infamous career of the Ohio Democrats under coal oil leadership is denounced, and the late legislature is endorsed, and commended for purging itself of members with fraudulent titles, for passing laws conserving the purity of elections in the large cities of the state, for providing a state soldiers' home and caring for indigent Union soldiers and sailors.

The Dow law is given deservedly emphatic endorsement, and a pledge is given of such further legislation as shall keep the statutes abreast with public sentiment and restrain the evils of the Rum traffic to utmost.

The next plank embodies a favoring of the improvement of the water-ways of the state, and the platform closes with the celebrated resolution endorsing Senator SHERMAN for the Presidency next year.

The platform is an excellent one. It is clean-cut on every important issue; and while we much doubt the advisability of the closing resolution, we are heartily glad that the convention has kept the party in the line of progress, and given the people of the state an enunciation of Republican doctrine so plain that he who runs may read.

OUR PORTRAIT OF LOGAN.

Our portrait of the lamented LOGAN is finished, and being mailed. It is a splendid work of art, and will be highly prized by those who secure it.

And speaking of our series of portraits of the great generals of the late war, there is one point to which we wish to call attention. These portraits are engraved from photographs taken from life, and were furnished us by the Generals themselves, at our request, as being the view of the face and the expression they desired to be remembered by. Two, Gen. GRANT and Gen. SHERMAN, sat expressly for us, and SHERIDAN and LOGAN sent us those that they preferred.

In a very few years the BLADE portraits of the great Generals will have an increased value from this fact. They are not only works of art, but they are faithful, absolute likenesses.

We send them to any address at 25 cents each, singly, or 65 cents for the four. The five great religious heroes, the two WESLEYS, CALVIN, LUTHER and TALMAGE for 80 cents, the whole nine for $1.25. Order at once.

IT is often said when talking about Mr. BLAINE's chances for the Presidency, that the result with him will possibly be as it was with HENRY CLAY, that while one of the leading statesman of the nation, his views upon certain matters are too advanced and pronounced to permit of his election. One of the strongest reasons for Clay's failure was that in 1799, when Kentucky was ready to adopt a State Constitution, he favored the gradual emancipation of slaves. In 1880 one of the great objections to Mr. BLAINE was his ideas in regard to the possible control of the trade of the South American republics by the United States, which are ahead of the people generally, but yet finally destined to govern the nation's policy. HENRY CLAY was before the convention for nomination several times, but only received a straight-out one in 1844. He was defeated then upon the leading issue of the campaign, the annexation of Texas.

THE Siberian Pacific is to be the next great railroad enterprise. The Russian government proposes to build a line from Ekaterinsburg to Vladivostock within the next five years, when rail and steam communication by way of Siberian railroads and water ways will put St. Petersburg within fifteen days of the Pacific, which is just the distance of London by way of the Canadian Pacific. For this line, with the new Pacific Mail steamers plying to Japan and Australia in connection with it, is the real cause which forces Russia to the gigantic project. The Canadian line, to which we have given so little attention, fills out the line of a great circle route from London to Japan and China, and the strategic and commercial importance of this short line of communication is very naturally attracting profound attention in Europe.

A RECENT decision by Judge HARLAN, of the United States Supreme court, will be of interest in the congressional elections next year. He decides that, under the United States election laws, the statutes of each state become a part of such laws as to any election in which a member of Congress is voted for. Therefore, when the judges or other officers of an election of that kind violate any state law, they may be held to answer in the federal courts even though their action may not affect the result so far as the Congressman is concerned. Election falsifiers will do well to paste this in their hats.

IT has been a long while since we have seen so sharp a squib as the following, from *Texas Siftings:*

> "Jeff" Davis says he was shot at during the war. That is more than Grover Cleveland can say.

THE NATIONAL ASPECT OF THE OHIO CONVENTION.

It is safe to say there has never been held, at least since the war, a state convention of such absorbing interest to the nation at large. Senator SHERMAN, a leading candidate for the Presidency, asked the Republican party of his native state, in convention assembled, for a formal endorsement of his candidacy. He further declared that if it were given he should be a candidate for his party's nomination next year; but if it were not, he should abandon the field, recognizing that he could not hope, without Ohio solidly behind him, to enter the national convention with that prestige due to his long and splendid public career, and his eminent fitness for the office of chief executive.

This request of Mr. SHERMAN, coming after many of the delegates had been chosen, was an embarrassment to the Republicans of the state. A strong sentiment of opposition at once developed itself—not against SHERMAN as a Presidential candidate so much as against a formal endorsement by this year's convention. It was felt to be premature. It was seen that it could not not be considered as accurately representing the sentiment of the Republicans of the state. It was felt that the matter should have been kept out of this year's state campaign, and that it belonged to next year's canvass and convention. Mr. SHERMAN's announcement that he would not go before the national convention as a candidate could with propriety have been made in advance of the selection of delegates, and the expression of the state convention of 1888 thus been made the authoritative voice of the masses of the Republican party.

Mr. SHERMAN's friend's largely shared this view, and endeavored to have the matter kept out of this year's convention. It is safe to say that two-thirds of the delegates to that body were reluctant to have the question brought up now. But Mr. SHERMAN insisted upon an expression by the convention, and the perplexing matter had to be faced.

The active opposition came from men who are utterly opposed to Mr. SHERMAN as a Presidential candidate, who prefer Mr. BLAINE, or Mr. LINCOLN, or some other aspirant for the position. While a large majority of the convention were opposed to bringing the question up at this time, those who were personally opposed to Mr. SHERMAN were a small minority. The latter, to their credit, preferred that the fight, if there were one, should be a committee rather than in the open convention, and the two resolutions that were introduced—the one indorsing SHERMAN as a Presidential candidate, the other paying due tribute to his worth and character, but silent as to a pledge, were referred by unanimous consent to the committee on Resolutions.

The matter was warmly discussed in that body, and the conclusion reached that, as Senator SHERMAN insisted upon an answer to his question, "Does Ohio desire me to be a candidate for the Presidential nomination next year?" there was but one course the Republicans of the state could pursue with credit to themselves, viz.: to answer in the affirmative, and pass the resolution. It was felt that something was due to Mr. SHERMAN, and that, even if ill-advised, he must have the formal backing of his state.

Hot as the fight had been for three days preceding, it speaks volumes for the moderation and cool-headedness of the opposition that they joined in the endorsement, and made it unanimous, even against their judgment or their actual wishes. Senator SHERMAN wisely expressed the actual value of the resolution in the closing sentences of his speech before the convention when he said:

> I know, my fellow citizens, that this is rather perhaps a matter of sentiment. I know as a matter of course, that this resolution is of no importance, unless the voters of the districts of the state of Ohio and of the United States should, in their free choice, elect delegates who will agree with you in your opinion.
>
> I recognize the district rule and the right of every district to speak its own voice. I stood by that rule in 1880 when I knew its adoption would cut off all hopes of my friends at that time. I also knew that there was another rule; that no man ought to be held as a candidate for that high office unless he has the substantially unanimous voice of his party friends behind him. I believe that that is a true rule, and it ought to be exercised to promote harmony and good will and friendship among Republicans.

The resolution is a compliment, and binds no one. It was asked that it might have its effect in other sections of the country; and from the tone of the Eastern press it is having far more weight there than really belongs to it. It binds no one, and the Republicans of Ohio will instruct their delegates for whomever they may choose next spring, irrespective of the resolution

CHURCHMEN AND NEGROES.

That the South is making a great mistake in saying in effect to the negro, "you are not capable of managing your affairs in any direction, but must have them taken care of for you," is very certain, for by such a course he can never develop into anything more than a child in assuming responsibility, and can never care for his own interests in a wise way. The presence of any class of ignorant, irresponsible people in a community is always to be deplored, but the Southern people do not yet seem able to grasp the fact that the black man is now a citizen with a voice in the management of public affairs, and that his incapacity to think wisely will react upon themselves and their own interest.

An example of this short-sighted policy is evident in the matter of church government that came up last spring in South Carolina. It will be remembered that quite a considerable number of delegates, both lay and clerical, withdrew from the Diocesan Convention of the Protestant Episcopal Church, rather than to sit with the few colored presbyters who were attached to the Diocese. These withdrawing members have recently published a defense of their course, the main point being that to permit a colored man to take part in church councils will be "to admit his equality with the people", which must not be done.

Without saying anything about the discordance of this view with the teachings of Chist, which they profess to follow, these churchmen are committing the folly of aiding to keep citizens who help make the laws, in ignorance, and with an inability to assume any responsibility.

THE *Rural Vermonter*, of Montpelier, the capital of the Green Mountain state, thus refers to the BLADE's presidential vote:

> Perhaps the most remarkable thing which the Toledo BLADE's canvass discloses is the popular strength of Robert T. Lincoln. The son has probably developed as great a capacity for administration, for the times in which he lives, as had the father in his day, when he was made the candidate of the Republican party. He has had far greater experience in public affairs, and as a soldier, cabinet minister, and attorney, as a man and a citizen, is worthy son of distinguished sire. The son of Lincoln, on his own merits, may, as justly succeed the father in the Presidential office as the younger Adams succeeded the elder. And it should count in his favor that the younger Lincoln is no more open to the reproach of self-seeking than was the older.

THE Springfield, Massachusetts, *Republican*, "SAM BOWLES's paper" during the war, and the sturdiest advocate of Republicanism in New England then, but now mugwump in politics, it strongly advocating the nomination of ROBERT T. LINCOLN for the Presidency by the Republicans next year.

DAVIESS county, Missouri, was the first county in that state to hold an election under the new Wood local option law. The election was held on July 26, and Prohibition was carried by a majority of over 600.

THE cholera, in malignant form, has broken out in the city of Peshawur, in Northwest India. There will be much anxiety to note if it follows again the overland route to Europe.

CLEVELAND AND THE VETERANS.

It is about time for the cry, that those who are criticising the President's treatment of old soldiers are prejudiced and unjust, should cease, at least until such peace-lovers take time to look into Mr. CLEVELAND's record before he unfortunately became the Chief Magistrate of the United States. The facts show that his attitude towards the veterans has always been one of dislike and ill-concealed animosity, that he has taken all occasions in his official life to oppose and prohibit everything devised for their aid, comfort or honor. These acts are what might be expected from the man who hired a substitute and then refused to pay him for risking his life in his stead, but when attempts are made to palliate and excuse both his past and present record so far as the soldiers are concerned, none should be chary in repudiating everything looking in that direction.

The Hartford *Post* has recently gone over the record of President CLEVELAND's public acts in the various offices which he has held, and a little review of them here will make interesting reading for his apologizers. As sheriff, he fortunately had nothing to do with the veterans, as they do not belong to a class that are subjects for the hangman. While he was mayor of Buffalo, an appropriation of $300 was made by the common council for the proper observance of Decoration Day. Mr. CLEVELAND was at once struck with one of his economical spells, and vetoed it upon the groud that "it was obnoxious to the Constitution." He is not always so fortunate in discovering what is or is not allowed by the constitution.

His next act, showing his patriotism and regard for the soldiers who had fought for their country while he stayed at home, was to veto, while governor, a bill passed by the legislature giving the supervisors of Chautauqua county authority to appropriate money for a soldiers' monument.

In 1883 he immortalized himself again. The supply bill for that year contained three items amounting altogether to $2,500, for the relief of three veterans of the state. "but Economist CLEVELAND struck them all out, on the ground that they were 'guaranties' or 'donations' which the state was not obliged to make. Several months before, however, he had approved, without apparent hesitation, a bill giving a favored contractor $10,000 extra compensation for work on the new capitol, although a similar bill had been vetoed by GOV. CORNELL the year previous on the ground of unconstitutionality. It appears from this that Mr. CLEVELAND's constitutional objections do not apply to the contractors, though they bear down somewhat heavily on the veterans." The veterans committed the sin of going upon the battle-field and fighting for the old flag, while he stayed at home, and *didn't* pay the substitute he sent in his place.

That same year all the Grand Army posts of the state asked for a law against the fraudulent use of the Grand Army badges by impostors—a law which there was every reason should be passed, but Mr. CLEVELAND vetoed it upon the ground that the money collected in the fines would go to the posts. The bill appropriating $10,000 for the Gettysburg Battle-Field Monument association, to be spent in marking the position occupied by New York troops in the battle of Gettysburg with suitable monuments, met with the same fate, from this guardian in the *one direction* of the people's money.

It is not necessary to go over his acts since he became President. They are exactly in the line he followed as governor and show conclusively what are his sentiments towards the old soldiers. His veto of the Dependent Pension bill, and of numerous individual pension bills on grounds that did not hold when the pensioning of ex-Confederates in the Mexican war was considered, his unqualified approval of the order to return the battle-flags—all of these things go to show, with an emphasis which is unmistakable, what his sentiments with respect to the veterans are, and what he will do in every case where they are concerned and the power rests in his hands. If this be patriotism—if this be a desire to do honor to the defenders of the country—then the nation must learn some new and strange definitions.

TWO IMPORTANT TEMPERANCE DOCUMENTS.

We call attention to an announcement in the Publisher's Department, fifth page, of two very important Temperance documents, which we have just issued. One is upon the result of Thirty Years of Prohibition in Maine, and the other the testimony of Ten Eminent Physicians as to the effect of Lager Beer upon the Human System. These pamphlets, by D. R. Locke, should be scattered broadcast. They should be circulated by the million. See terms and order at once.

IN a recent circular, Commissioner COLMAN calls attention to the fact that at the last session of Congress additional appropriations for continuing the work of the national department for the establishment of silk culture in the United States were made. Under the provisions of this act, will be continued the experiments in silk reeling in Washington, and the department will purchase the cocoons necessary therefor on terms specified in a circular, a copy of which will be forwarded, on written application, to any silk-grower interested. This circular contains, in addition to directions for shipping cocoons, etc., advice about the stifling of cocoons, a subject on which amateurs are sadly ignorant. Address "The Commissioner of Agriculture, Washington, D. C."

WITHIN the past week or ten days there has been a renewal of the hot and dry term, which was interrupted by a short interval, and in most of the Ohio valley, Indiana, Illinois, Iowa and Missouri a very injurious drouth is prevailing. Important injuries have befallen the corn, grass and tobacco crops, not to mention the smaller interests of vegetables and fruits. Spring wheat returns are becoming more and more favorable. Cotton is undoubtedly doing remarkably well on the whole. The Northeastern states have a superabundance of rain, and in that section alone are corn and grass materially above the average. The Southern crops of corn, cotton, sugar, rice and grass have never promised so favorably since the war.

THE banks of New York and the East are making nothing like the progress ordinarily characteristic of the summer months in accumulating money. The condition being such as to sustain so large a summer occupation of money all through the interior and to thwart the ordinary accumulation of a big surplus to be distributed when fall trade becomes active, naturally creates serious apprehensions that the fall money market will be considerably straitened.

DEMOCRATIC conventions in Mississippi are voicing popular discontent with the state administration by calling for an investigation of all the departments by a non-partisan commission. The state is experiencing the evils of the vicious political system of the Southern Bourbons. With have the voters of the state silenced through fraud, is it any wonder that corruption rules in the administration of affairs? Men vile enough to falsify election returns are equal to stealing from the state.

THE time for the redemption of the trade dollars expired July 31, and now they are worth only their value as bullion. About $7,000,000 were redeemed in all.

UNRESTRICTED IMMIGRATION.

A most hopeful sign of the times is the rapidly growing interest throughout the country in the character of the large immigration to our shores. Hitherto any body could come hither, and no questions asked or objections made, except in extreme cases. In fact, the nation has been a little sentimental about it. The idea of this being a home for the oppressed of all nations was so grounded into the national thought, that it has been made to include rioters, thieves and paupers without discrimination.

It would be exceedingly unwise to adopt a policy of exclusion now, as is advocated by many, but there is no question but that the time has come for a rigorous looking after of the crowds who are each year thronging hither. It would be hard to lay down laws without a careful consideration of various points, such as the proportion of skilled to unskilled labor from the various countries, and the occupations to which the new comers have been trained. The largest proportion of skilled labor comes from Scotland, Belgium, France, England, Switzerland, Spain, Denmark and Germany. The smallest is from Russia, Hungary, Italy, Spain and Portugal. The immigration from the latter countries has increased rapidly during the last ten years while that of the former has diminished, showing that the tide of unskilled laborer, hither is becoming greater, while the contrary is true with regard to its opposite.

It is plain, therefore, that means should be taken to discourage immigration from the latter countries in all possible ways, and encourage it from the former.

Another trouble is that even among the skilled laborers, the occupations are those which must be pursued in the great cities that are already overcrowded. Very few farmers come hither, notwithstanding the large tracts of fruitful lands that are open to new comers.

Again, it is an undeniable fact that the mental and moral conditions of the new arrivals appear constantly more degraded, showing that they come from the lower grades of foreign population. It is impossible to turn these people into good citizens with a proper understanding of their duties, and the result must inevitably be to lower the morality of our own people among whom they find a home.

It is time something should be done, if social order and business security are to be maintained. Already the effect of unrestricted immigration can be discerned in the ever-increasing labor agitation, the multiplication of strikes and general dissatisfaction. Other causes are also at work, but this is one of the most powerful, and its consideration should no longer be deferred. In the last fourteen years the aggregate immigation into the United States was 5,396,416, and there is no reason to suppose it will be less in the future, if left to itself by the government. The dangers that are menacing the country in this direction are not fancied, but too vitally real.

GROVER AND MUGWUMPISM.

It is a curious spectacle that of the squirming Mugwumps over what they term their betrayal by GROVER CLEVELAND in the matter of civil service reform. For a time after his inauguration "everything was lovely and the goose hung high," but he was simply getting ready for as complete a partisian distribution of the offices as ever a President has made. The most thorough going Democrat of them all, those whom the Mugwumps claimed to despise, could not have made a more sweeping change without regard to the civil service reform than he has done. It is true that he has made haste slowly, that he has practiced all sorts of deception to get there, but he is there. Already six-sevenths of the offices are in the hands of the Democrats, and the other seventh soon will be. And the twisting and turning, the trumpeting up of charges with the smallest foundation in order to accomplish the purpose of the administration has never had a parallel.

We could have some respect for a man who, like THURMAN or MCDONALD, would live up to the motto: "to the victors belong the spoils," without attempting to pose as a reformer before the world as GROVER CLEVELAND has done. None is due to the man who, under a hypocritical pretense, won the support of those who should have known better, and then betrayed them deliberately. There is no question but that he has done this, and that he has thereby gripped firmly the National Democracy, from the slums up to the leaders. The mugwumps have reason to be proud of the work they have helped to do.

GROVER WILL "SWING."

President CLEVELAND is going to make a good long trip over the country this fall. We are glad that he has determined to add to his very scanty information about the country whose chief executive he is. He should have made this trip, however, a year and a half ago, and thus avoided the certain inference that he is "swinging round the circle" to work up a renomination. There is a great curiosity on the part of the masses to see Mr. CLEVELAND, which will be gratified. There are lots of Democrats who imagine him to be of a much more striking personality than he really is; and a good view of the man will disabuse their minds of the idea that he has the figure of a middle-aged Apollo, and the commanding front of a nineteenth-century Jove. They will find him a perfectly ordinary type of the plethoric American, with nothing whatever about him to inspire awe, command extraordinary respect, or rouse the slightest enthusiasm. Mr. CLEVELAND is a very commonplace man, with a somewhat churlish and stubborn disposition. The people will see him as he really is. Swing low, sweet chariot, with GROVER!

ONE of the results of the war between Germany and France was the immigration into the latter of German workmen. Paris alone has absorbed, it is said, about 100,000 of these strangers, to the great alarm and disgust of natives who found themselves crowded by this new competition. But now, we are told, the obnoxious Germans must go. Under the lately aroused war feeling about 45,000 Germans have been discharged from employment within a few days, and the work of dismissal goes bravely on. This feature of the situation is not calculated to lessen the strain between the two nations.

DURING the past week, the grain movement, except winter wheat at one or two centers only, has been of limited proportions, the corn receipts being particularly small. The export trade has been relatively light, both for corn and wheat. Foreign buyers are indifferent, making their own terms practically in buying our cereals. Foreign crops are reported to be in the main very promising.

THE drouth now prevailing reminds one of that of the summer of 1881, while GARFIELD lay on his bed of agony. The cool nights we are now experiencing along the lakes furnish a blessed relief from the parching air and fervent heat of the time that the sun is riding high in the sky.

THE latest bulletin from the Delaware peach crop is to the effect that, although the rosebugs cut off every peach in Delaware several weeks since, the crop is now ripening and will be one of the largest ever gathered.

THE price of tobacco is sailing skyward, in consequence of a light crop. Either reduce your daily ration of cigars, or be prepared to have your smoking cost you still more.

WHAT OF AMALGAMATION.

The question of the amalgamation of the whites and blacks at the South has recently acquired considerable prominence among ethnologists and those interested in speculations as to the future population of the country, and it will probably be brought before the national conference of colored men to be held in Indianapolis, and a resolution adopted requesting the superintendent of the next census to have the number of mulattoes enumerated. Strange to say, in none of the later volumes, which give the number of every nationality that enters into our population, there is no trace of a record of the mixture of white and black.

The people of the South do not believe amalgamation probable, but there is a strong opinion among observant ethnologists to the contrary. Since the question has acquired its present interest one hundred letters have been sent from Washington to as many men, half white and half black, in all the Southern states, asking their opinion as to the increase or decrease of births of mulattoes. Nothing definite was obtained, although answers came to most of the letters. The following sums up the result:

About 40 per cent. of the whites are sure that a mulatto will be a rare object within a few generations, about 20 per cent. are unable to form any opinion about the present tendency, and the remaining 40 per cent. think that while the number of births of white and black parentage is lessening, the percentage of mulattoes remains about the same, because negro men greatly prefer mulatto women for wives. The colored men whose opinion was asked send replies which show the same differences of judgment. Some say that in proportion as the towns in the South become larger the number of mulattoes increases. The town negro population shows a tendency to become lighter in every generation, but the country negro does not. Among these replies are a few which express a very decided opinion that the full-blooded African is sooner or later doomed to disappear in a mongrel race, not by the marriage of whites with blacks, but by the increase of the illegitimate births, and then by the tendency of the blacks to marry wives of lighter hue.

Those interested in the question will, therefore, be obliged to wait until after the taking of the next census before obtaining any accurate information, such as will enable them to form a reliable judgment.

SECTIONALISM.

It is the belief of many of the leading politicians of both the Democratic and Republican party that in the campaign of 1888, personal issues, such as governed that of 1884, will be entirely lost sight of, and that national questions will come before the people to be fought out at the polls. Though the old issue of slavery is dead beyond any resuscitation, there are others coming up which partake of a sectional character, and Col. WATTERSON is no doubt right when he says that the Southern issue will be a prominent one next year. Just what phase he expects it to take is not stated, but there is no doubt about the existence of a strong feeling in the South that makes this probable.

It is an absurdity to talk about the North waving the "bloody shirt," thus reviving old animosities. From beginning to end, it is the South which has lost sight of the national idea so prominent in Northern thought, for which the North fought, and which it is resolved to maintain. It is the South that is constantly prating of Southern rights as individualized from those of any other section. It is the South which talks of Southern people as of a race distinct from the rest of the Union. It is the South which complains of oppression just as it used in the old days of slavery. It is the South which does not recognize the fact that what is national law in Ohio with regard to elections is law in every other state of the Union including South Carolina, that everywhere naturalized citizens are entitled to vote, and that the negro comes into that category. It is the South which, trusting to the sympathizing of a Democratic President with Southern proclivities, is raising questions that may inject a Southern issue into the next year's campaign. It certainly will not be the Republican party, nor the North. Sectionalism has no part in Republican principles, but the right of every citizen to a free vote is a fundamental doctrine, and will be maintained to the end.

THE KENTUCKY ELECTION.

On Monday occurred the Kentucky state election. A full ticket of state officers, from governor down, who will hold office for the next four years, and a new legislature (which body will elect an United States Senator next January, Senator BECK's term expiring on March 4 next) were chosen. The Democrats carried the state, of course, as it was a foregone conclusion that they would. The only point of interest is, their majority; as this will show the drift of political sentiment in the state. The reports up to the time of writing are meager, and the Democratic majority is put vaguely at 25,000, and upward.

There were four tickets in the field, headed respectively by the following candidates for governor: Republican, Col. WILLIAM O. BRADLEY; Democratic, Gen. SIMON BOLIVAR BUCKNER; Prohibitionist, FONTAINE T. FOX; Union-Labor, A. H. CARDEN. The Republicans and the Democrats have each made an active canvass. The vote of the state for governor at the last election, which was held in 1883, was as follows: Republican, 89,181, Democratic, 133,615. The legislature is chosen biennially. That elected in 1885 contained 23 Republicans, 114 Democrats, and 1 Independent, the Senate having 3 Republicans and 35 Democrats, and the House of Representatives 20 Republicans, 79 Democrats and 1 Independent.

SENATOR EUSTIS, of Louisiana, has been, until recently, a most harsh critic of the President and his administration. Recently, Senator EUSTIS, of Louisiana, has become a most ardent admirer of President CLEVELAND and his methods. In this connection it is worthy of note that Senator EUSTIS's most intimate friend, Mr FREMET, has been appointed supervising architect of the treasury.

THE Rochester sun-spot editor was certainly right when he predicted that the solar disturbances, which formed a belt almost across the sun in the early part of July, meant a long spell of hot weather; and now he comes with a second prediction based on a similar solar phenomenon, that from July 28 to August 8 there will be a decided hot spell, but not quite so intense and lasting as the former one. Whew!

MR. BLAINE, in answer to a query whether he intended to shorten his visit abroad in view of the tone of affairs in Ohio, said: "I do not expect to return home until next year, and I have had no communication, direct or indirect with any person in Ohio since I have been in Europe."

THERE have been 173 cases of yellow-fever at Key West thus far this season, 41 having resulted fatally. The officials are to be complimented on the energy with which they have enforced quarantine regulations, and thus prevented the spread of the plague over the whole South.

THE emphatic indorsement of the Blair bill by the ten thousand educators who have been in session at Chicago, shows that there is a strong sense of the need of education among those qualified to exercise judgment in the matter.

CURRENT EVENTS.

Alan Arthur, son of ex-President Arthur, is in Paris.

Henry Bergh is at a Coney island hotel, and is in very poor health.

Hon. James G Blaine makes $20,000 a year out of Kennebec river ice.

Offspring of Cornplanter, the Seneca chief, claim the site of Oil City.

John Russell Young is collecting material for a history of Gen. Grant's civil life.

If 32,000,000 persons should clasp hands they could reach round the globe.

Governor Marmaduke, of Missouri, sailed Wednesday for a six weeks' trip abroad.

Neal Dow is preparing to take an active part in the Prohibition canvass in New York.

George W. Cable will begin a three days' lecture engagement at Chautauqua, August 12.

Thomas M. Nichol is delivering a series of free lectures to the workingmen of New York.

A ten-and-sixpence (half-guinea, about $2.55,) type-writer is made and sold in London.

Miss Braddon is writing a jubilee novel. She keeps all her MSS. and has them bound in red.

College-student waiters at the summer resorts are making visitors tired with their affected airs.

Mr. Gladstone has four sons and three daughters, but will there be another Grand Old Man in the lot?

The daughter of Speaker Carlisle is said to be the prettiest girl at the Greenbrier White Sulpher Springs.

Jesse R. Grant is said to be up to his ears in gold mining speculation. Jesse may make or break yet.

President Robert Garrett, of the Baltimore & Ohio railroad, will sail for England Saturday with his family.

Whitelaw Reid and Elliott F. Shepherd and family, of New York, have gone to Alaska, our new summer resort.

A case before a New York justice proved that a physician may practice dentistry, but a dentist may not practice medicine.

"Jennie June" says she feels just as young now as she did twenty years ago. That's the way to keep on feeling, Jennie.

Jacob Sharp's valvular heart disease is pronounced incurable. And yet Jacob has attained a fairly ripe old age for one so bad.

The Rev. Dr. A. C. Hirsch, of Cincinnati, has accepted the presidency of the University of the Pacific at an annual salary of $3,000.

The United States owns about $60,000,000 worth of buildings of all sorts, and has never put a dollar of insurance on any of them.

A new thing in New York lunch rooms is a zigzag counter, at which the customers sit back to back. It utilizes all the space in the room.

Col. Fred Grant is said to have been offered the Republican nomination for Secretary of State in New York, and it is believed he will accept.

The Italian is coming with a vengeance. The increase this year over last in Italian immigration is 121 per cent. His is the highest percentage.

Mark Twain does his writing up in the cupola of his house at Elmira. He probably goes up so high in order that his jokes may not disturb the family.

Mr. William Black's forthcoming book, "The Strange Adventures of a Canalboat," is said to follow in its plan his "Strange Adventures of a Phaeton."

John M. Langston, one of the leading colored men of the country, advocates the nomination by the Democrats of Gov. Fitzhugh Lee, of Virginia, for vice-president.

The most beautiful of all the photographs yet taken of Mrs. Cleveland, says an Eastern exchange, is one which represents her gracefully reposing beside her mother.

A colored woman put $94 in a Baltimore savings bank in 1837, and when it was drawn out by her descendants the other day it had increased to a little over $2,300.

Quong Tart, a Chinaman of Sydney, Australia, who married a white woman about a year ago, is now a proud father. The little girl will grow up as Victoria Jubilee Tart.

Mr. Beecher's celebrated remark that "It is d——d hot to-day," has been quoted during the last few days so frequently that it has become threadbare. It is true, nevertheless.

The daughter of Gen. Batcheller, of Saratoga, although only 17, speaks seven different languages, including Arabic. But Saratoga is more interested in dresses than in languages.

West Virginia is the latest claimant for honors as a gold field. A deposit in which the rock is said to show ten ounces to the ton is said to have been discovered ten miles from Wheeling.

Nine hundred and fifty women in Iowa own and manage farms. Six more have stock farms, and twenty, dairy farms. The Iowa woman proposes to keep the pot boiling some way.

Gov. Larrabee of Iowa appears to have a walkover for renomination. The Republican papers support him with a unanimity that is as unusual as it must be gratifying to the Governor.

Col. Dan. Lamont, the President's private secretary, is five feet six inches in height, and weighs only 145 pounds. But the colonel makes up in agility for what he lacks in avoirdupois.

The engineers and firemen of the Delaware & Hudson Canal company have been notified "not to flirt while on duty, under pain of dismissal." The poor girls along the line will be inconsolable.

The house in which Payne attempted to murder Secretary Seward at the time of Lincoln's assassination is now offered for sale. It has long been used as the headquarters of the commissary general.

Very little credence is given in Washington the report that the President intends to appoint the widow of Gen. Hancock to the Washington postoffice vacancy. Where the rumor originated is not known.

Minnie Palmer is collecting from her friends at Melbourne their silk neckties, of which she is going to make crazy-quilts. If she includes a few dudes in the list she will be kept busy for the rest of her life.

Andrew Carnegie, the great Pittsburg iron-maker, says he would as soon leave a curse as excessive wealth to a child. When Mr. Carnegie's first baby is born, possibly he may change his mind on this point.

President Cleveland cares nothing for outdoor occupation except fishing. Most of the Presidents were fond of horseback riding. The notable exception was Fillmore, who, like Cleveland, came from Buffalo.

The new pistol law in Texas, which went into effect on July 4, punishes by fine and imprisonment all persons who carry on or about their persons, saddles, or in their saddle-bags, a pistol, dirk, or other deadly weapon.

Mrs. Grover Cleveland was recently reported to have given $500 to a struggling little church at Bennington, N. Y. The clergyman in charge of the church wishes the fact to be made known that no such gift has been received.

Duluth's new directory contains 11,000 names—inclusive of West Superior and Two Harbors—and the Sun figures out a population of 35,000 for the three towns. Two Harbors is thirty and West Superior eight miles from Duluth.

Natches, head chief of the Piute Indians, in Nevada, has turned his tomahawk into a hoe and settled down to farming. He has a fine crop of wheat, oats and barley, "half a mile long and all the same wide, and he no go hungry next winter."

W. P. Blake, Professor of Geology at Harvard College, who has been exploring the wonders of California, declares the great Yosemite Valley is simply the bed of an immense glacier, and that ice action only ceased quite recently in California.

"Grace Greenwood" (Mrs. Lippincott) and her daughter Annie are among the leading lions of London society. Miss Lippincott has a sweet soprano voice, and is studying with Lamperti, the teacher of Van Zandt, and virtually of Patti.

Governor Foraker and Tom Powell, his Democratic competitor, were college classmates and are warm personal friends. But this will not prevent Mr. Foraker from administering to Mr. Powell the handsomest dressing down of his life.

F. A. Sawyer, who was once a United States Senator from South Carolina, is now a clerk in the quarter-master general's office, Washington, on a salary of $1,400 a year. He at one time held the position of assistant secretary of the Treasury.

Yan Phon Lee and his wife, who were driven away from Narragansett Pier by the impudent curiosity of the public, have gone to West Point after a few day's rest in New Haven. But when an American heiress marries a Mongolian does she not expect to be looked at?

There are at present at Stratford, Conn., two interesting old ladies. One is Mrs. Perry, widow of Commodore Perry, the hero of Lake Erie, and the other is Mrs. Lamb, widow of Gen. Lamb, a prominent officer in the war of 1812. They are both well on in years, but bright and active.

Governor Marmaduke, of Missouri, is a tall, handsome man. He somewhat resembles Roscoe Conkling in stateliness. In fact, at one time in his life he bore a strong facial resemblance to the Utica statesman. Governor Marmaduke says that his political ambition is fully satisfied and that he is now willing to retire to the quiet life of a private citizen.

James Gordon Bennett's purchase of the Paris newspaper, *Galignani*, has brought out the rumor that Mr. Pulitzer, of the *World*, is organizing a large corps of American reporters in European capitals and will make an effort to wrest European supremacy from the *Herald*. By the way, what has become of the *World's* balloon trip from St. Louis to the Atlantic?

Mme. Nordica, the young and popular Maine singer, hardly knows whether she is a widow or not. Her husband, Mr. Gower, was the joint inventor of the Gower-Bell telephone, which brought him an immense fortune. A few years ago he was experimenting with some balloon engineers, when the balloon sailed away with him, and has not since been heard from.

Tra Bu Ban Cu Sin, a Chinese graduate of Yale in the class '78, recently visited Saratoga. He is a Hong Kong tea merchant, has about forty five thousand acres of tea under cultivation and employs 4,000 coolies. He is of medium height and has dispensed with his queue. In conversation he is most interesting, speaking perfect English. He remained but a short time at Saratoga and is now on his way to Hong Kong.

Correspondence.

FROM RANGOON.

All About that Far-off City—The Burmese Merchants—How Burmese Homes Are Built—Supply of Water—Clean Clothes—King Thebaw—The Eastern Question.

EDITOR BLADE:—Three months stay in the city called "one of the eyes of Asia," has been a very pleasant one. Our conclusion is that the "deadly" climate of these Eastern lands has been exaggerated.

A man can live in Rangoon and miss hardly a comfort he could obtain in Toledo. Indeed, considering comforts alone the advantage is in favor of Rangoon. The cost of living will average about the same it does in the "Future Great."

Novel scenes surround one everywhere. The love of gain is just as manifest here as in Western lands. A native with an eye to business goes by my door nearly every day singing out "I—ce cream!" and he does just what he says. Fruit venders, silk merchants and nomadic dry goods merchants are passing every hour. Burmese, Chinese, Jews and Mohammedans vie with each other in driving a sharp bargain. They begin by naming the price of an article at two or three times its real value, and they will take all they can get. The purchaser is compelled to turn Jew also to avoid being "taken in." As a rule, if they set the price of an article at rupees 10, it is worth not more than five, or one-half their first offer. They have an "asking price" and a "selling price." They regard it as perfectly legitimate to cheat you if they can. I have known some of the Indian fabric merchants in the Bazaar to take advantage of customers that had patronized them for years. But goods can be bought here at remarkably low prices. Many American goods are sold here. A large Waterbury clock, telling the hours and dates, is ticking away on our wall in the most contented manner, the same sort of a tick with which we were familiar in our boyhood.

Burmah is nearly equal to New England in area; its population is 4,000,000, about 25 per cent. more than the last census of Ohio

Rangoon is the capital of lower Burmah. It contains 150,000 Burmese, natives of India, Europeans, Chinese and Jews. It is one of the world's important seaports, particularly during the rice season. The production of rice is the great business of the country. A good crop of rice means a prosperous year in all departments of business. Rice is taken away in vast quantities. Hundreds of craft come with salt, coal, dry goods, notions, etc., and go away invariably laden with rice.

The city is delightful on account of the numerous large gardens and parks. There is a park just north of the city containing at least a square mile. A beautiful lake winding in and out furnishes charming facilities for boating and fishing. There are drives when for miles the lofty jack fruit and mango touch their branches over your head. It is difficult to describe an oriental city to one who has never been in the East.

Rangoon is more fortunate than most of the Indian cities, in having a systematic arrangement of streets. The five principal avenues run east and west, parallel with the river. These are wide and attractive. The business establishments are found chiefly on these streets. The government buildings, by far the best structures in Burmah, face the strand, the boulevard that extends along the river. From this a fine view of the shipping and river is afforded.

The other streets cross these at right angles and are much narrower, some not more than twenty feet wide.

The climate of Burmah is hot, of course, which determines many things; one of them is that dwelling houses must be roomy and airy. It is also very wet five or six months in the year. This compels the use of wood in building, and the houses are elevated on stilts, or in other words they are built two stories and the lower story is unfurnished, consisting only of a square post every ten feet that support the upper story. Usually this lower story is only six or eight feet. No one thinks of living on the first floor unless compelled to by poverty. The barracks occupied by natives are finished (?) above and below, and are occupied above by Burmese and below by Indians. A Burman will never rent a room with a second story above him. He either rents the second floor, or the first where there is no second. He suffers no one to walk over his head. It would be fatal to his fortune. The Burmese are fatalists.

The lower story is usually employed to shelter the "gawee" or "tom-tom." or else is used for a play ground during the rains. Sometimes it is fitted up and used as a dining room.

The houses are wide out—have the roof extending several feet beyond the sides of the house to keep out the sun and rain. Venetian blinds admit all the breeze or shut out the rain from roomy verandas or large windows. The wood universally employed is teak. It resembles white ash in grain and black walnut in color. The roofs have about a quarter pitch and are invariably tiled. The tiles, as a rule, are not fastened in their places except by the law of gravity. The omnipresent crow, manages, by hopping about continually, to loosen them and let the rain pour in on the inhabitants at the beginning of the monsoon, when they are usually readjusted.

From 96 to 120 inches of rain falls here in twelve months—most of it in six months' time. In places in Upper Burmah, from fifteen to sixteen feet of water falls during the rains.

In each of the principal streets there are sewer mains, but on the side streets a deep gutter, constructed of brick, carries off the water. The streets are kept in very good condition, but are not paved. They dry quickly after a rain.

Excellent rain water is brought in from a lake ten miles in the country and faucet-hydrants, at intervals, are found in every street. The native population make good use of them. Any day a nearly nude "Madrassee" may be seen bathing at the hydrant across the way. He changes his half dozen yards of cotton for a very much abbreviated costume and proceeds to take his daily bath. After filling a "chetty," a globular-shaped metal vessel with a flaring mouth, with water, he pours the contents from a smaller dish of similar shape over his head. He continues this operation about minutes. He never blushes during the performance. Indeed it is such a common sight that the European population who would prefer a "cessation of hostilities" never think to blush either. The wealthier and higher salaried Englishmen live in the cantonment out of sight of such scenes.

His next step is to wash his wardrobe. Taking his stand on the edge of the brick gutter he begins by folding his goods about a yard long and gathering one end in his right hand. He then dips it in the water, and swinging it up in front of him bringing it down on the hard brick at his feet so that the stuff "telescopes." It piles up and the pressure knocks the dirt out. The movement is similar to the closing up of a concertina.

The dhobies (Do-biz) wash in the same way. The Madrassee then hangs his cotton, which is simply a straight piece of goods, on the fence to dry. A few minutes under this tropical sun leaves it ready for use. He never irons it. The skill displayed in adjusting it, and the homely appearance of the native Indian dress is quite wonderful. The dhobies do a good business here. They have a large tank or reservoir two or three acres in extent, where they do their work. Their homes are adjacent. These are low bamboo huts with thatched roofs. They stand knee-deep in the "tank," and have a smooth stone before them, on which they pound the clothes, as described above. Not only is the dirt washed out, but the color, and sooner or later the warp and filling as well. Cotton defies them longer than linen fabrics.

One of these rice-eating, "penny-a-day" dohbies died the other day, and the discovery was made that he had $10,000 in the bank. As a Hindoo, he and his posterity must always wash clothes.

A shirt that was done at the Pearl Steam Laundry last November caused one of them to open his eyes in wonder. They can produce no polish.

We are frequently reminded by the 12 and 8 o'clock gun and the sight of numerous red-coats that Great Britian rules here with a kind, but iron hand. Her rule has proven to be a great blessing to India and will, we think, to Burmah. Indeed the benefits of English administration are very apparent. Railroads are being constructed and the resources of the country are being opened up. We know of no European nation we would for a moment prefer in her stead.

The English troops and Sepoys were kept very busy for a time suppressing dacoits after the stupid King Thebaw was dethroned, two years since. There were some very amusing incidents connected with that event. Thebaw lived a lazy, self indulgent, luxurious life in his palace at Mandalay. At the time of his capture a large number of old cannon were seized and brought down with him. Some of them were long brass guns, and by some means had been bent. The king said these were for "shooting around corners." He had a steam launch, and his court officers informed him that he had "the largest ship in the world," but when he saw the great ocean vessels and steamships in the river here he turned to them in amazement, and said, "You told me I had the largest ship in the world. Just look at these mighty ships!" He taxed his people well nigh out of existence simply to enable him to live gorgeously. His court officials were afraid to prophecy hard things to him for 82 of his relatives were put to the sword to make his throne sure. His friends say that his Prime Minister, his mother-in-law and his wife were guilty of these crimes.

The "Eastern question" is an interesting one from this point of view. I have conversed with some of the prominent government officials concerning the attitude of Russia. The general impression seems to be that the "bull" must fight the "bear" sooner or later. A colonel expressed the belief that it is the present intention of Russia to secure an outlet to the Persian Gulf and that the conflict will be in the Euphrates Valley. This is a very plausible supposition for the task would be easier here than to beseige Constantinople. Austria stands in the way of the latter course, and would make it difficult to accomplish the task before England's superb navy could swoop down and occupy the coveted city. Accordingly, Russia purposes to land he forces at the southeastern point of the Black sea and force her way to the Persian gulf. It would, in this instance, be more to Russia's advantage, as her strength lies in land forces; again, England would be compelled to fight on land, and, having but about one-fourth the number of men, would be at a disadvantage. Besides, her forces must be divided between England (for the outlet to the Baltic must be watched), the scene of conflict, and India, for Russia is prepared to attack that country on its northwestern frontier.

Russia has 1,004,500 men in active service. England has but 281,746, but a little over one-fourth as many as her opponent. Russia has a reserve force of two and a half million, making a grand total of three and one-half million fighting men. When we look at these facts, then remember to what a degree of perfection warfare has been reduced, it is appalling to contemplate a war between these two greatest nations of the world. It is predicted that the time is near when they must test the relative strength. Russia is rent with internal strife for greater civil liberty, and the Czar must fight or his nation will rend asunder. With a dream of an empire extending from ocean to ocean and from the Frigid to the Torrid zone, he purposes to conquer the great obstacle in his way, to subjugate—at least to subdue—England.

Since my arrival in Burmah last February all or nearly all the English troops have been transferred to Northern India and their places supplied by Sepoys. Target practice is kept up continually by those remaining and of course by those in India.

Germany and France, like two angry cats, are watching each other's movements carefully.

You Yankees have cause for self-congratulation that you have nothing more serious than a pond of fish to disturb your peace.

I am sometimes asked, "Would the states come to the relief of England if she needed their help in the event of a war with Russia?" Others express a firm confidence that they would. I would like to know the editor's opinion. WALDY.

Rangoon, June 8, 1887.

A SOUTH AMERICAN DESPOT.

A Ruler Whose Soldiers Are His Slaves, and Whose Name Excites Terror.

A few weeks ago a dispatch from South Africa said that old men and women were being sacrificed as food for vultures almost daily by King Lo Bengula in Matalebeland; that he was raiding the surrounding tribes, killing the men, and reducing the women and children to slavery; and that thousands of natives were flocking into the Transvaal to save their lives.

Since the fall of Cetywayo, king of the Zulus, Lo Bengula has been by far the most powerful native ruler in South Africa, says the New York *Sun*. He is the king of Matabeleland, north of the Transvaal, and his subjects are Zulus themselves who were led far noth by Lo Bengula's father many years ago to found a new Zulu empire. Every man in Lo Bengula's country is a soldier, who cannot even marry without the king's consent. No boy is permitted to think he will ever be worthy the name of a man until he has killed an enemy in battle. The king is an absolute monarch. The people and all their belongings are his. His soldiers can call nothing their own except their wives.

Last year this fat old despot gave a vivid idea of his power in a few words he spoke to Mr. John Mackenzie. He was contrasting the feebleness of Khame, the ruler of the great Bechuana tribe west of him, with the great power and savage grandeur of the king of the Matabele.

"The Bechuana," said he, "are the little birds on the branches of trees, and their chief is only one of the birds. One says 'cheep,' and the other answers 'cheep,' but where is the master hand? Here in my country," the old fellow continued, holding up one finger, "there is only one voice heard. It is for all others to listen and obey."

Matabele society may be said to exist for the king. His claims are supreme and unquestioned. No cruelty can exceed that of the warriors who live under a few despotic chiefs in Africa. The poor wretches they do not enslave they remorselessly kill. One of Lo Bengula's soldiers, who was asked last year why the Matabele killed little children when they went on their raids, replied: "They would only be eaten by the wolves if we did not kill them."

A Cure for Whooping Cough.

Maryhill is a large and important suburb of Glasgow. On Thursday a travelling candyman and rag-gatherer, with a cart drawn by an ass, drew up in front of a row of houses known as Pirrat's row, a little off the highway at Maryhill, Glasgow. Two children living in this quarter are suffering from whooping cough. After a short conversation with the proprietor of the ass, the mothers of the children took up a position one on each side of the animal. One woman then took one of the children and passed it below the ass's belly to the other woman, the child's face being toward the ground. The woman on the other side caught hold of the child, and, giving it a gentle somersault, handed it back to the other woman over the ass, the child's face being turned toward the sky. The process having been repeated three times, the child was taken away to the house, and then the second child was similarly treated.

While this was going on two other children were brought in to undergo the magical cure. In order that the operation may have its due effect, the ass must not be forgotten, and at the close of the ceremony each mother must carry her child to the head of the animal and allow it to eat something, such as bread or biscuits, out of the child's lap. This proceeding having been performed in turn by the four mothers, the prescribed course was concluded. When it began there were not many people present, but before it was finished quite a number of spectators had gathered. From inquiries made yesterday morning, and again last night, it seems the mothers are thoroughly satisfied that their children are the better of the enchantment.

The Alligator's Meal.

An observer down south says an alligator's throat is an animated sewer. Everything which lodges in his open mouth goes down. He is a lazy dog, and instead of hunting for something to eat, he lets his victuals hunt for him. That is, he lies with his great mouth open, apparently dead like the possum. Soon a bug crawls into it, then a fly, then several gnats, and a colony of mosquitoes. The alligator doesn't close his mouth yet. He is waiting for a whole drove of things. He does his eating by wholesale. A little later a lizard will cool himself under the shade of the upper jaw. Then a few frogs will hop up to catch the mosquitoes. Then more mosquitoes and gnats will light on the frog. Finally a whole village of insects and reptiles settle down for an afternoon picnic. Then all at once there is an earthquake. The big jaw falls, the alligator blinks one eye, gulps down the entire menagerie, and opens his great front door again for more visitors.

A Prince Who Wants a Job.

What a strange family is that of Coburg! Its members are always looking out for something to take up to their advantage, and they are ready to adopt any religion, to profess any opinions, or to marry any woman, provided that the speculation seems to promise well. Prince Ferdinand is a poor, insignificant, weak creature, who is about as fit to govern a country as a sickly black beetle. But Bulgaria can bestow a crown and a salary; so he is quite willing to become a Bulgarian, and already prates about "my nation," and "my army," as though to the manner born. If the Bulgarians had been Turks, he would, without a moment's hesitation, have declared himself an adherent of the prophet. As it is necessary to stand well with the sultan, he has officially announced that he has great respect for the Mohamedan religion.
—*London Truth.*

—COOL BREEZES AND RIPPLING WATERS we seek "In Summer Days," and we find them on the bold bluffs and wave-girt shores of Mackinac Island, that tourists' paradise that has been made a National Park. We find them also amid the bewitching Thousand Islands and exciting rapids of the St. Lawrence, and in the wild gorges of the White Mountains. And to learn just where to find them and how to get to them we send a couple of stamps to O. W. Ruggles, G. P. Agent Michigan Central, Chicago, and he will send us "In Summer Days."

FORAKER'S ARTICLE

On Republican Return to Power—"The Return of the Republican Party" in the August Number of the Forum.

Governor J. B. Foraker, of Ohio, has written an article for the August number of the *Forum* on "The Return of the Republican Party." Some extracts from the paper are given below:

So far as platform declarations are concerned, all parties agree that the right of suffrage should be maintained inviolate. Nevertheless, the fact is that the Democratic party is in power to-day only because, by the most shameful offences, it has overthrown this right in many places and states of the South, and, emboldened by its successes there, it has sought to succeed elsewhere by like means, as at Chicago, Indianapolis, Columbus and Cincinnati. This is said to be an old question and a sectional one, and there are many who affect to dispose of all allusions to it with a contemptuous sneer about the "bloody shirt." There is no answer in all this. The older the question the more reason for its speedy settlement; that the crimes complained of are largely confined to a particular locality is no reason why their commission should not be stopped, and the cry of "bloody shirt" but adds insult to injury.

The truth is that this question is upon us now as it never has been before; not as a question of the past, but of the present and the future. That the South was made "solid" by bloody and fraudulent methods is as indisputable an historical fact as the war itself. That it is now so maintained by improper methods is shown by such circumstances as the formal farce called a Congressional election, in the state of Georgia, last October. In Ohio and every other Republican state there are cast in each district at a Congressional election an average of about 30,000 votes. There are about the same number of votes in each of the Congressional districts of Georgia, but at the election of October 6, 1886, the votes cast were as follows:

			Democratic.
1st District	..Scattering....	17	2,061
2d "	.. "	7	2,411
3d "	..—————	—	1,704
4th "	..Independent..	330	2,909
5th "	..Scattering....	1	2,999
6th "	.. "	1	1,722
7th "	..Independent..1,537		5,043
8th "	..Republican....	33	2,322
9th "	.. "	27	2,355
10th "	.. "	7	1,944

In other words, with a total vote of less than 28,000, ten members of Congress were chosen to represent the state of Georgia, and to wield as much power in shaping national legislation as any ten Congressmen from Ohio and other states, who were chosen upon a total vote of 300,000.

A GROWING DEMAND FOR THE SUPPRESSION OF FRAUD.

Fairly attended results must always be cheerfully accepted, but it cannot be expected that such manifest abuses will be long tolerated. The demand for their suppression is rapidly becoming irresistable, and people who are not aware of this fact have not kept up with public sentiment in this respect. So long as these election frauds affected only local results, the great mass of the people appeared to be and probably were largely indifferent about them. They did not realize, at least not keenly, that they were injured by the triumph of fraud in the election of even Congressmen and electors. So long as the general result was satisfactory, it was easy as well as agreeable to believe that, in so far as such wrongs would not right themselves, it was the duty of others to correct them. But a change has been wrought. The dream of indifference was rudely interrupted by the Presidential election of 1884. The people of Ohio, and of every Northern state, were then made to understand and appreciate that when a man is not allowed to vote in Mississippi, or any other state, or when he wrongfully votes for himself and his neighbor also, or when, in any other manner, he interferes with a free expression of the popular will and its honest ascertainment, their rights are directly and importantly affected; that, in other words, this thing of voting, no matter in what place it may be done, is the common concern of the whole people of the entire country, and that to rob a voter of his right to vote in any locality is to rob everybody else as well.

On account of the enfranchisement and consequent representation of the blacks, these states [of the South] had in the last Presidential election 38 electoral votes, to not one of which would they have been otherwise entitled, and every one of which would have been cast for Blaine and Logan if the will of the people they represented could have controlled them. If these votes had been simply blotted out, and not cast at all, Mr. Cleveland could not have been elected. The consequence is, that Mr. Cleveland is President because the white Democrats of the South not only cast for him the votes that rightfully belonged to them, but also these 38 votes, which they fraudulently appropriated to their own use.

But there are those who claim that it does not matter which party may be in power, for the reason that there is no authorized remedy for such wrongs. If there be no provision to meet such a case, then the reason becomes all the more urgent for the party that can and will devise a way to correct such abuses, and thus save our government from another wrench of violence, that will otherwise surely and speedily come. In the meanwhile, it should be remembered that the general government formerly had an acknowledged right to go into any state or territory to hunt down a fugitive slave, and can now go anywhere to collect the tax off whisky and tobacco, draft a man into the army to protect it, regulate the management of the railroads, and do hundreds of other things necessary and appropriate to our welfare. Is it possible that our government can do all these things, and yet the suppression of a million votes be a wrong without remedy? If so, the constitution is a slander on the fathers who made it, and another amendment is in order. At any rate, if we would have peace in this country, these crimes must be stopped and not only must the perpetrators of them be treated as criminals, but every man must be held equally guilty who lends encouragement to such wrongs by whining about sectionalism and sneering about "bloody shirt," and insisting that such political villanies must be "let alone."

THE BENEFITS OF PROTECTION.

No one can remember the weak and dependent condition of the country in 1860 needs to be told how perfectly free trade did its appointed work. On the other hand, notwithstanding the wastes of the war, we have in 26 years swelled the aggregate of our wealth from $14,000,000,000 to $50,000,000,000. The prosperity thus represented beneficially affects every human being in the United States. It is manifested by new farms, towns, cities, railroads and every kind of manufacture, industry and improvement that can be suggested by our natural advantages or created by the skill, ingenuity and patriotism of our countrymen. The old-time stock argument of the free trader, that tariff duties are a tax on the consumer, has been so completely exploded by practical results that it is no longer heard of, except only from those who obstinately refuse to see the conclusive demonstrations to the contrary that abound on every hand. The case of the farmer, so long and so pathetically talked about by these gentlemen as one that illustrated some kind of evil discrimination and hardship under the protective system, has become one of the most complete refutations of their fallacies, since the statement cannot be successfully challenged that practically everything he produces, from a dozen eggs to the finest horse on his farm, brings him a price, when he sells it, from 50 to 200 per cent higher than he ever dreamed of in free-trade times, while substantially every domestic article he buys is from 50 to 200 per cent cheaper, and at the same time from 50 to 500 per cent. better in quality. Facts of equal potency can be cited without limit in favor of the policy of protection in its effects upon all the industries of the country.

SOME REASONS FOR A CHANGE OF POLITICAL CONTROL.

Cardinal Gibbons said, a few days ago, in a sermon preached at Baltimore, just after his return from extended travels abroad

> After all my observations I am prepared to commend our American institutions. The condition of our working people here is far superior to that of the working classes in any of the European countries. Whatever may be the grievances of the American mechanic, I am prepared to state, as the result of my own observation, that he is better housed, better fed and clothed than his brethren on the continent of Europe. Love the land which God has given you. It is the best on earth.

In the presence of such facts at home, and such testimony from abroad, enough is shown as to the nature of this question (and only that, and not its discussion is intended) to warrant the assignment of the Republican view with respect to it as another reason for change of political control. If it be said that no harm has come to the policy, or injury, in consequence, to the business of the country, from a Democratic administration, the answer is, that a Republican Senate has made that impossible. Had it not been for this hindrance, Democratic tendencies to free trade would have assumed definite form in legislative enactments, as they have in other respects. The Republican party should be restored to power, therefore, in order that there may be no further progress toward free trade, and that the necessary revisions of the tariff and the control of our revenue system may be in the hands of the friends of American industry and National development.

The party that has, by destroying slavery, made labor honorable, and which has, by the inauguration and maintenance of a policy of protection, made good wages, education, homes and general prosperity possible, has given the highest evidence of both ability and disposition satisfactorily to solve the so-called labor questions, no matter whether that solution is to come through provisions for arbitration, hours of labor and similar measures, or through a wiser, broader and more comprehensive scheme of permissive legislation, to authorize and make possible here those plans of co-operation and profit-sharing, which have proven so successful in some of the older countries.

In so far as national politics may have to do therewith, there is no hope except in the Republican party for the suppression of the evils of the liquor traffic in the populous cities and states of the North

There are other questions to be dealt with about which there is, practically speaking, no issue between the parties, but on account of which it is important to restore the Republican party to power, because of its superior capacity and fitness to deal with them. We have now a surplus revenue. It must either be diminished or our expenditures must be increased; otherwise there will be such an accumulation of the money of the country in the vaults of the treasury as to produce financial and business distress. If the revenues are diminished, it must be done in such a way as not to disturb the business conditions of the country; and if the expenditures are to be increased, they must be governed by prudence and a just regard for the National welfare. We are all in accord about this.

The strict construction of the powers of the general government in these cases indicates the old Democratic states rights tendency unduly to belittle the national power and again to give vitality to the ante-war idea that it does not belong to the people as an agency for their benefit, and that they must not be allowed to enjoy any blessings therefrom that would attach them to it—not even those necessary to dispel the blight of ignorance, overcome the calamity of drouth, or relieve the horrors of earthquake.

It was hoped that some acceptable way would be found to dispense with, or at least lessen, so far as the United States government is concerned, the internal taxes on whisky and tobacco, no longer needed by it, and to enable the several states who do need them to get the revenues arising from this source; but so important a subject could not command any serious attention. In fact, no business proposition whatever could find favor. From first to last there was nothing to encourage the hope that exclusion from power has improved our opponents. The plain truth is that the Democratic party has no comprehensive business judgment. It is controlled by its Southern wing, and that is largely where the difficulty lies.

But, when all else is said and done, the fact remains that there is a vast difference between the respective standards of moral worth, political integrity and patriotic purpose of the two parties. There is not an election precinct in the whole country where any Democrat is not free and safe to vote according to his choice and have his vote honestly counted, and it has ever been so. Interference by Republicans with Democrats in an honest exercise of the right of suffrage has never been heard of, and everybody knows that the Republican party would not accept the fruits of such crimes, or, in any manner, shield the perpetrators of them, if they should be committed in its interest. The moral sense of the party would not tolerate it. Contrast this record with that which made the South solid, and with the attempts to thwart the will of the people in Chicago, Indianapolis, Columbus and Cincinnati; and remember how the fruits and advantages of these crimes have been eagerly appropriated and defiantly defended, and you have a striking measure of difference, to which nothing can be added by words.

Reviewing only the past few weeks, we have seen the President of the United States and Jefferson Davis uniting in words of compliment and eulogy on the occasions of the unveiling of the statues erected in honor of John C. Calhoun and Albert Sidney Johnston—one the author of secession, and the other distinguished for nothing except as a soldier who fought to destroy his country. We have also seen the Democratic state convention at Louisville cheering to the echo Mr. Henry Watterson's allusion to the "Dependent Pension Bill," as "Fraud's patriotic pauper liniment, warranted to abolish vagabondage by pensioning a lot of tramps." We have seen General Rosser ordering Gen. Sheridan to keep out of the Shenandoah Valley, or bring his rations with him. We have seen the President of the United States, instead of joining with the loyal millions of the country in the sacred duty of scattering flowers over the graves of the dead heroes, but for whose bravery and sacrifice of life, the government of which he is the head would not be in existence, going "a-fishing" on Decoration Day. And, finally, we have seen this same Chief Magistrate proceeding to surrender the captured battle-flags to what he terms the "Confederate States," that they may be carried in public parade, and pointed to with pride, as though they were not still the emblems of treason, of which the people of the South should be forever ashamed. And all this for no other purpose than to make it appear that because "the war is over" there should be no longer any distinction between the blue and the gray, and that both should be remembered only, and alike for the valor they displayed, and on such a basis to establish a sentimental fraternity of feeling for the present, to be followed with payment for cotton, slaves and Confederate bonds by and by.

All these several steps and acts were quietly and patiently acquiesced in, until the last, but that was too much for loyal men to endure, and they greeted it with such storms of protest and indignation that haste was made to revoke the order and postpone "the pleasant duty," not because the sentiment was wrong, but, because, having examined the law "with more care," it was thought best to wait until Congress can give authority to do lawfully, what had there been no interference, would have been done unlawfully.

JUVENILIA.

THE REASON.

In a primary school a teacher with a little class around her, composed mostly of French, was writing upon the blackboard the words she wished them to read. Hearing a sound and turning suddenly she saw a little girl, with indignant eyes, pointing to a boy beside her, who explained in broken English that he had attempted to kiss her. To the teacher's remark, "Why, Napoleon! what made you?" the reply came with an innocent air, "I loves her; why shouldn't I?"—*Babyhood.*

LITTLE HELEN.

Little Helen, three years old, cut her thumb; she kept very quiet about it until it began to bleed, then she screamed: "O mamma, mamma! come quick, the gravy's all a-running out!"

The same little girl, with her papa, mamma, and little brothers, was spending one summer at her grandpa's. One day at dinner, grandpa, having so much larger a family than usual, was somewhat absent-minded and waited on all except Helen. She sat quietly back in her chair and said very demurely! "Poor little girl! Poor little Helen!"—*Babyhood.*

A HINT.

A three-year-old boy while on a visit to his relatives stopped his play and approached an indulgent auntie when she was seeding raisins for cooking purposes. Knowing from experience that something odd would be forthcoming if the child was not invited to have some of the raisins, the auntie refrained from asking him if he wanted any. Surprised at this unusual conduct on the part of his relative, the little fellow stood it as long as he could and then drawled out: "Who did you say 'here' to, auntie?" His raisin feast was provided.

A QUICK ANSWER.

A little three-year-old girl of Bloomfield, N. J., was reproved for disobedience. On repeating the offence the father said to the little offender: "I have a strong inclination to spank you." Immediately the answer came back: "You can't, papa, for I'm sitting on it!"

GRAMMAR.

Our little Walter manufactures the most convenient participles for the occasion whenever an uncertain verb gets in his way. This morning he was obliged to pick up a large number of buttons which he had carelessly upset from their basket, and after the task was done he jumped up and said, cheerfully: "Papa, now I've got 'em all puck up!"—*Babyhood.*

FRED'S VERSION OF A BIBLE STORY.

Fred undertook the other day to tell his aunt the Bible story of Ruth and Boaz, which his mother had been reading to him.

"Oh, Aunt Esther," he said, "mamma read Fanny and me a bully Bible story about a man that was weeding in his hay field, and his name was Borax."

What moral the little fellow attached to the tale was unfortunately not evident.

OUT OF PATIENCE.

Little Nellie, aged two-and-a-half, on omitting her father in her prayer, was told to pray for papa as usual, and refused. Her mother insisting, Nellie said petulantly: "Well, do bless papa, for pity's sake."

HE WAS A BLADE REPORTER

And He Interviewed the Lady Without Her Knowledge—How to Interview Ingersoll.

Amos J. Cummings, in a recent letter, tells an anecdote of a well known Toledo newspaper man, which might not prove uninteresting reading just now when there are so many interviewers in the city. Mr. Cummings' tale is as follows:

One of the most remarkable instances of newspaper interviewing was that of a man now in New York who one night received a dispatch at Toledo, where he was then at work, to the effect that a lady who had gone in the train at the terrible Ashtabula accident, and escaped unscathed, would arrive in Toledo on her way westward at 8:50 in the evening on a Lake Shore train. The person who sent the telegram forgot to give her name and the interviewer had to find her by natural instinct. The train stopped in Toledo but 15 minutes. The reporter approached a young lady in a sleeping car, and by the merest chance hit upon the right person. She said that she was the woman who had gone down with the train at Ashtabula, but when she learned that her interrogator was a newspaper man she very curtly declared that she would not talk, as she had a decided objection to having her name and declarations in print. The interviewer, who was a shrewd student of human nature, studied the lady's face a moment and thought that he discovered in it markings of a strong religious sentiment. He acted upon his judgment and began to congratulate the lady on the miraculous deliverance that a kind Providence had given her from a fearful fate. Her soul was moved, and, all forgetful that she was talking to a newspaper man, she related a graphic story of the terrible accident. She told it in an artless manner, grew earnest as she progressed, and did not cease talking until the train was moving out of the depot.

Then the reporter arose, touched his hat, and said to the young lady: "I beg your pardon, but despite your objections, you have been interviewed." The young lady tried in vain to call him back and not until he had gone did she realize that his adroitness in appealing to her religious sentiment had led her to talk in spite of herself.

The average journalist is a good person to interview, but the politician is ordinarily chary of the newspaper interrogation. Col. Ingersoll has lately adopted a rule to the effect that he will not be interviewed. He is, however, very courteous to newspaper men. Recently a reporter wrote out 12 questions for a stated interview and handed them to Mr. Ingersoll. He wrote the replies at considerable length, and the article, which pertained entirely to the great American system of interviewing, was one of the brightest productions that ever proceeded from Mr. Ingersoll's pen.

THE BASTILE.

A Historical Sketch of the Famous Old Parisian Prison.

The Bastile, which was razed by an infuriated populace almost a century ago, was in French history what the Tower of London was in the history of England. Both were originally fortresses, but each became the prison to which despotism sent its victims, and from which for many of these sufferers death was the only release. The power of the French monarch before the revolution was more absolute than that of the English sovereign even in the days of the last Henry, and no judicial process whatever was necessary to confine in the dungeons of the Bastile the men whom a king's caprice or envy or fear or justice would doom. A nod was enough. It became the fact that power was frequently abused as arbitrary power will be, and the record of the Bastile is one long, blistering infamy. Popular resentment was aroused, not alone because the summary method of imprisonment within the halls upon which might have been inscribed the motto upon the portal of Dante's inferno, "Who enters here leaves hope behind," but also because of the cruelties that were known to be practiced within the massive walls. The kings designed that prisoners should at least be well fed. Sufficient appropriations were made with that view, but jobbery is an inevitable accompaniment of absolutism in government, and appointment to the infamous prison meant a fortune to a governor who starved his prisoners to enrich himself. The ventilation of the prison was atrocious; its drainage ran through an open ditch, the stench of which was horrible. As the Tower was the death place of many men illustrious in English history, so the Bastile witnessed the violent taking off of many noble Frenchmen.

For nearly four centuries the French people submitted, as, indeed, they had no choice but to submit, to the knowledge that fellow creatures were subjected in the Bastile, to horrors, the least of which was death. When finally they assaulted the stronghold and blotted in from existence it was a treasured wrong rather than an existing evil that urged them on. Its atrocities had been mitigated after the death of Louis XIV., and when it was taken 98 years ago, its vast area contained no more than seven prisoners, though it was defended by the governor with a guard of a hundred soldiers. The fury of the people was directed against this ancient structure because it had stood so long as a terror-inspiring monument of the insolence, the cruelty and the injustice of the despotism practiced by kings. The French might have spared the Bastile to become as innocent of tyranny as the Tower, but they are more emotional and less economical than the English. Their own sentiment touching the act is shown in the gift of the key of this razed prison to George Washington, then the most illustrious champion of human liberty.

The memory of what the Bastile was and what finally an outraged people did with it abides with the French. The anniversary of its fall is generally celebrated, but not always in the best of temper. The occasion, necessarily glorifying rebellion, is seized by the discontented as favoring themselves and feared by the government, which is charged with the maintenance of order. The recent forced retirement of a popular favorite, Boulanger, created ill-will toward the powers that be, and this, coupled with the strong anti-German feeling among the people—a feeling which it was thought Boulanger would find means of gratifying—made the government apprehensive of trouble during the celebration of the fall of the Bastile, but the occasion happily passed without tumult.

SOME FEMININE PECULIARITIES.

Some Queer Examples—Mothers Not to be Venerated.

When I was a girl mothers were an object of veneration to me; and now, as one of the vast army of them, I like to continue the study of their peculiarities of character. Veneration still stands first on the list of my sentiments for them, but alas! how many another feeling is aroused during the study—amazement, pity, anger, and sometimes disgust.

I remember sitting one day in my nursery by the crib where my boy lay napping, when an intimate friend appeared at the door, and entering sank into a chair.

"What is the matter, Mrs. R——?" I inquired.

"Why, Pet is dead."

"Your pretty horse?"

"Yes, beautiful animal. It is always so with me."

"How do you mean?"

"Why, of course it is my handsomest horse. It was the same with my children. I lost the beautiful one—the others all lived."

I looked up in astonishment, and then and there true veneration in the case resigned its place to amazement; and yet that woman was the mother of several well-looking, finely-formed, healthy children—the ones that would not die.

Again, one lovely summer day, on the way to my room at the hotel where I was boarding, I passed the bathroom, the door of which was wide open; there in direct draught 'twixt door and window stood Bridget, a really good natured though "green" Irish girl, holding a baby under the warm-water faucet.

"O, Bridget, you will hurt the baby!" I exclaimed.

"Niver a hurt. Shure I soaps her first and then rinses her off, (keeping up a swinging motion with the baby all the time that made me dizzy).

"Doesn't she ever cry?"

"Niver a whimper, the darlint."

And no wonder. Her eyes were closed, and she looked drawn and white about the mouth, while the rest of her body was more than rosy from the water, that came, of course, warmer and warmer.

Veneration again took her leave, and pity reigned instead; for when I told the baby's young mother she was aghast and only too glad to have Bridget taught better ways. What I wonder is how she could, as the children say, "trust to luck" as to how her baby should be bathed and lose the pleasure of giving it a bath herself.

Veneration has fled repeatedly from the presence of disgust when I have heard the all too-common sentence, "I trust my nurse implicitly."—*Babyhood.*

A Royal Road to Fortune.

Please inform your readers that we will pay $75 per month to any active person, to sell our goods by sample. No peddling; no capital required. Salary paid promptly, and all expenses advanced. Sample case free. We mean just what we say. Address for further particulars, STANDARD SILVER WARE CO., Boston, Mass.

THIS IS MY STORY.

Shall I Ever Again Enjoy Life?—How a Friend Came to My Rescue.

My trouble was dyspepsia, impure blood and inactivity of the Kidneys and Liver. My disordered stomach loathed food. Darting pains in the back and shoulders made it almost impossible for me to rest. I was advised by a friend to try Dr. Kennedy's Favorite Remedy. Presently my appetite improved and I felt strong. The poison and disease had been entirely driven out of me. My stomach was less sour. The pain and soreness left my back and side. I have not felt a sign of the trouble since. For all complaints of the skin, blood, liver and kidneys there is no medicine equal to Dr. Kennedy's Favorite Remedy.—Wm. Halstead, of Seaman's Express, 53 Harrison St., New York.

Dr. Kennedy's Favorite Remedy is for sale by druggists; price one dollar. Send two cent stamp to Dr. Kennedy, Rondout, N. Y., for illustrated book—how to cure Kidney, Liver and blood disorders. Mention this paper.

Food Snatched from the Gutter.

"What do you want with all those decayed vegetables?" asked a New York *Mail and Express* reporter of an old woman who was searching the barrels and gutters about Washington market for refuse. "I make a good living by selling them," she replied. "They cost me nothing, and I can afford to sell them very cheap. I come here every morning and fill two or three baskets full of potatoes, oranges, bananas and other things that have been thrown away. I then go about noon time to the market places in Mulberry, Hester, Ludlow and Essex streets, and sell them to the poor." "How much do you make?" "Oh, about 50 or 60 cents a day. It is all clear profit, you see. There is enough good food thrown away in this big city each day to feed thousands. I found that out and go about collecting what is wasted, and make a good living by picking food from the gutters."

Must Not Judge by Appearances Altogether.

The girls who go into ecstacies over a new pattern for knit lace; who grow enthusastic over making paper flowers; who read novels galore; who go to the opera whenever they can get a chance; who wear boots a size too small for them; who say "awful" forty times a day, etc., etc., make just as good wives as the other kind, and don't you forget it!—*Puck.*

Publishers' Column.

TO TEMPERANCE WORKERS.

Important and Effective Helps—Two Indispensable Documents.

At the request of thousands of Temperance organizations, we have printed and have ready for delivery, the following important documents:

1. **Does Prohibition Prohibit? Being the truthful result of a tour through Maine, by D. R. Locke, Editor of the Blade. An impartial, truthful presentation of the subject, and every line a fact.**
2. **The Effect of Beer upon the Human System, being the testimony of Ten of the Most Eminent Physicians of Toledo, Ohio, as to the effect of Lager Beer, showing how the use of the stuff affects the various organs of the Human body.**

These documents are printed in eight large pages each, and should be circulated everywhere in the United States. No more telling matter was ever printed, and no more useful help was ever devised in the great work of "Pulverizing the Rum Power."

Prohibition Committees, Temperance organizations, open and secret, should spread them by the million.

We furnish them at cost of printing, posting, and packing, as follows:

10,000 lots	$30 00
1,000 lots	5 00
500 lots	4 00
100 lots	1 00

Sample dozen, by mail, post-paid, 25 cents. Single copies each, 5 cents.

Order at once and spread the light. If you want your neighbor to know exactly what Prohibition has done for Maine send for the leaflet on that subject, and if you want him to know what Beer is doing for the world send for the other. Both should be circulated by the million.

Address, (enclosing cash,) BLADE, Toledo, Ohio.

Temperance Cartoons—To Temperance Workers and Organizations.

We have published for as near gratuitous circulation as possible, five striking cartoons, illustrating the working of Rum as opposed to Temperance, of which millions have been sold all over the United States. They are intended to instruct the people through the eye. They are as follows:

No. 1.—Do you see any good coming out of it?

No. 2.—Which way would you have your Boy Go?

No. 3.—Which way would you have your Girl Go?

No. 4.—In which village would you bring up your Children?

No. 5.—This Farmer never drank Whisky. This Farmer drinks all he can get.

These pictures are the most effective instructors that have ever been published. They contrast the life of the drunkard and sober man, in property, wife and children, so sharply that he who runs may read, and understand as well. Millions of them have been pasted up in shops, on fences and dead walls, where they may be seen of men, and millions more should be.

We have made a price on these cartoons, which barely covers the cost of paper and postage:

Three copies of either	6 cents.
Six copies	10 cents.
Twenty-five copies	30 cents.
One Hundred copies	One dollar.

This gives no profit, the price covering only cost of printing, paper and postage. We contribute wrapping-paper and labor.

Send in your orders immediately, and paste them up where they will do the most good.

A VALUABLE BOOK FOR FARMERS WIVES.

Fruit, Pastes and Syrups: By Shirley Dare. No. 1 of House Interest series.

Thousands of readers tested this manual last year and agree that few books have more interest and value for housekeepers and fruit growers. The new edition, 1887, bespoken before it went to press, has added recipes, giving fullest methods of keeping fruit. Canning without wax or patent covers; crystallizing fruit which sells at 50 to 60 cents a pound; the best way of making orange marmalade, and the new fruit honey without sugar, as fine as maple syrup. This one discovery, on which the author was first to experiment in this country, must double if not treble the profits of the fruit crop.

No fruit grower can afford to be without this book. Sent post-paid for 25 cents.

IN THE MATTER OF SEWING MACHINES.

Thousands of the readers of the BLADE will buy a sewing machine this season. What one will you buy? There are many good ones and many bad ones, some excellent for certain kinds of work, and good for nothing else, and so on. But all of them are sold at a high price, higher than they should be, and in most cases too high for the purse of the average woman.

The cause of these high prices is easily understood. It results from the method of selling. The manufacturer makes a state agent for his machine, who opens an expensive office in a large city, and he must have an enormous salary or large commissions to live at all. The state agent makes district agents, the district agents make county agents, and so between the manufacturer and the farmer's wife there are three commissions or profits, all of which the farmer's wife pays. This is why the cheapest machine, sold on that plan, cannot be sold for less than $35.

The BLADE does business in quite another way. The BLADE manufactures the best machine on the market. It is a machine built upon an entirely new principle, and well built. There is no trouble about the quality of the machine. Thousands of them are in use, and they give absolute satisfaction. (Read the two statements in advertisement on 5th page.) Now, this splendid machine, better for work and better in finish, than any now sold, the BLADE now sells for $18, and throws in the WEEKLY BLADE for one year. How can it be done? As easily as falling off a log. The BLADE Company employs no agents, but the machine passes directly from its own factory to the house of the purchaser. There are no agents between us and you, who have to be paid; there are no leeches to take the blood out of you. We want a small profit and get it, and you have all the rest.

Now what we want to say is this. If you want a machine that you may depend upon, and want it at a price that you can afford, send $18 to the BLADE, Toledo, Ohio, and you will receive one as soon as steam can carry it, and you will receive in addition, the BLADE one year. Moreover, if you want one this winter, make your order now. We shall be overrun next month with orders, and you may be delayed.

Remit now, and get your machine in time.

Address all letters to "BLADE," Toledo, Ohio.

THE BLADE'S PORTRAIT GALLERY.

We have published nine different portraits, which we offer to our readers at a price that will enable all to decorate their homes cheaply and well, viz:—

MILITARY HEROES—Grant, Sherman, Sheridan and Logan.

RELIGIOUS HEROES—John Wesley, Charles Wesley, Martin Luther, John Calvin and Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage.

These portraits are all printed upon heavy plate paper, size 19 by 24 inches, just the size for framing for the parlor or sitting room, and good enough for any house in the land. They are all exquisite works of art, and are certain to give satisfaction. We pack them securely in pasteboard tubes and send them postpaid at the following prices:

Any one portrait	$ 25
The five divines	80
The four generals	65
The entire set of nine	1 25

Agents can do a good thing for themselves selling these pictures. Special rates made known upon application. Address

BLADE, Toledo, Ohio.

THE ONLY TRUE LIKENESS OF

Our Savior!

The Lord Jesus Christ as he appeared on earth in his daily life in Syria. This picture is **an exact photographic reproduction of the likeness engraved from life, by order of Pontius Pilate**, Roman Governor of Jerusalem, and sent to Caesar, Emperor of Rome, when that great Potentate demanded a portrait of the man who had raised the dead and restored sight to the blind. This portrait is **different from all others.** It is not a mere artist's ideal, but **an exact representation of the Savior** as he looked when on earth, cut on an emerald, and has been for many centuries the priceless and closely guarded treasure of the Vatican Museum at Rome; and **never before reproduced.** That it is now done is **THE ARTISTIC TRIUMPH OF THE AGE.** It is a revelation, marvelous beyond description, to gaze on the exact features of the "God-Man," precisely as they saw him walk the streets of Jerusalem.

There is no picture like it in the known world.—RUSKIN.

We have been to an enormous expense in securing this, and have made it an elegant work of art, size 22x28 inches at the very low price of **$1**, including a complete historical sketch.

There is nothing like it! Agents have no competition! Secure territory at once! Extra liberal terms. Sample picture and canvassing outfit will be sent FREE on receipt of $1, which may be deducted from your first order. Address **HOLMAN & HARRISON,** Publishers, 415 Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.

RECIPE to rid your beds of bugs, for 10c; silver and stamps. Guaranteed. Scott Bottenfield, Hancock, Md.

OLIVET COLLEGE opens Sept. 15, 1887. Expenses Low. Send for Catalogue. Olivet, Mich.

Ladies & Gents, desiring Correspondents for AMUSEMENT or MATRIMONY, send 10c to "SOCIAL WORLD," Box 5380, Boston, Mass.

TELEGRAPHY Obtain a practical knowledge and secure positions. Write agent L. & N. R. R., Opdyke, Ill.

SMALL HAVANAS—Cigars, "Cadets," 3-inch, $10, 1,000. Sample box by mail 50c. Agent wanted. J. M. AGUERO, 246 6th Ave., New York.

THE BEST

BOOKS

For the People.

The following books are of our own publication and give a variety of pleasant reading and valuable information that no family should be without. We make prices less than half of book-store prices, and we prepay postage to your very door. Whether for family reading or presents to your friend every reader of the BLADE should order a copy of each. Order one copy first, to see how much we give for the money, after which you will be sure to order the whole list:

ANDERSONVILLE:

A Story of Southern Prisons.

This book by John McElroy, who was 18 months in Andersonville and other Southern prisons, has had a sale enjoyed by but very few. It is a record of the author's terrible experience in those hells upon earth, and is written in a style that is absolutely fascinating. It is the only true record of the sufferings endured by our soldiers, in the military prisons. Regular price, $3. We now send it by mail for $1.25. A new edition just out. Every soldier and every soldier's son should read this wonderful book.

NASBY IN EXILE

The travels of D. R. Locke in Europe, one of the most entertaining books of travel ever written. Profusely illustrated; 700 pages. Original price $2.50. Present price, postpaid by mail, $1.25, or with BLADE one year, $2.10.

OLD DR. CARLIN'S RECIPES,

the best book of recipes and the most reliable ever printed. It has always sold for $2.00. Price now postpaid by mail, $1.00, or with BLADE one year, $2.55.

HEALTH and BEAUTY,

by Miss Emily S. Bouton. There is no more valuable book ever written for women and girls. It contains plain and reliable directions for attaining and retaining health and beauty, and is indispensable. Price, $1.00, postpaid by mail, or with BLADE one year, $1.85.

SOCIAL ETIQUETTE,

another book for the young of both sexes, by the same author. All the forms and observances of good society, with the reasons for and the philosophy thereof, are plainly stated. Every young person should have this book, as well as a great many old ones. Price, $1.00, postpaid by mail, or with BLADE one year, $1.85.

BLADE, Toledo, O.

L.S.L.

◁CAPITAL PRIZE, $150,000.▷

"We do hereby certify that we supervise the arrangements for all the Monthly and Semi-Annual Drawings of The Louisiana State Lottery Company, and in person manage and control the Drawings themselves, and that the same are conducted with honesty, fairness, and in good faith toward all parties, and we authorize the Company to use this certificate, with fac-similes of our signatures attached, in its advertisements."

G. T. Beauregard

J. A. Early

Commissioners.

We, the undersigned Banks and Bankers will pay all Prizes drawn in the Louisiana State Lotteries which may be presented at our counters.

J. H. OGLESBY, Pres. Louisiana Nat'l Bank.
P. LANAUX, Pres. State Nat'l Bank.
A. BALDWIN, Pres. New Orleans Nat'l Bank.
CARL KOHN, Pres. Union National Bank.

UNPRECEDENTED ATTRACTION!
Over Half a Million Distributed.

LOUISIANA STATE LOTTERY CO.

Incorporated in 1868 for 25 years by the Legislature for Educational and Charitable purposes—with a capital of $1,000,000—to which a reserve fund of over $550,000 has since been added.

By an overwhelming popular vote its franchise was made a part of the present State Constitution adopted December 2d, A. D., 1879.

The only Lottery ever voted on and endorsed by the people of any State.

It never scales or postpones.

Its Grand Single Number Drawings take place monthly, and the Semi-Annual Drawings regularly every six months (June and December).

A SPLENDID OPPORTUNITY TO WIN A FORTUNE. EIGHTH GRAND DRAWING, CLASS H, IN THE ACADEMY OF MUSIC, NEW ORLEANS, TUESDAY, August 9, 1887. —207th Monthly Drawing.

CAPITAL PRIZE, $150,000.

Notice.—Tickets are Ten Dollars only. Halves, $5. Fifths, $2. Tenths, $1.

LIST OF PRIZES.

1 CAPITAL PRIZE OF	$150,000	$150,000
1 GRAND PRIZE OF	50,000	50,000
1 GRAND PRIZE OF	20,000	20,000
2 LARGE PRIZES OF	10,000	20,000
4 LARGE PRIZES OF	5,000	20,000
20 PRIZES OF	1,000	20,000
50 "	500	25,000
100 "	300	30,000
200 "	200	40,000
500 "	100	50,000
1,000 "	50	50,000

APPROXIMATION PRIZES.

100 Approximation Prizes of	$300	$30,000
100 " "	200	20,000
100 " "	100	10,000

2,179 Prizes, amounting to $535,000

Application for rates to clubs should be made only to the office of the Company in New Orleans. For further information write clearly, giving full address. POSTAL NOTES, Express Money Orders, or New York Exchange in ordinary letter. Currency by Express (at our expense) addressed

M. A. DAUPHIN,
New Orleans, La.

or M. A. DAUPHIN,
Washington, D. C.

Address Registered Letters to
NEW ORLEANS NATIONAL BANK,
New Orleans, La.

REMEMBER That the presence of Generals Beauregard and Early, who are in charge of the drawings, is a guarantee of absolute fairness and integrity, that the chances are all equal, and that no one can possibly divine what number will draw a Prize.

REMEMBER that the payment of all Prizes is GUARANTEED BY FOUR NATIONAL BANKS of New Orleans, and the Tickets are signed by the President of an Institution, whose chartered rights are recognized in the highest Courts; therefore, beware of any imitations or anonymous schemes.

GOLDEN CROSS WHEAT last year yielded from five to eight bushels more per acre than any other variety raised under the same conditions. It gives promise this year of doing even better. It has a very stiff straw, and is not liable to lodge. Is hardy and does not winter-kill. Stools abundantly; one and a fourth bushels is enough seed per acre. Price: One peck, 75c; half bushel, $1.25; one bushel, $2.25; two or more bushels, $2.00 per bushel. Wheat thoroughly cleaned and graded, free on board cars or express at Le Roy, N. Y. No charge for bags. Address SAMUEL T. HOWARD, Le Roy, N. Y. Reference by permission: Butler Ward, Esq., Cashier National Bank, Le Roy, N. Y., to whom parties can, if preferred, remit for wheat—money to be paid over when wheat is shipped.

FOR SALE—160 acres well improved farm; 110 acres in cultivation; orchard, water, healthy location, &c; three miles from county seat. Price $3,000; one-third cash; balance long time. Send stamp to C. C. DENNIS, Fredericktown, Mo.

["Send six 2c stamps and get recipe and full directions for making my celebrated brilliant jet black ink; no equal. Address Prof. H. E. CROSS, (card writer and teacher of penmanship), Janesville, N. Y."]

WATCHES ON THE INSTALLMENT PLAN.—In order to introduce my fine watches, I will, upon receipt of $1.00, as a faithful promise to send me $1.00 each month for 24 months, send an elegant 18k stem-winder, American movement. JAMES STEVENS, Fargo, D. T.

Ladies' Shield, 50c; gents', 25c; both, 50c; 40 photos for gents'. [illegible] J. G. Hanson, Chicago, Ill.

FREEHOLD INSTITUTE, Freehold, N. J.—44th year. Prepares boys and young men for Princeton, Columbia, Yale, Harvard, and for Business.—REV. A. G. CHAMBERS, A. M., Principal.

BIG MONEY IN BED SPRINGS FOR AGENTS.
Send for Circular. T. B. LAYCOCK & CO., Indianapolis, Ind.

VIRGINIA Land Agency. Cheap Farms. Lists Free. GRIFFIN & JERVIS, Petersburg, Va.

10 CENTS (silver) pays for your address in the "Agents' Directory," which goes whirling all over the United States, you will get hundreds of samples, circulars, books, newspapers, magazines, etc., from those who want agents. You will get lots of good reading free, and be WELL PLEASED with the small investment. List containing name sent to each person answering this advertisement. T. D. CAMPBELL, 167 Boylston, Indiana.

The Best and Cheapest Sewing Machine in the World

READ THIS CAREFULLY.

THE

Blade Sewing Machine.

Is winning new laurels every day, and is making its way into public favor with a rapidity that no previous Machine every did. Why?

Because it is the best Machine on the market, a Machine built upon entirely new principles, and one which will do more kinds of work than any Machine made, and do it as well as the best, and better than most.

Because it is the Handsomest Machine made. Because it is the CHEAPEST. You have been paying from $35 to $45 for machines not so good and not so Handsome.

You Get the Blade Machine and the Weekly Blade One Year for $18.00.

Which is less than half the price of the monopoly machines. Because it is a new machine, and not an old one re-built.

And mind you it is a HIGH ARM MACHINE, enabling you to handle your work easily, and is furnished with a complete set of Attachments, without extra charge. AND IT IS WARRANTED BY THE BLADE COMPANY.

Now read these testimonials, and bear in mind we have thousands just as strong:

INDEPENDENCE, Kas., Aug. 6, 1886.

I have been a reader of the BLADE for some years, and knowing the reliability and responsibility of the same I had confidence to send $18 for the Blade machine and renewal of paper. Both came in due time, and within twenty minutes after the machine arrived at the house my wife was sewing with it. I have waited some weeks so that my wife could give it a thorough trial, and she said the machine is all that you recommended it to be and all she wants in a machines, and she has used all of the standard machines. F. J. MARTIN

SENECAVILLE, O., Aug. 2, 1886.

The Blade Sewing Machine ordered of you June 7, came to hand the last of June or first of July in good condition; have been using it more or less ever since; it runs light and easy, works well on any and all fabrics either light or heavy. I have used the Wheeler & Wilson, Grover & Baker, Howe, Singer and Domestic, and I like the Blade Machine better than any of them. A month's use has convinced me that it is all the manufacturers claim for it. Others here talk of purchasing the Blade Machine.
SIBYLLA NETMAN.

If you want a machine order it at once. You should get in your order very soon.

Remember, the Blade Sewing Machine and the Weekly Blade, One Year, for $18.00.

The Machine is the best in the world. It is a new machine, upon an entirely new principle, and manufactured by ourselves in our own factory.

FULL SET OF ATTACHMENTS.

ADDRESS

BLADE, Toledo, Ohio.

The Household.

MISS EMILY S. BOUTON . . . . EDITOR.

HOME TALKS.

FALSE PRIDE AND SLOP WORK.

BY EMILY S. BOUTON.

"To be or not to be, that is the question."

I often feel of late years like changing the reading of this line of the poet of all poets, into "To do or not to do, that is the question," and apply it to the mass of womankind who are looking around them for work—work that will make them independent in a pecuniary way of all the world. I do not now refer to those who are fighting in the teeth of starvation and misery in our large cities—God knows there are many of them—for what will barely hold their souls in their worn-out bodies for a little while longer, but to those who have not reached such straits, who have, it may be, friends, and probably a home, and yet who feel the need of "doing something." What that something is to be is not usually very clear and well defined, only there is one thing certain—it must be *genteel*. They are ready "to do" if they can find what will prevent certain people in their world from looking upon them as social inferiors; they are determined "not to do" unless driven by absolute hunger, if what they are best fitted for chances to be among those employments that are not "recognized in the best society." The thing would be grotesque were it not so pitiful.

I have seen girls and women who had a very genius for cooking, who would be hearty, healthy and happy—were it not for this bugbear of gentility—in the kitchen of some kind family, stitching their very lives away in a dressmaker's shop, the stitches coming in their sides far faster than in the cloth they were sewing, doing what they hated, and all to retain the ghost of a passing social prestige. I have seen women who could manufacture the most exquisite bonnets or make dresses that would be dreams of delight to their patrons, spend their days daubing over canvas, and almost starving in order to be dubbed artists, and be recognized by Mrs. A, B, or C. who would forget their very existence in six weeks were they removed into other surroundings.

Ambition is a good thing when it leads us to do as well as possible what comes to our hands, and also to reach out for something better, but wisdom or good sense should guide the reaching. To be determined to do something merely because it sounds a little more genteel is the height of folly. Nothing really counts in these days of competition but the very best. The imitation may pass current for a little while, but it is soon tossed to one side as useless.

To recommend one of these homely employments to a girl who has dreams of entering what she imagines a higher walk of life, even though she be upon the verge of starvation, would be to challenge the epithet of cruel, hard-hearted, etc., on the instant, and yet nine out of ten have no conception of what they wish to undertake. They imagine that sitting at a desk and scribbling down what chances to come into their heads will make journalists or story writers with a good living income; that to copy some pictures in water colors or oil will render them painters, and give them work at paying prices, and so on to the end of the chapter. Of the days and weeks and months multiplied into years, of hard labor, of ceaseless study, of unintermitting effort required for success in any of these directions, they have no idea. Few people have what is termed genius. The genius that counts in this day and generation is that for hard work, and without it real success in anything, *anything*, is impossible.

The trouble is that so few are willing to use their efforts in such continuous hard labor. They will do just enough to get what they have bargained for and that is all. And they do not give measure for measure, either. They expect their employers to keep theirs full, while the ones they pass back are half empty. Pride in doing well, honesty in the matter of fulfilling an agreement has nothing to do with it.

All this may sound severe, but there is "method in my madness." I will tell you of the matter.

Not long since, among the many letters from girls and women appealing to me to find them something to do, came one that read something in this wise: "Knowing that you are a friend to all women (so I am) and that you like to help them if possible (as I do) I venture to trouble you for some assistance in getting a place. (Down went my heart into my shoes as I thought of the many applications for copying, etc., which I had received.) I am a young and strong girl, and can do all kinds of housework. (My spirits went up at the last words.) It is hard getting a place here in the country, and when a girl does, she gets small wages, and has to milk and make garden, besides doing the work in the house. Will you help me to a place in the city?" etc.

My mental ejaculation as I finished reading was, "Yes, I will;" and I did. It was not a difficult thing to do in these days of tribulation in the culinary department. I found her a place where I knew well-done work would give her an excellent home and good wages, and I rested serene and hopeful that I had accomplished a desirable thing for both parties. "How do summer roses fade!" This was the way it came out:

A week or two passed before I saw my friend again.

"How do you like your new girl?" I asked.

A comical look came into her bright face as she answered:

"Well, I have been trying to find out whether she came as a boarder or as a domestic. I am dubious upon the subject, because she seems neither to know how to do, nor anxious to try to do anything. When there is the most to be done, I find her absorbed in reading the papers. She will not answer for me."

Imagine my chagrin—nay more, my disgust. I knew that the lady, while demanding good, honest work for fair wages, was yet always kind and just, patient in the extreme, when patience was a virtue. In this case there was evidently not the slightest effort to fulfil the requirements of the mistress. The girl was not in earnest when she said she was "willing to work." She was not. She proved herself only another of the great army of incapables who complain of the hardships of life, and yet go right along without any realization that they often come from their own inefficiency.

Good, conscientious work in what we may call the necessary industries will always find a market. So long as this is true, no healthy girl or woman is in danger of starvation. When, however, she expects good wages for shiftless, slip-shod work, she deserves to suffer. And when she lets pride hold her back from doing what she can, because disappointed in what she is ambitious to do, then again she deserves to suffer.

I have a world of sympathy for those with real honest purpose, upon whom opportunity seems to shut the door. Yet even then, persistent effort combined with patience, doing whatever it seems necessary to do at the time, honestly and steadfastly, no matter how homely and prosaic it may be, but keeping the one object in view, will make it swing back upon its hinges that they may enter. All things come finally to those who wait—if they wait in the right way.

Fancy Work and House Decoration.

Bedroom Decorations.—Some one writes to know how to fix up a bedroom to look pretty and yet cost little. First the walls. If you cannot afford to paper them, you can kalsomine them yourself with some pretty tint, and then get a roll of gay flowered paper of suitable coloring and put it around the top of the room edging each side with a narrow bordering. This, too, you can do yourself. Pink and blue is always pretty for a bedroom. Cover the floor with matting, and out of gay colored wool strips cut one-half inch wide, knit a rug for the front of the bed. Put a fringe of felt cut about an eighth of a yard deep around it. You can make smaller ones for front of wash stand and bureau.

You may have to make the latter articles of furniture. That is easy enough to do, if you have a little patience. Get two dry goods boxes, one large and one small, the first for the bureau or toilet stand, the second for the wash-stand. Turn them on the side that will give them the greatest height. Then put shelves in each. Cover these neatly with silesia, of the color prevailing in the room. Cover the outside with cretonne, plaiting it on the two sides and fastening down upon the top with brass-headed nails. Make curtains of the cretonne, trimmed with lace, and parting in the middle for the front. Upon the top place a pretty bureau tidy etched neatly, and then with your toilet cushion and accessories, you will have a very attractive article of furniture. If you want to make it still more so, put your mirror over it, and from a long hook, which you can get for a few cents at any hardware store, driven into the wall above the center of the glass, hang long curtains of scrim, or figured muslin, that will come to the floor. These may be tied back with ribbons, or left loose, as desired. Cover the wash-stand in the same way, omitting of course the long curtains from above.

Make toilet cushion covers and mats of swiss muslin with full plaited borders of the muslin whipped on edges with pink or blue, as described some time ago in BLADE.

Old rocking chairs can be repainted and cushioned with the cretonne, or if you have one that is too worn to paint, cover the whole with the cretonne, back, cushions and all.

Make a stool of a soap box, by putting hinges on the top cover and castors on the bottom, then cover with cretonne, finishing around edges with brass headed nails. The box will be convenient for stockings.

Book shelves made as described a short time since in the HOUSEHOLD will be pretty, as it is always pleasant to have a few books for guests to read in their room if they desire.

Get the flowered scrim that comes now in gay colors for window curtains, putting them up on poles and having them reach to the floor.

These arrangements can be varied to suit the taste of the housekeeper. Cheap scarfs can be made, a board put up as a mantel if there is none in the room, and trimmed. In short, the whole room may be furnished, if you will take time and have patience, with very small expense.

Send 25 cents for "Fancy Work and House Decoration" to Miss Emily S. Bouton, Toledo, O.—Ed.

Knitting and Crocheting.

Knitting Abbreviations—k, knit; p, purl or seam; p 2 tog, purl two together; n, narrow; s and b, slip and bind; t t o, throw thread over; b, bind; o, over; sl, slip; m, make.

Crocheting Abbreviations—l, loop; s c, single crochet; d c, double crochet; ch st, chain stitch; cl ch st, close chain stitch; d c st, double chain stitch; p, picot; r c, ribbed crochet; c t st, crossed treble stitch; sh st, shell stitch; o st, open shell stitch; t, treble; sh c, short crochet.

Wide Lace.—For Mrs. M. T. Scott. Cast on 50 stitches. 1st row—k 7—o—n—o—n k 2—o—n—o—n—k 1—o and n 5 times—k 7—o—n—o—n—k 2—o—n—o—n—k 2—o 2—n—k 1; 2d row—k 3—p 1—knit rest plain; 3d row—k 6—o—n—o—n—k 2—o—n—o—n—k 3—o and n 4 times—k 7—o—n—o—n—k 2—o—n—o—n, rest plain; 4th row—plain; 5th row—k 5—o—n—o—n—k 2—o—n—o—n—k 3—o and n 5 times—k 5—o—n—o—n—k 2—o—n—o—n—k 4—o 2—k 1 o 2—n—k 1; 6th row—k 3—p 1—k 2—p 1, rest plain; 7th row—k 4—o—n—o—n—k 2—o—n—o—n—k 5—o and n 4 times—k 5—o—n—o—n—k 2—o—n—o—n, rest plain; 8th row—plain; 9th row—k 3—o—n—o—n—k 2—o—n—o—n—k 5—o and n 5 times—k 3—o—n—o—n—k 2—o—n—o—n—k 6—o 2—n—o 2—n—o 2—n—k 1; 10th row—k 3 p 1—k 2—p 1—k 2—p 1, rest plain; 11th row—k 2—o—n—o—n—k 2—o—n—o—n—k 7—o and n 4 times—k 3—o—n—o—n—k 2—o—n—o—n, rest plain; 12th row plain; 13th row—k 3—o—n—o—n—k 2—o—n—o—n—k 5—o and n 5 times—k 3—o—n—o—n—k 2—o—n—o—n—k 6—o 2—n—o 2—n—o 2—n—o 2—n—n; 14th row—k 3—p 1—k 2—p 1—k 2—p 1—k 2—p 1, rest plain; 15th row—k 4—o—n—o—n—k 2—o—n—o—n—k 5—o and n 4 times—k 5—o—n—o—n—k 2—o—n—o—n, rest plain; 16th row plain; 17th row—k 5—o—n—o—n—k 2—o—n—o—n—k 3—o and n 5 times—k 5—o—n—o—n—k 2—o—n—o—n—k 4—o 2—n—o 2—n—o 2—n—o 2—n—o 2—n—k 3 tog; 18th row—k 3—p 1—k 2—p 1—k 2—p 1—k 2—p 1—k 2—p 1, rest plain; 19th row—k 6—o—n—o—n—k 2—o—n—o—n—k 3—o and n 4 times—k 7—o—n—o—n—k 2—o—n—o—n, rest plain; 20th row—bind off 13 and knit rest plain. This completes one scallop.—NORA LOREE, Fowlerville, Livingston Co., Mich.

Wheel Tidy.—Make a chain of 24 stitches; join this into a ring, on which work 12 loops in double crochet in every other stitch, with one chain between; in three or four places make two chain between to allow the circle to increase. Having done this, work 12 chain, turn; work 10 double loops in the chain, then loop in with one stitch of double crochet into the first division of the center, turn; chain, loop in with a double stitch in the seventh stitch of the last row, chain five, loop in with double stitch, leaving one between; chain five again and loop in the same way on the next stitch, turn; chain 9, loop in; chain five, loop in; chain 3 and work 10 double stitches; loop into the next division of the center, and continue to repeat these rows until there are 12 points in the star. When the 12 leaves are finished, work the cotton up the side and form another point, which completes the star. Make a sufficient number of these stars and unite them at every two points. Finish with a heavy fringe, knotted into each point of the stars all around the outside edge.—E.

Correspondence.

HOW TO MAKE HOME HAPPY.—If you have been an unusually ardent and devoted lover, paying marked attention to the wants and wishes of your affianced, deferring to her every opinion, closely observing her dress and frequently complimenting her upon her taste therein, lose no time after the "knot is tied" in adopting a careless and perfectly indifferent manner, devoid of all those little endearments and attentions that characterized your actions before. If you have talked or written very feelingly or enthusiastically about "perfect confidence being the corner-stone upon which is laid the foundation of all conjugal felicity," delay not in giving her to understand that there are many things which concern you alone which she is not to know. If she expresses any curiosity or interest in your correspondence tell her finally, and at once, that you have a correspondence, which she is not to see. It will serve to impress her with your superiority and independence, at the same time putting in practice the beautiful theory of mutual confidence of which you were so able and devoted an advocate. If she has studied your wishes, asked for your hat when you come to the house as in the halcyon days of yore, placed your easy chair and slippers and brought a cool drink of water, thank her in cold indifferent tones or remark that you have been accustomed to doing such things for yourself.

The table, too, is a good place to show your appreciation of your wife's kindness. If the meal is all that can be desired say not a word, but if there is a dish that does not exactly meet your approval don't fail to remark the fact. Then, too, you should strive to finish your breakfast about the time your wife gets through pouring your coffee, baking hot cakes and otherwise administering to your comfort; so that when she is ready to sit down you are ready to seize your hat and march off down town, for, surely, there is nothing more delightful than waiting on one's self and eating alone. If, as a rule, you find everything done for your convenience—warm water to bathe in, towels, soap, comb and brush ready to your hand, on no account utter a word of love or praise, or bestow a fond kiss; but if, in the course of human events, one of these things are omitted, be sure to say to your wife, as she hurries to supply the missing article, that she is very liable to forget.

If you have been away on a journey and your wife, in a tremor of delight at your safe return, rushes down to the gate to bid you welcome, feign not to see the proffered kiss, and when she anxiously asks if you are not glad to get back to her, say that you had a tedious trip, and of course you are glad to get home. If it occurs that she is away for an afternoon, and with tender heart and loving hands places your supper where it will be easiest for you to help yourself, mentally pitying you for having to eat alone without her cheerful presence and ever-watchful care, vowing that she will never again accept an invitation that does not include you, and when she comes home timidly enquires if you have missed her, laugh scornfully and say, "Missed you? Why no, I found plenty to eat, and that was all that was necessary." You will be amply repaid by the warm heart glow that suffuses her face, brightens her dear eyes and brings a glad smile to those erstwhile sweet lips. In short, strive in all ways and by all means to make her feel that she is in no way essential to your happiness, but on the contrary is very fortunate to be allowed to wait upon your lordship. If she asks you for five dollars to buy some necessary article of clothing, be sure you know just what it is, and as you ungraciously accede to her request remark that you had no idea she would be wanting money again so soon.

Now, if all these endeavors on your part fail to produce a contented loving wife and happy home, just proudly and in dignified silence accept the situation, feeling that you have made a grave mistake in choosing a (?) life companion. "Possess your soul in patience," and suffer on until you meet some younger and fairer one who is matrimonially inclined, and that grand and noble institution, the Divorce court, sets you free.—ONE OF THE HAPPY ONES, Lake City, Col., July 20, 1887.

CAKE BAKING.—I would like to give "Contented Sis." some hints on cake making. First, get every thing in order commencing with yourself, your hair, hands and finger nails; roll the sleeves up and put on a large clean apron. Clean the kitchen table of everything not needed and provide everything needed until the cake is baked. If in warm weather place the eggs in cold water, and let stand a few minutes, as they will make a finer froth. Fresh lard is much better to grease the tins with than butter. Sift flour or sugar (if not pulverized); if the butter is not very hard, warm carefully, but never allow any of it to melt. Good butter must be used. If you expect good results, always beat eggs separately, keeping the whites in a cool place till needed, then beat them vigorously in a cool room till they will remain in the dish when turned upside down. Sift a part of the measured flour with baking powder, or soda and cream tartar, through a hand-sieve (which every good housekeeper will have), then sift again with the rest of the flour. Sour milk makes a spongy, light cake; sweet milk, one that cuts like pound cake. Now we are ready to make the cake—beat the butter to a cream, add the sugar gradually, then the milk in small quantities, next the yolks of eggs, then a part of the flour, then a part of the whites, and so on till all are used. Lastly, add the flavoring. Never stir, but beat thoroughly, bringing the batter up from the bottom of the dish at every stroke; beat slower at the last. Use earthen or stoneware, and never tin. Cakes should be baked as soon as mixed.

For fruit cake I substitute ½ cupful of molasses for a wine cupful of brandy or wine, as it is against my principles to use either. To facilitate the operation of seeding raisins, pour boiling water on a few at a time. This will not injure the cake or fruit. To seed, clip with scissors or cut with a sharp knife; slice citrons thin; if too large they will cause the cake to break apart in cutting. To prepare currants, wash in warm water, rubbing well, pour off water and repeat till the water is clear; drain in a sieve, spread on a cloth and rub dry. Dry in a cool oven and set away for use. If only a few eggs are used it is just as well to beat together, putting in the fruit last dredged with a very little flour. All except layer cake should be covered with a paper cap when first put into the oven. Take a square of brown paper, cut off the corners and lay a plait on four sides and pin, this keeps it from touching the cake. The oven is oftener too hot than too cold. However, an oven too cold at first will ruin any cake. There is much more I might say as to the oven and fire, also about sponge cake, as there is no other kind of cake that so depends upon good care and judgment in baking as sponge-cake. But my article is too long already. I will willingly answer any questions sent to Box 84, Conrad Grove, Grundy county, Iowa.

Our correspondent will oblige the HOUSEHOLD by giving more such practical articles, not only upon cake-baking, but on other kinds of cooking.—ED.

LETTER IN BEHALF OF HIS SEX.—As I have been a reader of the BLADE for sometime and have never yet asked your indulgence perhaps you will be kind enough to listen to a few words from a western school teacher. I happen to be of that hard-hearted class of creatures commonly called men and perhaps some of our lady friends may prefer not to read my contribution on that account. "May Snow", for one seems to be a genuine "man-hater." Well, in behalf of my sex, I can only say we are of the masculine gender I know, but honestly we could not help it; besides every man living now and every one who ever has lived, except Adam, had a woman for a mother. My own mother was a woman and I am proud of it. I could not have been better satisfied in that respect had it been in my power to have chosen for myself. I have four sisters who are all women and I am proud of them too, but if they were all "men-haters" and continually throwing slurs at the opposite sex, I should consider them simple if not positively cranky. Men and women are so closely related that it is impossible for one to exist without the other; then tell me, pray, what is the use of narrow minded people of either sex trying to present the opposite sex in a false light?

Oh, noble woman, I honor and respect her! but that class of creatures known as men-haters I do not admire. They are society monstrosities, and if they have a hard, unhappy life to live, it is no more than they deserve. I have no sympathy to waste on them. I am a strong believer in "woman's rights." I believe we would all be better off if she could vote and hold office; yes, and "propose" too, if she wanted too, but she has no right to want to domineer over the men. Man and woman were created for each other, to sustain each other in all the trials of life. They can no more exist apart than air can exist without oxygen and nitrogen. But I have said enough for the present. If this escapes the waste basket perhaps I will write again some time. I think the BLADE the best paper I ever read and admire its noble fight for prohibition.—WESTERN SCHOOL MASTER.

A QUESTION.—Now that "Moss Rose" has told us how to "kill the baby," will she not kindly tell us how to raise him, as that is what we want to do. "Moss Rose" does not want him to have paregoric, soothing syrup, etc. Will she please tell me what shall be done for him when he gets colic so badly and screams until he is blue in his face? He is necessarily being raised by the bottle. "Moss Rose's" system of killing does not always hold out. I have a fine healthy boy of six years raised by the bottle, who got his milk fed to him cold, he got paregoric or soothing syrup sometimes he got trotted, tossed and rocked; and, yes the cradle had a good wide sweep also. He was not injured in the least by any of it. He is healthy, bright and intelligent, and can run or ride his velocipede as fast as most boys of his age.

"Moss Rose" quotes from the Bible about offending one of these little ones. Would it not be more humane to administer a dose of paregoric to a child when in pain, or when unable to sleep, than to allow it to suffer on?—MRS. M. L. BEIGGLE, Wellington, Kan.

Inquiries

Will some kind reader of the BLADE send for publication a temperance song called, "Little Pleader?" It begins: "Please, Mr. Barkeeper, has my father been here?"—A SUBSCRIBER.

Will some one come to my assistance and tell me what will take diamond dye stain off the white keys of my organ without injuring them? Also the proper pronunciation of Los Angeles?—KIT.

Will some one send me a recipe to remove tan? I have tried lemon-juice and lime-water without success.—A READER.

Will some member of the HOUSEHOLD kindly give directions for crocheting a cord out of Germantown?—READER.

Can any one tell me what will prevent dandruff from growing on baby's head?—MRS. M. L. B.

Have any of the sisters tried renovating faded back garments by the method that was given some six months ago, by rubbing the dye in, instead of dipping the garment, and if so, with what success? I have some garments, good but faded, but as I never colored any, am almost afraid to try it.

I would like to make a collection of different articles from all of the states, such as a bit of moss or a pressed flower, a pebble or a shell, something that is peculiar to the state from which it is sent. I know of no other way than by asking some of the sisters to help me, if they will. If any have a favor to aske in return that I can render them, I will gladly do so, and will return postage to all from whom I may receive specimens and address.—MRS. E. E. HANON, DuBois, Neb.

Is there some one in the HOUSEHOLD department that could tell me what to do in the followingcase: My daughter, 9 years of age, is afflicted in her left limb; the cord is contracted so that she steps upon tiptoe. It commenced two years ago by either wearing an ill-fitting shoe, or from some unknown cause. I have seen a doctor concerning her, but nothing seems to be done. I feel distracted about it. It needs something to relax the contraction of the cord. I would feel grateful for the knowledge of a successful remedy.—IDUMEN.

Can any reader of the HOUSEHOLD tell me of some sure cure for asthma? Something that I can use at home.—SUFFERER, Toledo, O.

Will some one that lives in Florida please send me their address, as I would like to get some of the beautiful grasses that grow there?—MRS. C. D. OLDS, Lawrence, Mich.

Will some reader of the HOUSEHOLD please tell me how to make the farmers' or agricultural wreath? Please send through the HOUSEHOLD or by letter.—MISS LILLIE CLODFELTER, Mills Prairie, Ed. Co., Ills.

Will some one please give directions for knitting a collar for a child? A good deal of open work with pretty scallops is preferred. Give number of thread in cotton and linen. I would like to have it soon.—JULIA JAYBIRD.

I come to ask if anyone knows where a widow and child could get a home. If so, please write to—M. C., Rock Wall, Tex.

Why did the ladies who offered, through the columns of the HOUSEHOLD, to find homes for girls in Colorado, not answer the letters written to them? I wanted to go there, and wrote a letter to the lady in West Cliff and one to Greeley, but did not receive any answers. I would have been willing to pay them something for their trouble, but, as they did not request it, I only put in a stamp for an answer.—MAC.

I would like to correspond with some farmer or carpenter that lives in the Willamette valley, in the state of Oregon.—GEO. E. MORRIS, Clearville, Bedford county, Pa.

Will some of the BLADE friends assist me by sending old S. S. papers, cards, etc., that they do not care to keep? If any S. S. will send me some S. S. books, testaments, etc., by express, to Cadillac, Mich., I will pay the express.—MRS. S. A. PHILP, Vogle Center, Missaukee county, Mich.

Will some one tell me through the BLADE how to make unfermented wine out of blackberries?—DUKE HENRY.

Do any of the sisters know black alder? I would like to have some of the berries. What is good for anal worms? To unknown lady who sent me large package of papers and magazines, would extend my most grateful thanks.—BEVERLY SHELEY, Jamestown, Ohio.

Would some kind reader tell me how to make my bangs wavy and fluffy as I do not want them frizzed? Also what will take out rust on a white dress?—IGNORANCE.

Answers to Inquiries.

It is useless to send to the BLADE any kind of inquiries, the answers to which would involve the mentioning of business firms anywhere, unless they are BLADE advertisers.—ED.

Will you be so kind as to give me the names of the different kinds of clouds and tell me, which denote rain and which dry weather? They are so beautiful here now, that I would like to study them?—BELLE W. HINEMANN.

In brief: The cumulus is the summer day cloud that looks like a mountain of snow. The stratus is the cloud of night and winter and lies in horrizontal lines or strata. It usually lies low, and in summer time vanishes with the return of day. The cirrus is feathery in form, or in long slender filaments that look fleecy and as if a breath would dissipate them. They lie at a great elevation, higher than any other. The nimbus is the storm cloud, from which the rain falls. It is formed by an intermixture of the others. These are the principal forms, but there are three intermediate ones proceeding from the three first: The cumolo-stratus made by a combination of the first two, and from which the nimbus directly comes; the cirro-stratus, a combination of second and third, lying in long parallel lines close together, in horizontal strata, or in a horrizontal sheet tapering toward the extremities. It indicates wind, rain or snow. Lastly the cirro-cumulus, made by the cirrus falling lower and breaking up into cumuli.—ED.

Ever since the editor's article on dress reform came out, I have been wondering if that make of dress could possibly be adopted by a person having a very large bust, which nothing but a corset will possibly hold up in proper position—not even a tight waist, as I know from experience. A flat breasted person, or one with a small bust would look very neat in such garments, but what is the other side to do?—ONE OF "THE OTHER SIDE."

Send to one of the firms advertised in "Dress" for a corset waist, or what Mrs. Annie Jenness Miller calls a Bosom Support. That will help you out of your trouble and enable you to do without corsets.—ED.

Would it be proper for a lady to talk to a gentleman (after being in his classes some time) without an introduction, or should she refuse to talk or answer a question?

Is it ever proper for a lady and gentleman to become acquainted without an introduction?

Should a lady take a gentleman's arm, or the gentleman take the lady's arm?

Should the gentleman, when he meets a lady, give the outside of the street?—A READER.

There would certainly be no objection to your talking to a gentleman under such circumstances, unless you are doubtful as to his reputation. No lady will *ever* refuse to answer a respectful question. If a lady and gentleman are thrown together, each knowing who the other is, an acquaintance may be formed without an introduction, but a young lady should be exceedingly circumspect in such matters.

It is considered better form for the lady to take the gentleman's arm.

The gentleman should give the lady the the inside of the street.

"A Reader" would do well to send $1 to the Locke Publishing Co., Toledo, O., and get "Social Etiquette," which treats of all these social matters.—ED.

"Lena Porter."—Turn your pots on their sides and slip a dish of burning tobacco under the plant and it will finish those lice. "Mrs. Gilderslen," pick and string your beans and put them up just as you would cucumbers for pickles, in brine. When wanted, soak over night in fresh water and cook same as fresh beans. If the lady who wanted directions for knitted Afghan, still wants them, she will receive knitted samples and full directions if she will send a self-addressed envelope to VIXEN, KNOX, IOWA.

Recipes.

Cure for Chicken Gaps.—Ten drops of oil of turpentine shaken up with a tablespoonful of sweet milk, will cure half a dozen chickens, each getting an equal part of it; or the same quantity mixed with flour or meal, and a small bolus forced down the throat of the chick will do the work promptly. The dose should be repeated several times, say morning, noon and night.—MAY.

Pineapple Salad.—To precede breakfast: Peel a fine pineapple, dig out all the eyes, then cut it away from the core downwards. [You may if you prefer tear it away with a fork.] Put the fruit in a chopping bowl and chop it small, put with it a cup of granulated sugar, lay both in a dish and leave on ice till you require it for table. Then form the chopped fruit into a mound and squeeze over it the juice of two fine oranges.

Another Way.—Pare the pineapple, cut it in slices, taking out the core with an apple corer, lay the slices in a dish, sprinkling thickly with sugar, pour over them a gill of sugar syrup in which the juice of two oranges has been squeezed. Or in place of orange juice a large tablespoonful of brandy or Jamaica rum may be added to the syrup. In this case the salad, when ice cold, is to be served at the beginning of dinner, and is very much used just now in that way.

For Inflamed or Granulated Sore Eyes.—First, take equal parts of the following ingredients: Sulphate of zinc; sugar of lead; white vitriol and gunpowder; 2 teaspoonfuls of each kind, to 1 pt. of rain water; shake well and let stand for two or three days, then it is ready for use. Drop a few drops in palm of hand or in a spoon and bathe the eye with forefinger; never wash the eye by wetting finger on bottle. If so, it will inflame the whole bottle of eye-wash and make the eyes worse instead of better. Label the bottle "Poison." Will those asking try this wash and report through the BLADE? If wash is too strong dilute with rain water. Use carefully at first.

Raspberry Salad.—To a quart of ripe raspberries you need half a pint of red currant juice and a gill of clear syrup, made by dissolving a gill of sugar in a saucepan with a tablespoonful of hot water; when melted add the currant juice; when cold pour this all over the raspberries and set on ice till morning.

A Hint to Henry George & Co.

The great trouble with some people is that their upper and lower lips are strangers to each other.—*Puck.*

Our Young Folks.

BLADE TEMPERANCE LEGION.

MOTTO: "Of Ourselves We Will be Masters."

Pledge:

We do hereby promise ourselves that, from this time until we are 21 years old, we will not taste intoxicating liquors of any kind, and that we will exert all our influence to prevent their use by others. Witness our names:

TEMPLE, ME.
Lilla E Searles
Addie L Cutler
Lilla B Thurston
Carrie A Sargent
F B Woodbury
Ed M Kennison
Ella G Mower
Blanche L Staples
Frank A Derby
Geo L Derby
Mabel A Sampson
Estelle E Russell
Mertie M Russell
Annie L Welch
Albert S Mitchell
Laura E Smith
Cora A Smith
Walter H Smith
Emmous L Smith
E H Hodgkins
Mark N Savage
Lester L Savage
Geo L Morrill
Arthur Morrill
Sadie E Mace
Chas S Russell
Edmund R Smith
Lizzie J Hawes
Fred M Dunsmoor
Joel A Brooks
Edwin I Hodgkins
Ida L Tripp
Allen W Perkins
Herbert L Staples
Nellie Dunsmoor
A J Dunsmoor
Mabel O Chandler
Mary E Ranger
Andr'w Chandler
Roscoe Chandler
Georgie Locklin
Ella L Farmer
Francis M Fulsom
Abbie Locklin
Eddie A Roys
Lincoln Roys
Ozro J Roys
Herbert L Staples
Frederic N Staples
Angie M Staples
Willie Dunsmoor
Hartie Ranger
Carroll Whitney
Lily Welch
Etta Hawes
Walter H Perkins
Lilla F Merrill
Ernie H Edes
Charlie E Edes
Lizzie A L Crosby
Belle L Chandler
A H Chandler
Ida M Humphrey
Eva Grace Coburn
Aura E Viles
Florence Coburn
Pearl Jenkins
Edwin K Welch
Ada M Jenkins
JERICHO, MO.
Marvin Mitchell
Bertie Laing
Arthur Reynolds
Frankie Phelps
Harvey Ashford
Harry Watson
BOSCOBEL, WIS.
Fred A Ricks
Leta L Rice
Albert R Rice
Geo W Rice
KEYSTONE, IA.
Payson A Snow
Helen A Snow
Corwin R Snow, jr
KENTON, O.
Maggie Hastings
Laura Reed
Hattie Wetherill
Maggie Lehew
Edith Hastings
Birdie Fogle
Dessie Lehew
Lily Wetherill
Bertha Hastings
Alice Wetherill
Flora Thompson
Ida Hastings
Idella Amwege
Willie Pfeiffer
Jas Hastings
Willie Burnside
Howard Hastings
Dennis Wetherill
Lewis Lehew
Carl Latham
DIX, ILL.
Walter Goram
Marshall Davis
Willie Aldridge
Burrell Bruce
Mamie Bruce
Ella Maxfield
Hattie Maxfield
Willie Maxfield
Chas Creel
Annie Creel
Geo Thompson
Henry Thompson
Myrtie Thompson
Elmer Easley
Annie Holt
Geo Rice
Geo Fike
Minnie Cobb
Mary Rice
Met Free

Names this week, 122. Total, 20,144.

The above embraces all names received up to July 28.

MOTHER'S GIRL.

She sits securely by my side,
My bonny little lass.
The world is cold, the world is wide,
I let the cold world pass;
With Mary smiling up at me
I care not what the world may be.

She looks into my faded face,
My bonny little lass,
But does she see the wrinkled place
Where Time's rough footsteps pass;
She measures me by love's own rule,
And thinks "mamma is beautiful."

She asks me many curious things,
My bonny little lass;
"Be angels shaking out their wings?"
She says when snow showers pass.
I kiss her happy face and say,
"Angels have surely passed this way."

She looks at me with serious eyes,
My bonny little lass;
Right up to mine the sweet thoughts rise,
That through her lashes pass.
She pats my cheek, with smile and nod,
And softly ask, "Does you know God?"

And though I cannot answer her,
My bonny little lass,
Queer little questions quaintly stir
The rippling words that pass:
"Is God a Quaker? 'cause you know,
He thee's and thou's the verses so."

She holds her head against my heart,
My bonny little lass;
Her eyelids drop, her tired lips rest,
Her thoughts to dreamland pass;
While bending down to kiss that curl,
I hear her whisper, "Mother's girl!"
—*Julia H. May, in Good Housekeeping.*

THE ELDER SISTER.

BY REBECCA HARDING DAVIS.

One of the most vivid remembrances of my school-days is of the picnic in the Hemlock Ravine. An occurrence connected with it fixed it indelibly in my memory.

It was Mrs. Estey who planned this picnic. She was a gay young widow, who spent her summers in our little mountain village, and who had not much to do, except to invent schemes of amusement and to carry out her pleasant social plans. The picnic was to close and surpass all the public pleasures of the season; for October had come, and the wind was growing chilly, and the trees were turning red and brown.

There were not more than a dozen young people in the village, and Mrs. Estey had taken me and my bosom friend, Netty Thurston, into "society," as she called it, though we were still at school.

On the evening before the picnic I went over to Netty's to tea, as usual, to discuss the affair. I found the family at the tea-table.

What a pleasant room it was! The low French windows opened on the porch covered with jasmine, and beyond, the lawn, with its clumps of trees and roses, sloped down to the woods. Inside a wood fire burned on the hearth, for the evening was cool, and an Argand lamp lighted the pretty table, with its silver and delicate china. To this day, when I think of a cosey, happy home, I see that breakfast-room of the old Thurston house.

That evening Judge Thurston and his wife, their daughter Ellinor, Netty, and two or three of Netty's friends were at the table. The judge was very deaf, and Mrs. Thurston was always wrapped in her own thoughts. Miss Ellinor was quiet, as usual; so we girls had all the conversation to ourselves, and that, of course, seemed to us the suitable order of things.

Lou Heriot was delighted with Mrs. Estey's arrangements. "She has secured six boats, and we are to row up the river six miles, until we reach the Hemlock Ravine. My sister was there once. She says it used to be the favorite resort of the young people of the last generation, and that it is the wildest, lovliest spot in the world. We can stay together, or wander off if we choose. We shall come home by moonlight."

"Oh, delicious," cried Netty, clapping her hands. "It will be a day in Paradise."

Lou glanced at me, and laughed. We fancied that Netty's Paradise would consist in flirting with Sam Farley. Even I, though I was not 15, was to have a "beau" provided for me by that most considerate of chaperons, Mrs. Estey. I secretly wondered what stately Mrs. Thurston would say if she guessed our proceedings.

"Ellinor," said Netty, turning to her sister, "will you see that my lunch is put up? And just look over my blue merino, please; I think the gathers are ripped."

Miss Ellinor smiled and nodded. Most of Netty's friends considered her sister "too sweet for anything," because she was so ready to take all that young lady's burdens on her shoulders. If anything could have atoned in our eyes for the misery and disgrace of being an "old maid," it was the gentle unselfishness of Ellinor Thurston. She was a woman of 30, and, as my maturer judgement now tells me, of a rare and fine type of beauty, very different from Netty's fat, high-colored charms; but an "old maid" was, in our opinion, an object of sympathy and charity in any family.

Mrs. Thurston, to our surprise, had heard Netty's orders, and said, quietly, "You are quite old enough, Henrietta, to attend to your own luncheon and clothes. I wish you, Ellinor, to rest this evening, if you are going to Hemlock Ravine to-morrow."

"Going! To Hemlock Ravine," gasped Netty. "Are you going to the picnic?"

The other girls said nothing, but we listened, aghast, for the answer.

"I was invited, Netty," said Ellinor, gently. "I have not gone anywhere for a year or two, as you know; but I thought I should like to go to the ravine once more—for certain reasons."

Her voice, always low and soft, trembled, as if the tears were not far off. If I had not been so angry, I should have been touched.

Netty made no reply, but she shrugged her shoulders contemptuously, and began to eat her supper with ominous haste. I saw that she was in a passion. Here certainly, was an end of any flirtation with Sam Farley.

"I shall not interfere with you young people," said Ellinor, smiling patiently. "Dr. Scudder will row me up the river, and there are some places that I should like to see again. I will be one of the party that will 'wander off by themselves,'" trying to jest.

"Oh, you can go if you like, and do what you like when you are there," said Netty, with a toss of her head.

"Henrietta!" said her mother, in a low voice.

Netty rose from the table, and rushed up to her own room. We soon followed her.

"The old thing," she broke out. "What has she to do in society? When women get to that age, they ought to know that their room is better than their company."

"They lag superfluous on the stage,'" said Lou Heriot, who always had a quotation ready to fling at you. "No Sam Farley for you to morrow, Netty. No beaux for any of us. We'll have to 'remember that we are little girls,' as my mother says, and behave like the lambs from the primary schools."

"Oh, for goodness' sake, hush, Lou Heriot! There never was a girl that talked as much and said as little. I want to think what is to be done."

"Perhaps," I ventured, "Miss Ellinor may not be able to go. She has not looked well for a long time."

"She's always moping," said Netty.

Now Netty usually appeared very fond of her sister, who had made a pet and baby of her all of her life. This was the first time that she had interfered with her pleasure, and Netty nursed in selfishness, found her affection vanish. We went home, leaving her sulking and sullen.

The next morning, however, when the little party gathered on the pier to start, Netty's pink cheeks and bright eyes were radiant.

It was a warm October morning, with that golden haze in the air which makes the commonest objects look like parts of a beautiful dream. The broad, glimmering river flowed slowly by; the boats were gathered about the pier which were to take us up to the hills that towered dim and mysterious in the distance. Mrs. Estey and part of the gay crowd were embarked, when Judge Thurston's carriage drove down to the pier, and Miss Ellinor, very pale, but smiling, alighted. Dr. Scudder hurried up to receive her. He was the chief physician in the village, and an old, trusted friend in the Thurston family.

"It was kind in you to give me this great pleasure," I heard her say to him.

"Look!" whispered Netty; "father and mother had to come down to see her off! They make an idol of her. It is perfectly ridiculous! They are going with her to New York to-morrow. It is three years since *I* was in New York. Hurry! hurry! Do get aboard, all of you!"

There were two boats yet at the pier, a large one into which Lou, Netty, and I, with our chaperon and the two rowers were soon seated. The other was the Dart, a small bateau belonging to Dr. Scudder. It was usually anchored out of sight at the end of the pier. Just as we pushed off the doctor gave orders to have it brought round for Miss Ellinor. A cry of dismay rose from the crowd of boys on the pier. The pretty little Dart, which everybody knew, with its scarlet and black bands, was lying on the shore covered with mud.

"What is the matter?" said the doctor, angrily, "she was clean and dry last night."

Our rowers stopped to see the end of the affair. I noticed that Netty ordered them, impatiently, to go on, and that Jim Stryper, a "river-rat," slunk to the back of the crowd.

The Dart was examined by Dr. Scudder. He found that two large holes had been broken in her hull.

"She is useless," said the doctor, quietly; "whoever did it made thorough work of it. Is there no other boat that I can hire for the day?"

"There is not a boat left; the picknickers have taken them all," the boy assured him.

"Go on! go on!" whispered Netty; "there is no room for them here."

Our boat shot into the middle of the stream, but not before we heard the doctor say, "I would not have you lose this day for my year's income, Ellinor. I will find out who did it and punish them to the extent of the law."

"No, do not," she said earnestly. "Let it go; it matters little, after all." I fancied that her eyes followed Netty with a sad reproach as we rowed away.

"You should not have done that," I said to her.

She laughed uneasily.

"I? I did nothing. It was Jim Stryper; but it cost all my month's allowance. Jim charges high."

It was a successful picnic. The salad was delicious, the scenery was beautiful; the "beaux" attentive; but I had a guilty, uncomfortable feeling in my heart all day. Netty talked and laughed loudly. It seemed to me that she was trying to deaden some inward pain.

It was late when we came home, tired and sleepy. I walked up the street with her.

"How dark the house is," she said. "Come in with me a minute, Kitty."

A dim lamp was burning in the hall. Mrs. Stone, Judge Thurston's sister, came out to meet us.

"You here, Aunt Mary!" cried Netty. "What is the matter?"

"Nothing, my dear; but your father and mother took Ellinor to New York to-day, as she could not go up the river. Dr. Scudder went with them. I am to stay with you until they return."

"Dr. Scudder went with them! What for Is"—

"I may as well tell you, Nettie; I think you should have been told before, but Ellinor wished to spare you. She has a disease for which the only cure is an operation. They have gone to a surgeon in New York to perform it."

"I never knew—"

"No, Ellinor complained very little; but that is the reason why she did not marry. Surely you know? She was engaged for years to a man whom she loved very dearly. She wanted to go up the river to-day, they told me. She had passed so many happy days with him there when she was younger, and she had a kind of homesickness to look at the place once again and to say good-by to it; but something prevented her."

Netty started up and began to pace up and down the hall without a word.

Mrs. Stone was crying softly.

"She thinks," she went, "that she never will come back."

"Never—come back! Why, you said the operation would cure her! Not come back! My Ellinor!"

"I said the operation was the only hope of cure. But the danger is that she may not live through it."

Netty came up to Mrs. Stone. Her face had grown old and pinched in those few minutes.

"Tell me the truth! What is the chance that she will live?"

"Control yourself, Netty. Ellinor has been bearing this terrible suffering for years; she is weakened by it. Dr. Scudder told me that there was scarcely a hope that she would survive the operation."

Netty turned and ran to her own room and locked the door. The cry she gave when she was alone rang in my ears as I crept home.

Two days afterward the operation took place. The village that day was very quiet. Even the children knew that Miss Ellinor was making the last effort for life. She was very dear to us all; we never had known how dear until then. Her mother wrote at noon: "Before the surgeons came into the room, she bade us farewell, and said, 'Kiss Netty for me, and tell her how dearly I love her.' In an hour we shall know the result."

The whole village waited. A messenger from every house was at the telegraph office. I think we all prayed for her that day.

In the evening the dispatch came from Dr. Scudder: "It is all over; she is at rest."

From the night when I left her alone in her room I had not dared to go near Netty.

But the day of the funeral I went up with some flowers which I had gone up the river to gather, in the foolish fancy that the dead girl might know whence they came and be pleased, and while I was laying them on her breast Netty came into the room and stood beside me. She did not shed a tear, but the change in her face terrified me.

"That is Ellinor," she said, "who petted me from the time I was a baby. She might have had one happy day before her death, but I deprived her of it."

I could say nothing. It seemed to me as if the living girl as well as the dead one was before God in judgment.

Her whole nature was changed by that blow. She became as gentle and unselfish a woman as her sister had been. She said to me once, when both our heads were growing gray, "I shall not be happy in heaven until I find Ellinor and know that she has forgiven me."—*Youth's Companion.*

THE GOLDEN-WINGED WOODPECKER.

One of the most beautiful and most abundant birds, the "yellow-hammer," or Golden-Winged Woodpecker, is found with us of the Middle States almost the whole year round. In Connecticut and Southern New York, we have seen it every month in the year, although it is unusual to find it earlier than April or later than November.

The courtship of the golden winged woodpecker is very amusing. The ardent male pursues the female through the forest, and alighting on the branch near her, moves backward and forward before her with most grotesque bowings, uttering all the while his shrill cackling notes which Audubon compares to "a prolonged and jovial laugh, heard at a considerable distance, and which may be fairly represented by the syllables whit-too, whit-too, whit-too rapidly repeated many times."

The golden winged woodpecker builds its nest in a hole, dug usually in a dead tree, sometimes quite high up from the ground, and at other so low down that one can reach it with the hand. On the chips which form the floor of this hole, the eggs are laid. These are about the size of a pigeon's egg, and are pure white and beautifully smooth and glossy; the shells are so translucent that sometimes, when fresh, the color of the yolk shows through, giving the eggs a beautiful creamy tinge. Just how many eggs the "high-hole" lays is not certain, but we are sure that they are far more numerous than those of most wild birds.

When the young ones are pretty well grown they often scramble up to the mouth of the hole and even out on the tree and the branches near at hand. From these perches they watch for the approach of their parents as they return with food, saluting them, as they draw near, with shrill cries of welcome and entreaty.—*Audubon Magazine.*

When the Millenium Arrives.

Mrs. Mary A. Livermore says there are 127 occupatoin now open to women. By-and-by the men won't have to work at all.—*Tid-Bits.*

The Sunday School.

The Beatitudes.

LESSON 7, SUNDAY, AUGUST 14, 1887.

Golden Text—Grace and truth came by Jesus Christ—John 1:17.

LESSON TEXT.

(Matt. 5:1-16. Memory verses, 3-11.)

1. And seeing the multitudes, he went up into a mountain; and when he was set, his disciples came unto him.
2. And he opened his mouth, and taught them, saying,
3. Blessed are the poor in spirit; for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.
4. Blessed are they that mourn: for they shall be comforted.
5. Blessed are the meek: for they shall inherit the earth.
6. Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness: for they shall be filled.
7. Blessed are the merciful; for they shall obtain mercy.
8. Blessed are the pure in heart; for they shall see God.
9. Blessed are the peacemakers; for they shall be called the children of God.
10. Blessed are they which are persecuted for righteousness' sake; for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.
11. Blessed are ye, when men shall revile you, and persecute you, and shall say all manner of evil against you falsely, for my sake.
12. Rejoice, and be exceeding glad; for great is your reward in heaven; for so persecuted they the prophets which were before you.
13. Ye are the salt of the earth; but if the salt have lost its savour, wherewith shall it be salted? it is thenceforth good for nothing, but to be cast out, and to be trodden under foot of men.
14. Ye are the light of the world. A city that is set on a hill cannot be hid.
15. Neither do men light a candle, and put it under a bushel, but on a candlestick; and it giveth light unto all that are in the house.
16. Let your light so shine before men, that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father which is in heaven.

ILLUSTRATIVE APPLICATIONS.

His disciples came unto him:....he.... taught them (vs. 1, 2.) A "disciple" is a scholar. That is just what the word means. A scholar is one who is ready to learn. Men who know more than anybody else about a certain subject, are called "scholars" in that department of knowledge. This is because, the more a man knows, the more he wants to know; and commonly the readier he is to learn. Jesus called men to be his disciples—his scholars. His disciples were afterwards called "Christians." Every true Christian is therefore primarily a scholar. His teacher is Jesus. It is the duty of every Christian to go to Jesus to learn what Jesus would have him know. The church of Christ is the school of Christians. To join the church is to come in as a learner. Not those who think they know all about it, but those who are ready to learn all about it, and to do just as the great Teacher tells them, are fit to come into the church. And when learners come to Jesus to be taught, he teaches them. He never fails to give them the lessons they need. He has many ways of teaching; sometimes by refusing what is asked of him; sometimes by disappointing the expectations of those who look to him; sometimes by giving joy, and sometimes by permitting sorrow; but in one way or another the needed lessons come to every willing learner.

Blessed are they that mourn: for they shall be comforted (v. 4.) One who has never mourned does not know the value of comfort, or the worth of a comforter. There is no such happiness possible to one who has lived without the teachings of sorrow, as to one who has been softened and refined by grief, and been helped and cheered by loving sympathy in the hour of need. You can tell at once by hearing a preacher, or by reading the writings of an author, whether or not he has suffered and mourned. If he is without the experience of grief, he lacks the power to reach your inmost heart, if you have mourned. The highest friendship would be impossible to one who had not sorrowed. There is no such thing as giving comfort or receiving comfort, as proving a comforter or as appreciating a comforter, except through grief and its needs. Just as surely as the burst of the storm-cloud is essential to the purification of the burdened air of the summer's day, and as the fire and the hammer are indispensable to the refining and working of gold into a thing of beauty, is the power of sorrow a necessity to one who is to be conformed unto the image of Him who was made perfect through sufferings."

Blessed are they that hunger and thirst after righteousness; for they shall be filled (v. 6.) People would not seek after that which they do not want. They will not make any effort to obtain that for which they have no longing. But when they do want a thing, they will seek it; and just in proportion as a craving for it fills their hearts and minds, will they struggle for its possession. There is force in a strong desire. It makes men risk their health and lives and salvation—for money, or for fame, or for power, or for love, when that is what they are after. It makes them ready to deny themselves; to give up sleep and food and home and friends and ease and security, in the hope of the gain they seek. And in the end such longing is likely to bring to men that which they strive for. Peculiarly is it true that believers in Jesus have holiness and nearness to God in proportion as these are the supreme objects of their heart's desire. It is God's word to all of his children everywhere: "Ye shall seek me, and find me, when ye shall search for me with all your heart."

Blessed are ye when men shall reproach you, and say all manner of evil against you falsely, for my sake (v. 11.) It is only when we are reproached for Christ's sake that we have any right to enjoy it, or to think it brings a blessing. A great many of us are reproached on our own account, and to those who know us, this doesn't seem very strange. Even though all manner of evil should be spoken against us "falsely" because of personal hostility to us and our ways, or because of pure maliciousness on the part of slanderers, it does not follow that we shall have a blessing through being abused. It is when our devotion to Christ is made an object of reproach; when our faith in him in matters of daily life is sneered at or misrepresented; when our readiness to give of our substance with the utmost freedom at his call is called folly or sin; when our separateness from the world is denounced as bigotry; when our adherence to the demands of our conscience at great cost and at every risk loses us employment, or friendship, or respect,—then it is that we claim the blessing; and then it is that it will hold good to us in its literalness.

Ye are the salt of the earth (v. 13.) The chief value of salt is not while it is heaped in the bin, but when it is scattered in with that which would go to corruption without it. Because salt has a preserving power, there must be something that needs preserving, to bring out the value of the salt. Why, then, should Christians wonder that the Lord puts them in uncongenial surroundings? What if you do find yourself almost alone in a neighborhood of evil-does, with no way of getting elsewhere? You may furnish just enough of salt to save that place from a moral pestilence. What if your church or Sunday school is about dead? Rejoice that you can keep it from being a stench in the nostrils of the community. What if your father or brother, or even your husband seems a reprobate, making life a cheerless drag to you? What would that home be without the salt which your presence adds to it? So long as Christians are the salt of the earth, they must never be surprised at finding themselves in thin layers between masses of perishable and unsavory material.

That they may see your good works and glorify your father which is in heaven (v. 16.) It is one thing to do well in the hope of getting credit for it. It is quite another thing to do well without any hope of credit. One of the hardest things in the world is to make sacrifices, and endure trial for a good cause, knowing all the while that the credit of it is to be taken by another. Yet this is the test of unselfishness. A true friend does not ask to reap the benefits of friendship—except as he rejoices in the happiness of his friend. He must be ready to make unsuspected endeavors to bring about good to his friend, at severest cost to himself, or his friendship is not the truest and highest that could be. Not his comfort and advantage, but his friend's, must be the object of all his loving service. And it is often essential to a friend's comfort that the cost of that comfort shall never be known. Why, then, should one who would be the friend of God insist on having credit for that which is done for God? What if no one suspects your part in the conversion of a soul, in the improvement of a Sunday school, in the quickening of life in a church in the promotion of reforms in a community? If your good works are seen, without your connection of them being understood, you have no cause for repining, if only your Father's name be honored.—*H. Clay Trumbull, in Sunday School Times.*

American Battles.

The number of battles in which the people of the United States have been engaged as colonists as a nation, are: French and Indian, 18; Old War for Independence, 54; Second War for Independence, 68; War against Mexico, 21, and the Civil War, 107.

—The common mistake in dealing with Malaria is to treat symptoms. The poison may be in the system in large amount without chills and fever. The evidence of its presence may be disordered liver, or stomach, or both; with headache, backache, &c. To get rid of all the trouble at once, take a few doses of Shallenberger's Antidote for Malaria. It cures all the symptoms by destroying the *cause*. Sold by druggists.

FULL WEIGHT PURE DR PRICE'S CREAM BAKING POWDER SOLD ONLY IN CANS

DR. PRICE'S SPECIAL FLAVORING EXTRACTS NATURAL FRUIT FLAVORS

MOST PERFECT MADE

Used by the United States Government. Endorsed by the heads of the Great Universities and Public Food Analysts as The Strongest, Purest, and most Healthful. Dr. Price's the only Baking Powder that does not contain Ammonia, Lime or Alum. Dr. Price's Extracts, Vanilla, Lemon, Orange, Almond, etc., flavor deliciously.
PRICE BAKING POWDER CO.

AGENTS We get hold of something new every day. You can register your name with us for 10 cents silver, and receive samples, catalogues and circulars of the fastest selling articles on the market, for one year. Address Acme Novelty Agency, Drawer, 249, Buffalo, N. Y.

THE BLUSHING BRIDE

Who is to be Taken Unto Himself by the Chinese Emperor.

At exactly midnight the bride is escorted with much ceremony from her house to the dragon car, which she enters. She is completely muffled from sight in elaborate bridal robes, and the car is closed on all sides. Over the car is held the imperial umbrella, and close beside the body of men carrying the bride walks a figure carrying a burning joss-stock. Immediately in front are borne the golden tablet, the sceptre and seal. The procession is formed half in front and half in the rear of the dragon car and its escorts. Heading the procession are the Mongol princes and chiefs in extra good costume, on pure white horses, which are nearly covered with gold and yellow trappings. Next come persons bearing banners, tall triple umbrellas and fans of the most elaborate colors and patters, prominently embroidered on which are dragons and phœnices. Following these are 200 lantern-bearers, the lanterns being covered with characters representing happiness. Then come the bridal car and attendants. The remainder of the procession is largely made up of soldiery, the end of the line consisting of a troop of cavalry.

When the bride has been carried through the "Great Pure Gate" or "Gate of the Dynasty" and other gates and portals of the palace, she reaches the central court which leads to the throne room. A herald then makes this proclamation: "The orders of his sacred Majesty, the Emperor, are fulfilled." The emperor then appears and receives the bride. In each of the bride's hands are placed uncoined pieces of gold and silver, and her arms are crossed on her breast. Then she is made to support a vase containing wheat, maize, rice, emeralds, sapphires, rubies and other particles to symbolize all that the earth produces. Then she steps from the car upon a small golden saddle, and in this manner enters the palace as its chosen empress.

The dragon is the symbol of the Emperor and the phœnix that of the Empress, and from this the whole ceremony is called officially "The Union of the Dragon and the Phœnix." The word "dragon" is linked to almost everything connected with the emperor. The imperial canopy which is held over the bridal car is a triple one, and represents an immense yellow dragon, and the dragon car in which she rides is covered with yellow silk, with a golden, crown-like top and ornamented with a dragon and the phœnix. The "phœnix and dragon couch" has on each corner long pieces of white jade of great value and supposed to be talismans of magic and mystic power. They are called "Shu-i" or "Heart's Delight," from their power of conferring happiness and joy. The two vessels which hold the wine that bride and groom drink are of gold, and are called dragon flagons.

The wedding ceremonies and festivities at the palace continue five days. Immediately upon the brides arrival she and the emperor drink a cup of wine together, exchanging cups while drinking. In sitting down for the first time togethdr each tries to sit on the other's robes, the omen being that the one who is successful in this has the upper hand through life. After the wine-drinking they together worship heaven and earth and their ancestors. Then they join the wedding feast with their relatives.

On the morning following the ceremony of arranging the bride's hair in the manner in which it is worn by married women takes place. It consists in removing the hair on the temples so as to make the brow have very sharp corners on the top. The hair is also plaited in a particular manner and made to project out in a peculiar way by means of golden skewers. On the third day the bride and groom appear in most gorgeous costumes, which are called the Dragon and Phœnix robes. These are literally covered with pearls and all kinds of precious stones, and those worn by the young Emperor Tungchi and his bride cost, it is stated, $900,000. On this day the emperor holds court, receiving the princess and high officials and their congratulations, and making this announcement to the foreign ministers.

"We, having with pious veneration succeeded to the vast dominion founded by Our ancestors and enjoyed in its fulness the glorious lot to which We have been destined, have chosen one virtuous and modest to be the mistress of Our imperial home."

Following this are the name of the bride, who she is and the date of the wedding, and at the end are the words: "This from the emperor."

Elaborate music is played by the imperial band throughout the ceremonies. When the permission is first formally read to the emperor it plays "The Emperor Triumphs;" on the wedding day, when he appears in his robes of state, the tune is, "The Conqueror Comes;" when the procession goes to get the bride the bands plays, "We Come for the Phœnix," and at the conclusion of the ceremonies the musical piece is entitled "Perfect Peace."

The annual income of the young Emperor is variously estimated at from $50,000,000 to $70,000,000.—*New York Mail and Express.*

BEAUTIFUL WOMEN

are made pallid and unattractive by functional irregularities, which Dr. Pierce's "Favorite Prescription" will infallibly cure. Thousands of testimonials. By druggists.

Seaside Gossip.

At Cape May hotels they are not yet turning people away.

Some Asbury belles who play ten pins show muscles of pugilistic size.

Walter Lenox, the actor, is summering at North Asbury Park with his family.

Mosquitoes are making life unhappy for people at some of the Jersey coast resorts.

There is an impression that the Long Branch authorities are friendly to the gamblers.

Nantucket appeals to families who want $50 worth of rooms and board for a dollar a day.

Congressman Butterworth, of Ohio, is a new comer at the Hotel Brunswick at Asbury Park.

At Bar Harbor the hotel and cottage people are said to refrain from speaking as they pass by.

Thieves have got to work at Asbury Park, notwithstanding the hymn singing going on at the next resort.

Just now there is more democracy than style at Atlantic City, but just as much money coming in.

The "showiest" seaside homes in the world are those from the West End, Long End, to Elberon.

The *Mail and Express* says: "To see the most rapid women of the period, one should purchase a ticket for Narragansett."

Sir George Pullman has returned from the Queen's Jubilee and is at his Ocean avenue cottage, at Long Branch, with his family.

Short Hand revolutionized. Taught by mail. Mastered in two months. Write for specimens, &c. W. O. Melton, St. Louis, Mo.

Waste Not, Want Not.

An authority on canned goods reveals the interesting fact that most of the jellies in the market are made of apple parings and cores. Sometimes the stock is kept so long that it will not make jelly; then they make strained honey out of it.

25 CTS PISO'S CURE FOR CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes good. Use in time. Sold by druggists. CONSUMPTION 25 CTS

The Farm.

Information Wanted.

H. M., Aurora, Ark.: Your colt, two months old, is suffering from umbilical hernia, from which it should recover. The proper way would have been to lay the colt on its back, grease the part well with sheep's tallow, and gently reduce the hernia by pushing it back. Then put on a piece of soft leather, and over this a bandage over the back, and a bridle, as given in this department not long since. You have, however, taken a good course, and if you keep the compress on for a proper period, we are sure your colt will come out all right, if the compress was properly applied. Umbilical hernia is rupture through the opening through which passed the cords during foetel life, and which never has closed.—The cause of blind staggers is feeding on unwholesome food, poisoning of different kinds, blows on the head, driving animals too much that are fat, tight collar, overloading the stomach with food that is not easily digested, exposure to the rays of the sun, etc., causing congestion or overfulness of the blood-vessels of the brain. In the first stages, if the pulse is full, four quarts of blood should be taken from the jugular vein. If the pulse is feeble, no blood should be drawn. In any case, give a quick purge as powdered aloes, six drams; calomel, one drachm. Keep the animal quiet in a darkened stall. Give plenty of water, but no food. If the purge does not work, it must be repeated on the third day. Apply this cooling lotion to the head: Common salt, saltpetre and sal ammoniac, of each four ounces. Mix in a gallon of water. The fever may be reduced by giving powdered digitalis, one drachm; saltpetre, two drachms Mix and give in a ball three times a day. If palsy of the limbs remains, give doses of three grains of strychnine for three days and four doses of four grains for five days.

T. B. Sibley, California: For the wrenched ankle of your horse, bathe well with strong vinegar, one pint; common salt, one handful; water, one pint. Wrap with flannel. This may of itself have a good effect, but it may be necessary to go yet farther. If so, take of iodine, one-fourth ounce; glycerine, one ounce; mercurial ointment, one ounce; olive oil, three ounces. Apply this around the pastern joint and along the tendon the inside of the leg for about six inches. If there is any considerable irritation do not apply the ointment for two or three days after the ointment shows its effects and rub the part with unsalted lard. Then apply the ointment again. The leg from the coronet up for six or seven inches should be bandaged after you have ceased to use the ointment. This should be kept on for two weeks. When using the ointment put it on in the evening, and wash it off next morning with soapsuds water, warm.

J. C. J., Gardiner, Maine:—Shoe boils are generally caused by interference of the shoe while the horse is in the act of lying down. To prevent this, a boot should be applied to the leg. This boot may be made of either cloth or leather, and may be fitted on with straps and buckles. It should be about six inches leng, sufficiently wide to fit one-third way around the leg, on the inside to drop down over the point affected. It should be wider at the bottom then at the top. Careful shoeing is necessary. The inside of the hoof should be strong, and the outside pared so as to throw the center of gravity in a new line. If their is any liquid in the boils, tap them, and foment the part with warm or cold water, and apply this: Muriate of ammonia, one ounce; nitrate of potash, one ounce; water, one quart. Mix and apply three times a day.

J. F. Hoover, Indiana: To prevent a cow from sucking herself, put a strap around back of her shoulders, and another in front of them, on the sides of the strap in front put a ring. Then run a strap fastened on each side of the strap behind the shoulders through the rings in front, up to a bridle on the head. This bridle is made with or without a bit. A noose fits over the nose well back, so that the cow may eat at will, with a strap running from it back around the ears. The straps from back of the shoulders run along out to the strap around the ears. Thus you will see that the cow cannot get at her teats. Another way is to have a strap around the cow, back of the shoulders, on the bottom of which is a ring. From this ring a short strap is dropped with another ring in it. To this is attached a stick, say an inch and a half broad and one inch wide, running out between the fore legs. On the head of the cow is a bridle, as heretofore described to the under part of the noose of which is a ring. From this ring a strap is dropped a convenient distance to reach the stick running out from the cow's legs. This is attached by a ring, and the sucking days of the cow are over The old way was to put a noose around the cow's nose, with nails in it, but some cows will suck themselves with this attachment.

H. C. L., Winchester, Mo. —For the retention of urine in your steer, give injections by the rectum of hot water and belladonna—a quart of water to three drachms of fluid extract of belladonna. Repeat this in half an hour. If there is no relief, you will have to secure the services of a veterinary, who will use the catheter.

J. K. C., La Verne, Minn :—To treat mare with sprained back, clip the hair along the back and rub in well this blister: Powdered cantharides, ½ oz.; lard, 2 ozs. Afterward oil the blister once a day. In two weeks repeat the blister.

A. J. Shelton, Ill.: A cow has the power, as has heretofore been shown in this department, to hold up her milk. Bad milking, fright, blows, and other things, cause a cow to hold her milk The best way is to educate her to let down her milk. Begin by giving a lick of salt, or bran with a little salt in it, just before milking. Nice, sweet hay will do. Then run your hand along her side; pat her. While she is in good humor, begin milking. This should be done rapidly. Sit on the off, or right side. Grasp the teats well up to the udder, one fore and one hind teat Close the hands, first the forefinger and thumb. Milk with one hand and then the other. If the milk is not drawn as rapidly as it is given down, the cow will soon withhold part of it, and in this way a cow may dry herself. In going through the process of stripping many a good milker is spoiled by using the forefinger and thumb. The entire hand should at all times be used. A cow will soon learn to give down her milk if properly used and the milking is done right. A cow may be well treated, and yet prove a failure unless the milking is done in a proper manner.

Soaked Corn for Hogs.

A correspondent of the *Farm, Field and Stockman* says: "For the benefit of some of your readers who may not have tried the experiment, I wish to say a few words in regard to the feeding of corn to hogs. In this Western country corn forms the staple food for hogs, both young and old, and in a majority of cases brood sows get nothing else. I have only been in the hog business two or three years, but long enough to convince me that it pays largely to soak the corn from from February till new corn comes in. Those who will try the experiment a short time will find that stock hogs as well as fatting ones will eat the corn much more readily and eat more of it, and of course fatten faster.

I am satisfied I can fatten hogs in two-thirds the time where corn is soaked, and I claim fully 25 per cent is saved in feed, as the same amount of feed will contribute more to growth and fat; at the same time the feed thus treated contains less heat, which is of great advantage during the months stated.

Pigs only five weeks' old will eat soaked corn readily, and where a sow has a large litter it supplements their rations to a considerable extent. I soak the corn once a day.

To those faamers who can grind their feed and have facilities for cooking it, I have nothing to say: this article is written for the thousands who are feeding whole dry corn.

The Method With Milk.

A well-known maker of butter and cheese gives the following advice which reinforces what we have previously held in relation to the treatment of milk:

Have the milk well aired when fresh drawn from the cow and not cooled to a lower temperature than the air surrounding it. All pails, milk cans, receiving can and milk vat must be thoroughly washed and scalded, likewise all utensils used in the stirring of the milk. Use perfectly pure, sweet flavored rennet, thoroughly well incorporated or diffused in the milk; beat up the curd evenly to 98 degrees; expel all surplus whey from the curd by hand-stirring at the first show of lactic acid on hot iron; keep the heat of the curd to 95 degrees when grinding, at 90 degrees when salting, at 80 degrees when hooping and at 70 degrees after it is pressed. Use the thermometer to test the temperature of the curd by immersing it into the curd (the hand will not do to tell accurately enough), air the curd well before and after salting and thoroughly and uniformly apply the salt. A coarse sieve is the best to distribute salt on the curd. Have hoops, followers and pressboards well washed and scalded, sweet and clean. Dress cheese with pure flavored whey oil and keep the curing room at an even temperature of 65 degrees to 70 degrees and box up the cheese, closely fitting the cover on to touch the cheese at three or four weeks old.

To make good butter, wash out the buttermilk with a cold but weak brine. As soon as this is done the brine is drawn off and the butter, in granular form, left in the churn, ten, fifteen or twenty minutes to drain. Then an indefinite quantity of salt is spread over the butter—it may be an ounce to the pound or more, certainly all that can be dissolved—and is well mixed with the butter by stirring with a paddle. Stirring the butter liberates so much of the brine it still contains so as to make it easy to distribute the salt evenly through the mass, and to carry to the bottom of the churn any excess of salt above what can be dissolved, leaving always in the butter just a saturated brine for seasoning it. The butter is then laid upon a butter worker and pressed into a solid condition and so much of the brine as desired forced out as before described. This method is more economical than the others, as it wastes less salt and makes the salting as uniform as it can be. There is never too little nor too much.

Sheep Fold.

Although the merino is a small sheep, an advantage possessed by the breed is that a large number can be kept together in one flock more easily than can be done with some other breeds.

The heaviest lamb ever raised in the United States, an Oxford, which attained 100 pounds in nine months, was fed all the ground oats, in addition to its mother's milk, it could eat. A twin sister reached 87 pounds in the same period.

In their native hills it is said that the Chevoit sheep are excelled by none. They are as large as the Cotswolds, while the mutton is considered better and the fleece finer and coarser. On good pasture the fleece grows finer and sells for a higher price than when the animals are fed on coarse grass.

After shearing, ticks will emigrate from the shorn sheep to the lambs; then is the time to drive the ticks out of the flocks. Watch the lambs, says *Farm and Home*, and when the ticks have colonized, dip them in tobacco water. Twelve to fifteen pounds refuse tobacco boiled in a gallon or two of water, then diluted to make one barrel, will do for 100 lambs.

It is an easy matter to stunt the growth of the wool of the sheep and tde lambs, and a stunted growth is never desirable in anything. The longer we farm the more thoroughly satisfied do we become that it pays to keep stock growing steadily all the time, just the same as a crop, and that any failure to do this is a failure to secure as much profit as we could.

The simultaneous development of the bone, wool, fat and muscle in the system of the sheep requires a wide diversity of elements in the food. It would be impossible, for instance, to get ewes to thrive well on a diet of corn alone; they would grow too fat and would amount to nothing. Variety is obsolutely essential.

Temperature and Cream Raising.

Prof. Armsby, of the Wisconsin Experiment Station, is recorded as saying that, the greater the difference of the temperature between milk and the surrounding medium, the more rapid will be the creaming. In a series of experiments, the amount of cream obtained ranged from 92 to 98 per cent of the whole, by the well-known Cooley system, while the amount of fat in the skim milk was reduced from 7 to 2 per cent It was plain from the results obtained that when milk is promptly set in water containing plenty of broken ice, and having a temperature slightly above freezing, as complete a creaming is obtained in 11 to 12 hours as is possible by any method. A great many make the mistake, in deep setting, of allowing the milk to stand after it is drawn from the cow, until it has cooled down to 50° before they put it in the deep setting cans. The result of this erroneous practice is seen in the less cream they obsain and the more rapid souring of the milk. There are a great many principles to be understood, even in so simple a thing as setting milk, and it is as important to know what not to do as what to do. The proper thing to do is to set the milk into the cold water while it is as near blood heat temperature as possible. This set cures a much larger percentage of cream.

Notes.

The average wheat yield in the United States in 1886 was 12 bushels to the acre; In England it was 26 bushels. Still we are gradually catching up with the mother country; we have increased the acreage two bushels in twenty years. By the time we are so old as England we shall probably raise as much wheat to the acre.

Prof. Mepes thinks the restorative process is very slow upon land that has been dressed with special fertizers as gypsum, salt, potash salts, superphosphate, or nitrate of soda, and that a larger quantity of stable manure is required to bring a crop after these have been used than before.

The class of plants known as weeds is nothing more than a coating provided by nature to protect the waste places of the earth from the cold blasts of winter as well as the hot suns of summer, just as is provided the hair of the back of our domestic animals, and the only justification man has in their destruction is when cultivating the land to put something in their place of more use to him, and that will answer the purpose equally as well.

A garden soil that has been brought into a high state of fertility is capable of producing two or even more light, green garden crops in a season. In fact it loses less of heart and vitality to grow a second crop than it would to lie idle or grow a crop of weeds that are pretty sure to go to seed. After the first green peas, radishes, etc., are off set out cabbage plants, or plant late cucumbers or sow turnips. Keep the soil rich and active. Never allow the weeds to take possession in any part of the growing season.

Since the Bohemian oats swindle has been so thoroughly exposed, the rogues who have been manipulating it have thrown away that grain and taken up a new one. "Gold-dust Wheat" is the new fraud. It is sold at $10 per bushel, the seller agreeing to buy a certain amount of the product at $8 per bushel. After their experience in the Bohemian oats line, no intelligent farmer should be taken in by this new piece of roguery.—*Orange County Farmer.*

The cultivation of barley is nearly the same as that of oats, but it can be made a winter or spring grain, according to circumstances. In choosing seed, avoid that which is black near the arm and take that of a slightly yellowish cast. There is no grain of which it is more advantage to change seed often, and the new seed should always come from the north. The two-rowed varieties seem to do the best in New England.

An interesting series of experiments has been made by Dr. J. W. Fraser on the influence of our common beverages on the digestion. Among those drinks he finds that water is usually the best. Of infusions, tea or cocoa acts most favorably when bread is eaten, and coffee is the best for use with meat or eggs. Eggs are the best animal food with infused beverages, and should be soft-boiled when tea is the beverage and hard-boiled with coffee or cocoa.

NOVEL BUT EFFECTIVE.

How the Mexican Government Detects and Punishes Train Wreckers.

El Paso, Tex., July 27.—[Special wire.] —News has reached here of a desperate attempt made three days ago near Laredo, Mexico, to rob a Mexican Central train. As the train was running at full speed, two shots whizzed into one of the windows of a car, one barely missing the head of the conductor. It is supposed that the shots were intended to kill the engineer, but were fired by persons at some distance away who made no allowance for the speed of the train.

This view is sustained by the fact that a little distance ahead of the point where the shots were fired several ties were found piled on the track at a bridge. It was evidently the intention of the train-wreckers to kill the engineer and fireman and let the train dash at full speed against the obstruction. The way the Mexican government meets such villainy is novel, but effective.

All the residents of the neighborhood are "rounded up" and a confession extracted from them as to the names of the robbers. The guilty are then stood up in line against an adobe wall, and a volley of bullets from a detachment of soldiers ends their existence.

EAGER FOR FILTH.

Blackmail and Vile Newspaper Articles to be the Order in Canada.

Ottawa, July 27.—[Special wire.]—The announcement that a messenger in the House of Commons named Bell has entered an action against Sir Charles Tupper, minister of Finance, on behalf of his wife for detective work she performed for Sir Charles, is causing a great sensation here.

Bell said to-day that Sir Charles, having charged him with attempted blackmail he is now publishing a pamphlet, in which he intends to show up the character of Sir Charles and a member of Parliament named Colby, who were at one time boarded in his house.

The pamphlet will be published in three weeks, he says, and until it is given to the public the startling revelations, which Mr. Bell promises to give to the world, will not be known. He says in point of sensation they excel the late expose given to the public in one of the London journals.

DR. TALMAGE ON THE AFTER LIFE.

The Cathedral Bell of Heaven Heeded by All—Dr. Talmage Will Visit All of His Friends in Heaven—"I Give Them Fair Notice."

The Hamptons, July 31.—The Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage's sermon for this morning was on the "Employment of Heaven;" and his text, Ezekiel, 1: "Now it came to pass in the thirteenth year, in the fourth month, in the fifth day of the month, as I was among the captives by the river of Chebar, that the heavens were opened."

Ezekiel, with others, had been expatriated, and while in foreign slavery was standing on the banks of the royal canal which he and other serfs had been condemned to dig by the order of Nebuchadnezzar—this royal canal, in the text, called the river of Chebar—the illustrious exile had visions of heaven. Indeed, it is almost always so that the brightest visions of heaven come not to those who are on mountain top of prosperity, but to some Paul in Mamertine dungeon, or to some Ezekiel standing on the banks of a ditch he had been compelled to dig—yea, to the weary, to the heart-broken, to those whom sorrow had banished.

The text is very particular to give us the exact time of the vision. It was in the 30th year, and in the fourth month, and in the fifth day of the month. So you have had visions of earth you shall never forget. You remember the year, you remember the month, you remember the day, you remember the hour. Why may not we have some such vision on this morning, and it be in the sixth month and in the fourth day of the month?

The question is often silently asked, though perhaps never audibly propounded: "What are our departed Christian friends doing now?" The question is more easily answered than you might perhaps suppose. Though there has come no recent intelligence from the heavenly city, and we seem dependent upon the story of eighteen centuries ago, still I think we may from strongest inference decide what are the present occupations of our transferred kinsfolk.

After God has made a nature he never eradicates the chief characteristics of its temperament. You never knew a man phlegmatic in temperament to become sanguine in temperament. You never knew a man sanguine in temperament to become phlegmatic in temperament. Conversion plants new principles in the soul, but Paul and John are just as different from each other after conversion as they were different from each other before conversion. If conversion does not eradicate the prominent characteristics of the temperament, neither will death eradicate them.

You have, then, only by a sum in subtraction and a sum in addition to decide what are the employments of your departed friends in the better world. You are to subtract from them all grossness and add all earthly goodness, and then you are to come to the conclusion that they are doing how in heaven what, in their best moments, they did on earth. The reason that so many people never start for heaven is because they could not stand it if they got there if it should turn out to be the rigid and formal place some people photograph it.

We like to come to church, but we would not want to stay here to next Christmas. We like to hear the hallelujah chorus, but we would not want to hear it all the time for 50 centuries. It might be on some great occasion it would be possibly comfortable to wear a crown of gold weighing several pounds, but it would be an affliction to wear such a crown forever. In other words, we run the descriptions of heaven into the ground, while we make that which was intended as especial and celebrative to be the exclusive employment of the heaven. You might as well, if asked to describe the habits of American society, describe a Decoration Day, or a Fourth of July, or an autumnal Thanksgiving, as though it was all the time that way.

I am not going to speculate in regard to the future world, but I must by inevitable laws of inference and deduction and common sense conclude that in heaven we will be just as different from each other as we are now different, and hence that there will be at least as many different employments in the celestial world as there are employments here. Christ is to be the great love, the great joy, the great rapture, the great worship of heaven; but will that abolish employment? No more than loves on earth—parental, filial, fraternal, conjugal love—abolish earthly occupation.

In the first place, I remark that all those of our departed Christian friends who on earth found great joy in the fine arts are now indulging their tastes in the same direction. On earth they had their gladdest pleasures amid pictures and statuary, and in the study of the laws of light and shade and perspective. Have you any idea that that affluence of faculty at death collapsed and perished? Why so, when there is more for them to look at, and they have keener appreciation of the beautiful, and they stand amid the very looms where the sunsets and the rainbows and the spring mornings are woven?

Are you so obtuse as to suppose that because the painter drops his easel and the sculptor his chisel and the engraver his knife, that therefore that taste, which he was enlarging and intensifying for forty or fifty years, is entirely obliterated? These artists, or these friends of art, on earth worked in coarse material and with imperfect brain and with frail hand. Now they have carried their art into larger liberties and into wider circumference. They are at their old business yet, but without the fatigues, without the limitations, without the hindrances of the terrestrial studio.

Raphael could now improve upon his masterpiece of "Michael the Archangel" now that he has seen him, and could improve upon his masterpiece of the "Holy Family" now that he has visited them. Michael Angelo could better present the "Last Judgment" after he has seen its flash and heard the rumbling battering rams of its thunder. Exquisite colors here, graceful lines here, powerful chiaroscuro here; but I am persuaded that the grander studios and the brighter galleries are higher up by the winding marble stairs of the sepulchre, and that Turner and Holman, Hunt and Rembrandt and Titian and Veronese, if they exercised saving faith in the Christ whom they portrayed upon the canvas, are painters yet, but their strength of faculty multiplied ten thousand fold. The reason that God took away their eye and their hand and their brain was that he might give them something more limber, more wieldly, more skillful, more multiplicant.

Do not, therefore, be melancholy among the tapestries and the bric-a-brac and the embroideries and the water colors and the works of art which your departed friends used to admire. Do not say: "I am sorry they had to leave all these things." Rather say: "I am glad they have gone up to higher artistic opportunity and appreciation." Our friends who found so much joy in the fine arts on earth are now luxuriating in Louvres and Luxembourgs celestial.

I remark again, that all our departed Christian friends who in this world were passionately fond of music are still regaling that taste in the world celestial. The Bible says so much about the music of heaven that it can not all be figurative. The Bible over and over again speaks of the songs of heaven. If heaven had no songs of its own, a vast number of those of earth would have been taken up by the earthly emigrants. Surely the Christian at death does not lose his memory. Then there must be millions of souls in heaven who know "Coronation," and "Antioch," and "Mount Pisgah," and "Old Hundred." The leader of the eternal orchestra need only once tap his baton and all heaven will be ready for the hallelujah.

Cannot the soul sing? How often we compliment some exquisite singer by saying: "There was so much soul in her music!" In heaven it will be all soul until the body, after a while, comes up in the resurrection, and then there will be an additional heaven. Cannot the soul hear? If it can hear then it can hear music. Do not, therefore, let it be in your household, when some member leaves for heaven as it is in some households, that you close the piano and unstring the harp for two years, because the fingers that used to play them are still. You must remember that they have better instruments of music where they are.

You asked me, "Do they have real harps and real trumpets and real organs?" I do not know. Some wiseacres say positively there are no such things in heaven. I do not know, but should not be surprised if the God who made all the mountains and all the hills and all the forests and all the metals of the earth and all the growths of the universe—I should not be surprised if he could, if he had a mind to, make a few harps and trumpets and organs.

Grand old Haydn, sick and worn out, was carried for the last time into the music hall, and there he heard his own oratorio of the "Creation." History says that as the orchestra came to that famous passage, "Let there be light!" the whole audience rose and cheered, and Haydn waved his hand toward heaven and said: "It comes from there." Overwhelmed with his own music, he was carried out in his chair, and as he came to the door he spread his hand toward the orchestra as in benediction. Haydn was right when he waved his hand toward heaven and said: "It comes from there." Music was born in heaven, and it will ever have its highest throne in heaven; and I want you to understand that our departed friends who were passionately fond of music here are now at the headquarters of harmony. I think that the grand old church tunes that died when your grandfathers died have gone with them to heaven.

Again, I remark that those of our departed Christian friends who in this world had very strong military spirit are now in armies celestial and out on bloodless battle. There are hundreds of people born soldiers. They cannot help it. They belong to regiments in time of peace. They cannot hear a drum or fife without trying to keep step to the music. They are Christians, and when they fight they fight on the right side. Now when these, our Christian friends who had natural and powerful military spirit, entered heaven they entered the celestial army.

The door of heaven hardly opens but you hear a military demonstration David cried out: "The chariots of God are twenty thousand." Elisha saw mountains filled with celestial cavalry. St. John said: "The armies which are in heaven followed him on white horses." Now, when these who had the military spirit on earth sanctified entered glory, I suppose they right away enlisted in some heavenly campaign, they volunteered right away. There must needs be in heaven soldiers, with a soldierly spirit. There are grand parade days when the king reviews the troops. There must be armed escort sent out to bring up from earth to heaven those who were more than conquerors. There must be crusades ever being fitted out for some part of God's domain—battles, bloodless, groanless, painless. Angels of evil to be fought down and fought back, Other rebellious worlds to be conquered. Worlds to be put to the torch. Worlds to be saved. Worlds to be demolished, Worlds to be sunk. Worlds to be hoisted.

Besides that, in our own world there are battles for the right and against the wrong where we must have the heavenly military. That is what keeps us Christian reformers so buoyant. So few good men against so many bad men, so few churches against so many grog shops, so few pure printing presses against so many polluted printing presses; and yet we are buoyant and courageous, because while we know that the armies of evil in the world are larger in numbers than the army of truth, there are celestial cohorts in the air fighting on our side.

I have not so much faith in the army on the ground as I have in the army in the air. O, God! open our eyes that we may see them. The military spirits that went up from the earth to join the military spirits before the throne—Joshua, and Caleb, and Gideon, and David, and Samson, and the hundreds of Christian warriors who on earth fought with fleshly arm, and now having gone up on high, are coming down the hills of heaven, ready to fight among the invisibles. Yonder they are—coming, coming. Did you not hear them as they swept by?

But what are our mathematical friends to do in the next world? They found their joy and their delight in mathematics. There was more poetry for them in Euclid than in John Milton. They were as passionately fond of mathematics as Plato, who wrote over his door: "Let no one enter here who is not acquainted with geometry." What are they doing now? They are busy with figures yet. No place in all the universe like heaven for figures. Numbers infinite, distances infinite, calculations infinite. The didactic Dr. Dick said he really thought that the redeemed in heaven spent most of their time with the higher branches of mathematics.

Some of our transferred and transported metaphysicians—what are they doing now? Studying the human mind, only under better circumstances than they used to study it. They used to study the mind sheathed in the dull human body. Now the spirit unsheathed—now they are studying the sword outside the scabbard. Have you any doubt about what Sir William Hamilton is doing in heaven, or what Jonathan Edwards is doing in heaven, or the multitudes on earth who had a passion for metaphysics sanctified by the grace of God? No difficulty in guessing. Metaphysics, glorious metaphysics, everlasting metaphysics.

What are our departed Christian friends who are explorers doing now? Exploring yet, but with lightning locomotion, with vision microscopic and telescopic at the same time. A continent at a glance. A world in a second. A planetary system in a day. Christian John Franklin no more in disabled "Erebus" pushing toward the North Pole, Christian DeLong no more trying to free blockaded Jeannette from the ice, Christian Livingstone no more amid African malarias trying to make revlation of a dark continent; but all of them in the twinkling of an eye taking in that which was unapproachable. Mont Blanc scaled without alpenstock. The coral depths of the ocean explored without a diving bell. The mountains unbarred and opened without Sir Humphrey Davy's safety lamp.

What are our departed friends who found their chief joy in study doing now? Studying yet, but instead of a few thousand volumes on a few shelves, all the volumes of the universe open before them—geologic, ornithologic, conchologic, botanic, astronomic, philosophic. No more need of Leyden jars, or voltaic piles, or electric batteries, standing as they do face to face with the facts of the universe.

What are the historians doing now? Studying history yet, but not the history of a few centuries of our planet only, but the history of the eternities—whole milleniums before Xenophon, or Herodotus, or Moses, or Adam was born. History of one world, history of all worlds.

What are our departed astronomers doing? Studying astronomy yet, but not through the dull lens of earthly observatory, but with one stroke of wing going right out to Jupiter and Mars and Mercury and Saturn and Orion and the Pleiades—overtaking and passing swiftest comet in their flight. Herschel died a Christian. Have you any doubt about what Herschel is doing? Isaac Newton died a Christian. Have you any doubt about what Isaac Newton is doing? Joseph Henry died a Christian. Have you any doubt about what Joseph Henry is doing? They were in discussion, all these astronomers of earth, about what the aurora borealis was, and none of them could guess. They know now. They have been out there to see for themselves.

What are our departed Christian chemists doing? Following out their own science, following out and following out forever. Since they died they have solved 10,000 questions which once puzzled the earthly laboratory. They stand on the other side of the thin wall of electricity, the wall that seems to divide the physical from the spiritual world, the thin wall of electricity —so thin the wall that ever and anon it seems to be almost broken through—broken through from our side by telephonic, telegraphic apparatus, broken through from the other side by strange influences which men in their ignorance call spiritualistic manifestations. All that matter cleared up. Agassiz standing amid his student explorers down in Brazil coming across some great novelty in the rocks, taking off his hat and saying: "Gentlemen, let us pray; we must have divine illumination; we want wisdom from the Creator to study these rocks; He made them; let us pray." Agassiz going right on with his studies forever and forever.

But what are the men of the law, who, in this world, found their chief joy in the legal profession—what are they doing now? Studying law in a universe where everything is controlled by law, from flight of hummingbird to flight of world—law, not dry and hard and drudging, but righteous and magnificent law, before which man and cherub and seraph and archangel and God himself bow. The chain of law long enough to wind around the immensities and infinity and eternity. Chain of law! What a place to study law, where all the links of the chain are in the hand.

What are our departed Christian friends who in this world had their joy in the healing art doing now? Busy at their old business. No sickness in heaven, but plenty of sickness on earth, plenty of wounds in the different parts of God's dominion to be healed and to be medicated. You cannot understand why that patient got well after all the skillful doctors of New York and Brooklyn had said he must die. Perhaps Abercrombie touched him —Abercrombie, who after many years' doctoring the bodies and the souls of people in Scotland went up to God in 1844. Perhaps Abercrombie touched him.

I should not wonder if my old friend Dr. John Brown, who died in Edinburgh—John Brown, the author "Rab and His Friends"—John Brown, who was as humble a Christian as he was skillful a physician and world renowned author—I should not wonder if he had been back again and again to see some of his old patients. Those who had their joy in healing the sickness and the woes of earth, gone up to heaven, are come forth again for benignant medicament.

But what are our friends who found their chief joy in conversation and in sociality doing now? In brighter conversation there and in grander sociality.

What a place to visit in, where your next door neighbors are kings and queens. You yourselves kingly and queenly. If they want to know more particularly about the first Paradise they only have to go over and ask Adam. If they want to know how the sun and the moon halted they have only to go over and ask Joshua. If they want to know how the storm pelted Sodom they have only to go over and ask Lot. If they want to know more about the arrogance of Haman, they have only to go over and ask Mordecai. If they want to know how the Red sea boiled when it was cloven, they have only to go over and ask Moses. If they want to know the particulars about the Bethlehem advent, they have only to go over and ask the serenading angels who stood that Christmas night in the balconies of the crystal. If they want to know more of the particulars of the crucifixion, they have only to go over and ask those who were personal spectators while the mountains crouched and the heavens got black in the face at the spectacle. If they want to know more about the sufferings of the Scotch Covenanters, they have only to go over and ask Andrew Melville. If they want to know more about the old-time revivals, they have only to go over and ask Whitefield, and Wesley, and Livingston, and Fletcher, and Nettleton, and Finney. O! what a place to visit in.

If eternity were one minute shorter it would not be long enough for such sociality. Think of our friends who in this world were passionately fond of flowers turned into Paradise! Think of our friends who were very fond of raising superb fruit turned into the orchard where each tree has twelve kinds of fruit at once, and bearing the fruit all the year round!

What are our departed Christian friends doing in heaven, those who on earth found their chief joy in the Gospel ministry? They are visiting their old congregations. Most of those ministers have got their people around them already. When I get to heaven—as by the grace of God I am destined to go to that place—I will come and see you all. Yea, I will come to all the people to whom I have administered in the gospel, and to the millions of souls to whom, through the kindness of the printing press, I am permitted to preach every week in this land and in other lands—letters coming from New Zealand and Australia and uttermost parts of the earth, as well as from near nations, telling me of the souls I have helped—I will visit them all. I give them fair notice. Our departed friends of the ministry are engaged in that delectable entertainment now.

But what are our departed Christian friends who in all departments of usefulness were busy, finding their chief joy in doing good—what are they doing now? Going right on with the work. John Howard visiting dungeons; the dead women of northern and southern battlefields still abroad looking for the wounded; George Peabody still watching the poor; Thomas Clarkson still looking after the enslaved—all of those who did good on earth busier since death than before.

The tombstone not the terminus but the starting post. What are our departed Christian friends who found their chief joy in studying God doing now? Studying God yet. No need of revelation now, for unblanched they are face to face. Now, they can handle the omnipotent thunderbolts just as a child handles the sword of a father come back from victorious battle. They have no sin, nor fear consequently. Studying Christ, not through a revelation, save the revelation of the scars, that deep learning which brings it all up quick enough. Studying the Christ of the Bethlehem caravansary, the Christ of the awful massacre, with its hemorrhage of head and hand and foot and side; the Christ of the shattered mausoleum; Christ the sacrifice, the star, the sun, the man, the God, the God man, the man God.

But hark! the bell of the cathedral rings —the cathedral bell of heaven.

What is the matter now? There is going to be a great meeting in the temple. Worshipers all coming through the aisles. Make room for the conqueror. Christ standing in the temple. All heaven gathering around him. Those who loved the beautiful come to look at the Rose of Sharon. Those who loved music come to listen to his voice. Those who were mathematicians come to count the years of his reign. Those who were explorers come to discover the height and the depth and the length and the breadth of his love. Those who had the military spirit on earth sanctified and the military spirit in heaven come to look at the Captain of their Salvation. The astronomers come to look at the morning star. The men of the law come to look at Him who is the judge of the quick and dead. The men who healed the sick come to look at Him who was wounded for our transgressions.

All different and different forever in many respects, yet all alike in admiration for Christ, in worship for Christ, and alike in joining in the doxology: "Unto Him who washed us from our sins in his own blood, and made us kings and priests unto God, to Him be glory in the church throughout all ages, world without end!" Amen.

News of the Week.

THEY DON'T LIKE IT.

Democrats in Washington Dismayed at Republican Harmony.

Washington, July 29.—The harmony which marked the actions of the Toledo convention was very disappointing to the army of officials who cling to the skirts of the present administration and clamor for the renomination of Cleveland next year. All day the department telephones were used to get news from the different newspapers and press centers, everybody being anxious to learn what was done, just as in Ohio The greatest interest was manifested in the Sherman indorsement resolution, and almost every newspaper man, as he visited the different bureaus to-day was cornered for news from the convention.

Fondly the Democrats hoped that trouble would result, and sorely were they disappointed when it did not take place. Even the unqualified endorsement which Gorman, Higgins, Morris Thomas, and the other Democratic lights of Maryland gave the administration yesterday did not make up for the lack of good Democratic news from Ohio. The work of Gorman and his henchmen only excited a smile, but it was a sickly smile, and when the Toledo platform was adopted with such unanimity, administration officials at once began to talk about the hot weather, and wonder whether a cold wave would reach them before November next.

HIS MAJESTY MYSELF.

Send in Your Invitations to Dan, but Don't Bother Grover.

Washington, July 29.—The President today received a telegram from Senator Harris, saying that a committee of 100 citizens of Memphis were coming to Washington to invite the President to visit that city during his Western trip. The President telegraphed to Senator Harris in reply to use his influence to prevent any movement of the sort.

He said that while he will always be pleased to see the people of Tennessee at the Capital he thinks that they ought to be spared a long journey to Washington during the heated term on a mission of this sort, when a written invitation sent by mail would be as effective and as much appreciated. Similar answers will be sent to other Western cities where arrangements are being made to send invitation bearing committees to Washington. It is stated at the White House that the President will give the same consideration to invitations received by mail as to those borne by committees, no matter how large and impressive the latter may be.

THE DAKOTA STORM.

Wind Eighty Miles an Hour and Many Houses Wrecked.

Fargo, Dak., July 27—[Special wire.]—Regarding the storm of Monday night, it is said, it occurred at 11 p. m., and was the most violent ever known here. The signal service officer says the wind was 80 miles an hour, with a remarkable electrical display. Much damage was done in the way of blowing roofs off, chimneys, breaking windows, wrecking fences and small buildings.

A brick foundry 200 by 400 feet was totally wrecked; hardly a foot of the wall remains.

No persons in town were injured, but in the country Mrs. Rekelson Thompson, who took refuge in a cyclone cellar, was struck by lightning and killed. Her daughter was stunned.

In the same localities hail fell, destroying the crops, but the damage from this source is not great. The damage was a good many thousand dollars in city and country.

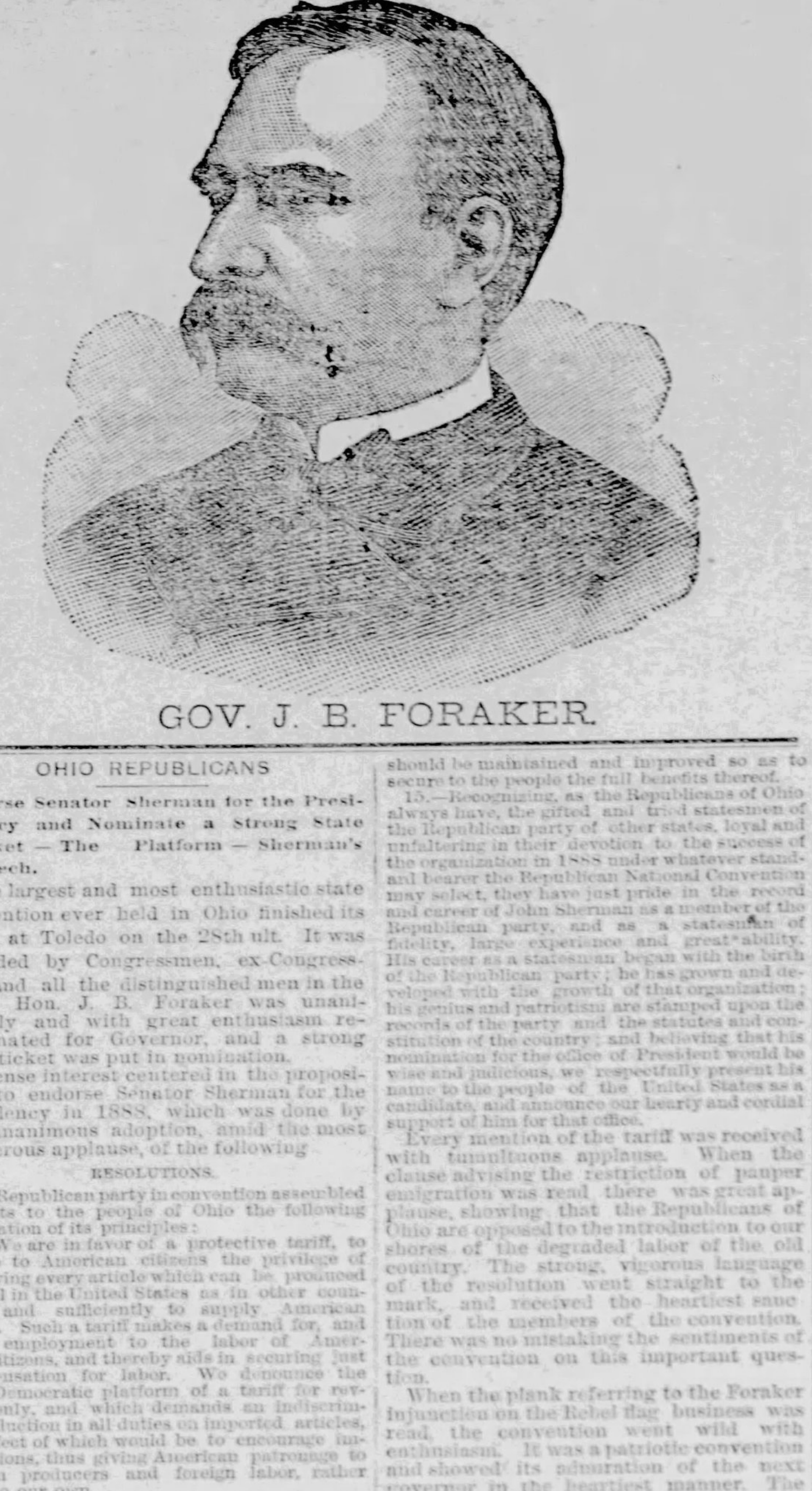
A dispatch from Glyndon, Minn., says: A tornado struck the town of Moland, near Glyndon, at 11 o'clock Monday night, blowing down the houses of S. O. Lee, William Lloyd, Knuth Evenson and Ole Knutsson, also several barns and granaries. There were five persons wounded by the falling buildings—S. O. Lee, Mrs. S. O. Lee, Ole Knuttson, John Doyle and Martin Lee. Mrs. Lee will die.

THE CANADIAN TROUBLE.

Sir John Working Hard to Prevent the New Manitoba Railroad.

Ottawa, Ont., July 27.—[Special wire.]—The Dominion government contemplates following up the disallowance of the Red River Valley railway charter by issuing an injuction to restrain the contractors from laying down the line upon lands on the route owned by the government. It is stated that should the officers of the law be resisted, the militia will be called out.

Sir John will exhaust all the resources of political, financial and legal strategy to carry his point, but it is hardly conceivable that, when all these fail, he will be insane enough to resort to force. He will certainly get no militia from Ontario to fight against Manitoba in an unjust cause and against the prevailing sentiment and wishes of the metropolitan province of Ontario.



GOV. J. B. FORAKER.

OHIO REPUBLICANS

Endorse Senator Sherman for the Presidency and Nominate a Strong State Ticket — The Platform — Sherman's Speech.

The largest and most enthusiastic state convention ever held in Ohio finished its work at Toledo on the 28th ult. It was attended by Congressmen, ex-Congressmen and all the distinguished men in the state. Hon. J. B. Foraker was unanimously and with great enthusiasm renominated for Governor, and a strong state ticket was put in nomination.

Intense interest centered in the proposition to endorse Senator Sherman for the Presidency in 1888, [illegible] the unanimous [illegible] vociferous applause.

RESOLUTIONS.

The Republican party in convention assembled submits to the people of Ohio the following declaration of its principles:

1.—We are in favor of a protective tariff, to secure to American citizens the privilege of supplying every article which can be produced as well in the United States as in other countries, and sufficiently to supply American wants. Such a tariff makes a demand for, and gives employment to the labor of American citizens, and thereby aids in securing just compensation for labor. We denounce the Ohio Democratic platform of a tariff for revenue only, and which demands an indiscriminate reduction in all duties on imported articles, the effect of which would be to encourage importations, thus giving American patronage to foreign producers and foreign labor, rather than to our own.

2.—While we adhere to the public policy under which our country has received from Europe great bodies of honest, industrious citizens, who have added to the wealth, progress and power of our country, and while we welcome to our shores the well-disposed and industrious emigrant, who contributes by his energy and intelligence to the cause of free government, we view with alarm unrestricted immigration from foreign lands as dangerous to the peace and good order of the country and the integrity and character of its citizenship. We urge Congress to pass such laws and establish such regulations as shall protect us from the inroad of the anarchist, the communist, the polygamist, fugitive from justice, the insane, the dependent paupers, the vicious and criminal classes, contract labor in every form, under any name or guise; and all others, who seek our shores, not to become a part of our civilization and citizenship, who acknowledge no allegiance to our laws, no sympathy with our aims and institutions, but who come among us to make war upon society, to diminish the dignity and rewards of American workingmen and degrade our labor to their level. Against all these our gates should be closed. But while favoring every honorable and practicable measure to protect American labor against the evil effects of foreign immigration and competition, we recognize also the dangers which menace it at home, and condemn as hostile to its cause and as subversive of its dignity and power, the bold and persistent usurpation in many of the states of its political rights and privileges. The condition of the men who labor in the North cannot be maintained or improved, so long as the men who labor in the South are wrongfully deprived of the rights and powers of American citizenship. Their labor meets in close and immediate competition, and neither can be degraded without striking at the prosperity and independence of the other. Recognizing these plain truths we demand a free ballot and a fair count in all sections of our country. We demand it and will ever demand it as the only source of justice to the real producers of prosperity and wealth, and the sole security of the Republic and its free institutions.

3.—We deprecate national strife and divisions. We have placed the war, with its hates and revenges, behind us; but the settlements of the war must stand irrevocable—respected, honored and observed in every part of the Republic. More we have never demanded; less we will not have. Congress should exercise its constitutional authority, and take control and supervision of elections of Representatives to Congress.

4.—We demand such duties on wool and manufactures thereof as will secure the American market to American producers. We denounce the demand made under President Cleveland's administration by the secretary of the Treasury in his annual report of December 6, 1886, for the "immediate passage of an act placing raw wool upon the free list," and we denounce the Democratic state platform which "proclaims its hearty and unqualified endorsement" of said administration, and demands a "reduction of the present" duties on wool and on woolen and worsted goods. Such reduction would destroy the wool-growing and woolen manufacturing industries, would invite large imports, break down American competition, and give the control of our market to foreign producers who would ultimately demand exorbitant prices. We earnestly protest against the decisions of the secretary of the Treasury in customs cases in the interest of the foreign producer and foreign labor, as in opposition to the letter and spirit of the tariff laws.

5.—We favor liberal pensions to the soldiers and sailors of the Union, adequate appropriations for the improvement of our national water-ways, and national aid to education. If too much revenue be collected to meet these and other public needs, we demand that the first step in the reduction thereof shall be, the abolition of the internal tax upon American-grown tobacco.

6.—The public lands of the United States should be sacredly held for the use and benefit of actual settlers alone; and the laws preventing the ownership of these lands by corporations and non-resident aliens should be rigidly enforced.

7.—While we condemn the false pretences of President Cleveland's administration of the civil service law, we advocate the maintenance and proper enforcement of said law, and demand such additional legislation as will remove appointments from partisan influence and interference.

8.—The Republican party has ever been the friend of oppressed nationalities; and we extend our hearty sympathy to Gladstone, Parnell and their associates in their efforts to secure home rule for Ireland.

9.—We condemn the action of Mr. Cleveland in vetoing pension bills, and especially we denounce the spirit manifested toward the maimed and disabled soldiers of the country, in the language in which certain of his vetoes are couched, and we condemn as unjust and unmerited his veto of the dependent pension bill, and declare that it was in plain violation of the oft-repeated promises of the Democratic party of the North made during political campaigns, to secure votes. We demand of Congress that it pass, and of the President that he approve liberal enactments for pensioning the soldiers of the county, that the helpless widows of dead soldiers, regardless of the cause of death, dependent parents and disabled soldiers shall receive the bounty of the nation they fought to save, and which they so richly deserve.

10.—While favoring all proper legislation to secure patentees in their rights to their inventions, we ask such legislation by Congress as will provide that the holder of a patent shall have no right of action for its infringement when knowing that persons are innocently and in good faith using it without knowledge of the existence of the patent, he fails to give notice of his claim.

11.—We heartily endorse the administration of Governor Foraker as wise, prudent, firm and economical; and we do especially endorse and approve his patriotic declaration that no rebel flags shall be surrendered while he is governor. And we further endorse and approve his prompt action in instituting restraining measures to prevent the unlawful order of President Cleveland from being executed.

12.—The frauds, forgeries and crimes committed by the Democratic party in Ohio, in the election for state officers and members of the general assembly in 1885, deserve the condemnation and execration of all honorable men; and we hereby commend and endorse the action of the 67th General Assembly in preventing the consummation of those crimes, and in enacting registration laws applicable to the great cities of the state, whereby their repetition has been rendered impossible. We further endorse and commend the action of the late Republican legislature in the provisions made by it for the establishment of a home for disabled soldiers and sailors, and for the levying of taxes by the commissioners of the several counties for the support and maintenance of indigent soldiers and sailors and their widows and children.

13.—We point with just pride to the enactment of the Dow law in fulfillment of the promises of the Republican party; and we pledge ourselves to such further legislation as may be necessary to keep abreast with enlightened public sentiment on this question, to the end that the evils resulting from the traffic in intoxicating liquor be restrained to the utmost possible extent in all parts of the state.

14.—We favor such legislation as will secure to the agricultural, commercial and industrial interests of the state, equally without discrimination in favor of any citizen or corporation, the benefits of transportation by all common carriers, at the lowest rates consistent with justice, and that the water-ways of the state [illegible]

15.—Resolved, That as the Republicans of Ohio [illegible]

[illegible] of the resolution went straight to the mark, and received the heartiest sanction of the members of the convention. There was no mistaking the sentiments of the convention on this important question.

When the plank referring to the Foraker injunction on the Rebel flag business was read, the convention went wild with enthusiasm. It was a patriotic convention and showed its admiration of the next governor in the heartiest manner. The phrase "No rebel flags shall be returned while I am governor," was the signal for a spontaneous cheer that raised the roof. Men stood up in their chairs, and shouted themselves hoarse. They swung their hats and cheered again and again. For some time Mr. Foster was unable to proceed.

When quiet was in a measure restored, Mr. Foster went on with the resolutions, which were received with great enthusiasm throughout, the message of sympathy with the cause of Gladstone, Parnell and their party being loudly applauded.

The Dow-law plank gave great satisfaction, as was shown by the hearty applause that greeted its reading. It was a radical plank, but it seemed to meet the approbation of the great majority of the delegates.

After the adoption of the resolution, which went through with a whirl, the Hon. John Sherman was unanimously chosen permanent chairman of the convention, and, in taking the chair, he addressed the vast assemblage in the following language:

SENATOR SHERMAN'S SPEECH.

Mr. Chairman, Gentlemen of the Convention, and Ladies and Gentlemen:

I thank you with all my heart for the high compliment of presiding over this distinguished assemblage. I think the Republicans of Ohio, in this respect, have been partial to me and I am called on this occasion to preside because I attended the first Republican convention of Ohio, where the Republican party was born, and I have watched and wondered and followed its splendid history and its magnificent progress from that day to this.

And now, fellow citizens, I congratulate you upon the fact that the great body of your work has already been done by the people of Ohio; all you have to do is to record and announce the results of their decisions. In every county in Ohio, in every township, in every section and in every district, a voice comes to us from the unanimous mouths of the Republicans of Ohio for the renomination of Governor Joseph B. Foraker. (Applause.)

No man was ever presented as a candidate with more hearty, generous and frank indorsement than he; and he deserves it, because he has fairly earned this nomination at your hands. He has been patriotic, able, brave and diligent. He has been watchful of the interests of the people of Ohio in all the important duties entrusted to that office. In all the social duties which belong to the governor of Ohio, he has been most courteous and kind.

More than that, he has prevented a Democratic President of the United States from surrendering to the Confederates the flags and banners which they lost in the rebellion. [Tremendous cheers.] In this he has touched the patriotic heart, not only of the people of Ohio but of the whole country, and therefore we, the Republicans of Ohio, take pride in this indorsement of him by our unanimous renomination.

In respect to the rest of the ticket, the only trouble is that you have got so many good men to choose from that it is hard to make a choice. Certain it is that whenever your choice is made, they will all acquiesce, as good Republicans and true friends to the cause.

I wish also to pronounce with all my heart the deserved thanks that the people of Ohio owe to the recent (or present) legislature—the Sixty-seventh General Assembly of the state of Ohio. [Cheers.] I believe, on the whole, that it was the ablest and most patriotic and useful body that has made laws for the people of Ohio since the state was born. [Cheers.]

Allied to other duties, I have recently examined the proceedings of that last legislature, and I have been amazed at the amount, volume and value of the work that they did. The Union soldier is on almost every page of that volume, the record of that faithfulness due to him and of the gratitude and obligations of a patriotic people for his sacrifices and his services.

They were also watchful for the rights of labor and of the laboring man, who, after all, is the foundation of our structure, and whose reasonable demands ought always to be heard and always to be heeded. [Applause.] It did its duty, and I am glad to pay my compliments to this legislature now about to pass out of power, and to appeal to you as Republicans how important it is that the next legislature should be equal to the last, and I trust that you will remember that that election is of even more importance than the election of the state ticket.

You tried a Democratic legislature only a little while ago, and I hope God will keep you from ever trying it again. [Cheers.] It was a legislature tainted with fraud, it was blackened by election crimes. They left the state in debt, with its ordinary expenses unprovided for, and now, when the people of Ohio are about to choose between a Democratic and a Republican legislature, and now all I ask is that you go back and investigate and examine the specimens which have been offered in the last four years by the Democrats of Ohio and then make the contrast for yourselves.

Now, as for the broader questions of national character. The platform that has been read to you this day contains the gist and substance of them all. There is not a rotten plank in that platform. [Applause.] There are many things in it which are new, and some points of vital importance, and especially with regard to pauper labor and the importation of labor.

There is one provision more important than any other—and I think the time has come, my fellow Republicans, when, as a party, we ought to demand that Congress should exercise its unquestioned power to secure fairer elections for members of Congress. They say we are "raising the bloody shirt" when we demand for the future honesty and good faith in canvassing the votes of the people of the United States! The Republican party will be false to its duty and to its obligations if it does not stand right up and demand, for black and white, rich or poor, the learned and the unlearned, the equal rights of American citizens. [Great applause.]

I have but one other duty to perform, and that I do with an overflowing heart. I thank you with all my heart for the resolution that you have this day passed in respect to your choice for a President of the United States. [Cheers.] I know, my fellow citizens, that this is rather perhaps a matter of sentiment.

I know as a matter of course, that this resolution is of no importance—unless the voters of the districts of the state of Ohio and of the United States, should, in their free choice, elect delegates who will agree with you in your opinion. I recognize the district rule and the right of every district to speak its own voice.

I stood by that rule in 1880 when I knew its adoption would cut off all hopes of my friends at that time. I also knew that there was another rule: that no man ought to be held as a candidate, or that high office unless he has the substantially unanimous voice of his party friends behind him. I believe that that is a true rule, and it ought to be exercised to promote harmony and good will and friendship among Republicans.

Now, my countrymen, again thanking you for this expression, I tell you with all frankness that I think more of your unanimous praise this day uttered than I do of the office of President of the United States. [Prolonged cheering.]

I would rather feel, my countrymen, that I stood before you now, at this period of my life —man and boy living always in Ohio—that now, at this late period of it, the Republicans of Ohio, for whose welfare I have devoted so much of my life, are willing to say this much for me. [Tremendous applause.]

When the distinguished statesman closed his exceedingly graceful acknowledgment of the compliment that had been paid him, there was long continued applause, and then after a brief selection by the band, Chairman Sherman announced that at 9 o'clock to-morrow morning the League will meet at the Boody House to march in a body to this hall, when the convention of the League will be held.

Following is the ticket put in nomination:

For Governor,
J. B. FORAKER, of Hamilton.
For Lieutenant Governor,
Capt. W. C. LYON, of Licking.
For Supreme Judge, long term,
WM. T. SPEAR, of Trumbull.
For Supreme Judge, short term,
F. J. DICKMAN, of Cuyahoga.
For State Auditor,
E. W. POE, of Wood,
For State Treasurer,
J. C. BROWN, of Jefferson.
For Attorney General,
D. K. WATSON, of Franklin.
For Member Board of Public Works,
C. A. FLICKINGER, of Defiance.

STATE OF TRADE.

A General Review of the Conditions of Traffic by R. G. Dun & Co.

New York, July 30.—Foreign commerce is still unsatisfactory, while in the domestic trade the usual summer dullness is increased by a variety of causes. Large bank clearings and railroad earnings fail to reflect the present state of business, which, in many branches is characterized by uncertainty and hesitancy. The clearings represent: (1) Speculative dealings; (2) settlements on business done from one to four months ago; (3) current cash transactions—so that activity in speculation or large payments on past business often swell the clearings when new legitimate business is decreasing in volume.

Railroad earnings, since the inter state law affected rates, afford no reliable indication of the volume of traffic, and the publication of tonnage statistics have, to a large extent, been suspended, which has significance.

Low prices delay the movement of wheat and injury to corn, hay and some minor crops, produces uncertainty.

Moreover foreign imports at New York continue larger than last year, while exports for four weeks past have been 8 per cent smaller, and official reports show an increase of $7,000,000 for June in all imports against a decrease of nearly $8,000,000 in all exports. For three months ending with June the excess of merchandise imports was $14,133,392.

Wheat, corn, oats, oil, beef and hogs are lower than a week ago. Red winter, which at 79½c at New York, is the lowest July price on record. It compares with 78c to 78½c in November and December, 1884, but with that exception no lower price has been recorded in any month for 62 years. Corn at 45c at New York, oats at 32c, beef at an average of $4.35 does not encourage farmers to buy largely of the products of other industries.

Speculation in cotton halts since the syndicate failures, but prices weakened again to-day, and coffee yields a shade, dealers meeting a light, uncertain and distributive demand. Sugar rises a little with the publication of bullish statistics. Spice dealers complain that consumers do not come to time, and handlers of rice are not overworked.

Cotton goods meet with a good demand; prices are stiff in woolens. The orders scarcely suffice to open a market, except in cheviots, which move at prices not higher than last year.

In dress goods a fair trade is noted. Interior reports nearly all note existing dullness with hope of a large trade hereafter.

Money is in only fair demand, with no noteworthy change in rates, and collections are fair with an improvement at one or two points.

Speculation in tobacco begins to advance prices, and the rubber combination slowly progresses toward completeness.

The termination of the coke strike sets most of the iron furnaces at work, yet it is observed that the actual consumption of pig iron was smaller for the first half of July, 1887, than for the last half of 1886.

Recent decisions of the inter state commission not having cleared up the more embarrassing questions regarding rates on competitive freight, charges of rate cutting on trunk lines indicate a want of agreement in the construction of the law, with some disappointment as to the volume of traffic.

The outlook is affected in some districts by injury to the crops from drouth or storms, but all Southern reports continue especially favorable as to cotton.

Less is heard of real estate speculation at the West and South, but at several points, as at Omaha, it is noticed that heavy building operations are in progress. The transfer of floating into fixed capital has not yet ceased.

Business failures during the last seven days number for the United States 162; for Canada, 22; total, 184, compared with 172 last week, and 192 for the corresponding week of last year.

ENGLISH TRADE.

The Manchester Guardian on the State of Trade Abroad.

Manchester, July 27.—The *Guardian* in its commercial article, says:

Business is tame; in some departments it is flat. Producers having sufficient orders are firm; others are easier, with the tendency in favor of buyers. India merchants who bought moderately last week are inquiring less actively. There is some demand for China, though there is great difficulty in effecting sales owing to the insufficient prices offered.

There is more business for the Levant and Persia and there is a steady business for South America and the continent. Orders are not numerous. Home trade houses are delivering more freely; they are not placing many fresh orders. Export yarns are quiet. Sales have been moderate. China and Japan sorts are steady. The late increase in business is supporting prices. There are inquiries for the continent, but buyers are purchasing only for actual needs, as they expect a further fall.

Home manufacturers are acting likewise; many of them have plentiful supplies and are not eager buyers, although they are able to purchase at more favorable terms than on Friday. The cloth trade is inactive. There is less inquiry for India shirtings. There are some orders for China at low prices and they are consequently difficult to place.

Ordinary widths are freely offered. Wide widths are steady. The production is well engaged. There is some inquiry for jaconets and mulls. Printers are steady, though quiet. There is rather more business for good medium.

CARDINAL GIBBONS.

The Knights all Right so Long as They Keep Away from the Anarchists.

Baltimore, July 27.—Cardinal Gibbons was shown the cablegram announcing that the Pope had decided that there was no ground for interference with the Knights of Labor, and told an Associated Press reporter that he had as yet received no information concerning the subject.

He stated that he would be equally sorry and surprised to see the organization condemned. He believes, moreover, that there will be no condemnation as long as the Knights of Labor steer clear of anarchists and other dangerous associations and confine themselves to their lawful and praiseworthy efforts to better the condition of the working people without interfering with the rights of others.

ROBBED THE MAILS.

Another Democrat Who Could not Withstand the Temptation to Steal.

Kansas City, July 28.—[Special wire.]—For six or seven months numerous complaints have gone to Postmaster Shelley, of Kansas City, of the loss of letters containing money and postal notes, and for a long time special officers have been working on the case, endeavoring to discover the thief. Yesterday they arrested I. O. Wilson, a clerk at station A, at the Union depot.

Wilson confessed having opened several letters containing money. He is 23 years old, and has been in the postal service for about nine months. He punctured letters with a bodkin and by a microscope ascertained their contents. If no money or postal notes were seen, the punctured places were obliterated by a rubber.

What is Scrofula

It is that impurity in the blood, which, accumulating in the glands of the neck, produces unsightly lumps or swellings; which causes painful running sores on the arms, legs, or feet; which developes ulcers in the eyes, ears, or nose, often causing blindness or deafness; which is the origin of pimples, cancerous growths, or many other manifestations usually ascribed to "humors." It is a more formidable enemy than consumption or cancer alone, for scrofula combines the worst possible features of both. Being the most ancient, it is the most general of all diseases or affections, for very few persons are entirely free from it.

How can it be cured? By taking Hood's Sarsaparilla, which, by the cures it has accomplished, often when other medicines have failed, has proven itself to be a potent and peculiar medicine for this disease. For all affections of the blood Hood's Sarsaparilla is unequalled, and some of the cures it has effected are really wonderful. If you suffer from scrofula in any of its various forms, be sure to give Hood's Sarsaparilla a trial.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Sold by all druggists. $1; six for $5. Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar

REVIEW OF THE WEEK.

M. Katkoff, editor of the Moscow *Gazette*, is dead.

Queen Victoria will knight about 170 literary people.

Flood, the California millionaire, is dangerously ill.

New York Socialists think Henry George too conservative.

Jury failed to agree in the tally-sheet fraud case at Indianapolis.

Grasshoppers are destroying the crops in various parts of Belgium.

Tamar Shah, leader of the Herat insurgents, has been executed at Cabul.

The estimated reduction of the public debt during July was $5,000,000.

From Yorkshire and France come complaints that there is no profit in the wool trade.

The German crown prince's throat is so far improved that further treatment is unnecessary.

Prince Ferdinand, the newly elected Prince of Bulgaria, will take the oath of office early in August.

The evidence in the Indianapolis conspiracy cases are concluded and the arguments commenced.

The Government of Spain has abolished the Cuban and Porto Rican export duties on sugar, spirits and honey.

Count Kalnoky and Ministers Lutz and Crailsheim, of Bavaria, will visit Prince Bismarck at Kissingen.

Workingmen carried Newport, Ky., on the state ticket by 900, and Covington by 260, pluralities in both cases.

Secretary Fairchild is studying tariff schedule with a view to preparing an administration tariff measure in the fall.

John Taylor, president of the Mormon church at Salt Lake City, has died, and the funeral will occur at noon on Friday at the Tabernacle.

The English government has decided to subsidize the Canadian Pacific route for the transportation of the British Trans-Pacific mails.

The old Harriet Beecher Stowe house in Andover, Mass., in which the famous authoress wrote Uncle Tom's Cabin, has burned. Supposed to have been fired by burglars.

Salisbury, in the House of Lords, has announced the settlement of the frontier dispute between Russia and Afghanistan. The ameer, Lord Salisbury said, retained the district of Khamiab.

Reports on the condition of Crown Prince Frederick William are to the effect that he is progressing rapidly. He has no difficulty in speaking, but his physicians advise him to exercise care.

Dispatches to the Associated Press from various points in Kansas, report heavy rains Sunday and Monday. They were of great benefit to the corn crop, which was badly in need of rain.

The butter market at Elgin, Ill., has jumped upward. The advance was demanded by the fact that butter has been sold much below cost of late. Twenty-two thousand pounds was sold on the board at 27c and 27¼c.

A Russian blue book on the land proprietorship of Russian Poland has been issued. It shows that of the foreigners holding land, 3,000 are Austrians and 29,370 are Prussians. One thousand of the Russians are large land owners, and 550 are manufacturers.

Reports continue to be received of great floods throughout New England, caused by incessant rains during the last 48 hours. Nearly eight inches of rain has fallen, and the streams everywhere are out of their banks. Immense damage has been sustained.

Clearing-house exchanges of 35 American cities was $858,895,086, an increase of thirteen per cent. The only cities showing a decrease were Cincinnati, Galveston and Syracuse. The greatest increase was at Indianapolis, 139.8 per cent. Nearly all the cities west of the Mississippi river show great increase.

The following was the visible supply of grain July 23, as compiled by the New York Produce Exchange: Wheat, 32,021,051 bushels, increase 524,153 bushels; corn, 7,879,209 bushels, decrease 749,050 bushels; oats, 1,971,667 bushels, decrease 103,498 bushels; rye, 326,392 bushels, increase 22,700 bushels; barley, 178,230 bushels, decrease, 1,917 bushels.

A complaint has been received by the interstate commerce commission, signed by Thomas L. Green, manager of the Merchants' Freight Bureau of New York, on behalf of 281 merchants of Michigan, Illinois, Indiana, Ohio, Pennsylvania and Delaware, that the present classification in use by the New York Central, the Delaware, Lackawanna & Western, the Pennsylvania, the Baltimore & Ohio, the Erie railroad companies, to the effect that said companies are discriminating against less than car lots.

COMING CROPS.

The Weather Bureau's Report for the Past Seven Days.

CHICAGO, Aug. 2.—The crop summary of the *Farmer's Review* is as follows: The continued drouth in many states materially damaged the corn crop. Where local rains have fallen the injury, however, is not serious. The oat crop to date is turning out light, as expected. The winter wheat yield in different states, according to reports of our rorrespondents, is as follows: In nineteen counties in Illinois the average is 15½ bushels; Wayne and White counties report as low as five bushels; Hancock and Kankakee counties, 29 td 30 bushels.

Ten Indiana counties yield 14 5-8 bushels; the highest yield reported is Carroll county, 20 bushels. Thirteen counties in Ohio report 15 bushels. Seven Michigan counties, 13 3-7 bushels. Five counties in Kentucky, 11 2-5 bushels. Thirteen counties in Missouri, a fraction under 21 bushels. Seven Kansas counties, 10 3-7 bushels.

Spring wheat is as follows: Eleven counties in Iowa, 10 2-5 bushels. In Fayette county the crop has been cut for hay. In Winnesheik county, the crop is destroyed. Considerable damage has been done throughout the state by chinch bugs. Five counties in Minnesota report 13 bushels. Sherbourne county reports the crop ruined by drouth and chinch bugs.

Ten counties in Nebraska report ten bushels with damage by drouth and bugs in some counties. Eleven Dakota counties report 11 1-5 bushels.

Average condition of the corn crop: Twenty-three counties in Illinois place 76 per cent. with damage by drouth. Ten Indiana counties, 60 per cent., being 26 per cent. lower than a week ago, from general drouth. Thirteen Ohio counties, 90 per cent.; damage by drouth slight. Nine Michigan counties, 92 per cent.; there is some complaint of drouth. Wisconsin reports 95 per cent.

Corn requires rain badly in Kentucky, but in Missouri is in fine condition, eleven counties reporting 107 per cent. Nine Kansas counties report 92 per cent.; four complain of drouth and hot waves. In Iowa the corn crop is still fine, with some complaint of drouth and chinch bugs; fourteen counties report 106 per cent. Six counties in Minnesota report 92 per cent.; eight complain of drouth and insects. Ten Nebraska counties report 93 per cent. Ten counties in Dakota report 110 per cent. In the latter state refreshing rains have fallen—helping crops generally.

Reports on oats—Eighteen counties in Illinois report 28 4-9 bushels. Ten Indiana counties report 28 2-5 bushels. Eleven Ohio counties report 42 2-11 bushels. Eight counties in Michigan report a trifle under 30 bushels. Six Wisconsin counties report 32½ bushels. Eleven Missouri counties report 40 bushels. Seven counties in Kansas report 33 bushels. Sixteen Iowa counties report 30 bushels. Six counties in Minnesota report 35 1-5 bushels. Ten Nebraska counties report 32 bushels. Other crops are in much the same condition as last week, with no improvement.

THE "JIM CROW CAR" CASE.

Answer of a Southern Railroad to the Complaint of a Colored Man.

WASHINGTON, Aug. 2.—In the case of W. H. Heard, the colored man who complained to the interstate commerce commission against the Georgia Railroad Co. that he was refused first-class accommodations and compelled to ride in the "Jim Crow car, the respondent demurs to the complainant's petition upon various grounds, questions the jurisdiction of the commission, and without waiving either the demurrer or plea, proceeds to answer the complaint. It says:

"Petitioner claims that he was not permitted to ride in the first-class coach of respondent, but was compelled to ride in what is known on said Georgia railroad as the 'Jim Crow car.' Respondent replies that it has in no way given or authorized such designation of any car on its road, and if, when complainant says that the car on which he rode is known as the 'Jim Crow car,' he means to say that respondent is in any way responsible for this designation and implied contempt for its inmates, respondent denies such allegation.

At the Augusta end of respondent's main line there is an accommodation train running out of Augusta twenty-five miles, and spoken of popularly as "the Picayune." At the Atlanta end a similar train is known to its patrons and dwellers along the line of the road as "the Goober." But these designations or nicknames are merely effusions of popular pleasantry beyond the control of respondent, and considered by respondent up to this time (perhaps erroneously) as entirely innocuous. If any of respondent's cars have been spoken of by evil disposed persons as 'Jim Crow cars' respondent is not aware of it, but prays, if the fact is shown to exist, that the commission, if its large powers extend to such a case, will afford appropriate and adequate relief to respondent."

The answer further avers that the cars provided for colored passengers are equally as safe, comfortable, clean, well ventilated, and cared for as those provided for whites.

The difference, it says, if any, "relate to matters æsthetical only, and consist in higher ornamentation and matters of that sort, rather than in those which affect the substantial conditions of safety, comfort and convenience."

SEEKING FOR THE LORD.

The Negro Population Near Atlanta Crazy on Religion.

ATLANTA, Ga., July 27.—[Special wire.]—There is a little colored church on the Green's Ferry road, leading out from Atlanta, midway between the Chattahoochee river and Sweetwater creek, the congregation of which is now in a perturbed condition. The brethren are Primitive Baptists, greatly interested in the true mode of entering the water and zealous for the washing of feet.

Lately there has sprung up in the congregation a powerful exhorter named Simon Brown. One day, two weeks ago, Simon, who is an industrious farmer, was in the field weeding the cotton, when all of a sudden the Scriptural injunction, "Seek and ye shall find," took complete possession of him.

That night he could not sleep for thinking of it, and the next day, which was foot-washing day in the little church, he appeared there bearing a very solemn look. He announced that he had a very important charge to deliver; that Christ had commanded sinners to seek and they should find; that search should be instituted to the abandonment of every other duty.

While he was speaking the governor's horse guards of Atlanta passed by, on their way to camp Grady, in Douglass county. The sight of armed men on horseback, so unexpected and never witnessed there before, had a thrilling effect on the worshipers. Brown referred to it as a divine manifestation and urged his hearers to seek at once, and not to stop until they had found the pearl of great price.

For ten days the members of the congregation have left plowside and houses empty, and are walking around and looking in the hidden places for the treasure. Efforts have been made by the farmers who need the work of these people to get them to return but it is useless.

They declare that unless they find religion they will be lost, and that the only way to find it is to look for it without ceasing. The women are wilder than the men. They go down in old wells and fish around to see what is in the bottom.

They turn over stones and logs, look under houses, and during the long hours of the night strange figures carrying lanterns can be seen moving about in the forest which fringes the Chattahoochee, looking for the unique object of the search.

Brown is looked upon as an oracle, and every evening about sundown the superstitious people gather about him to listen to his latest revelations. Yesterday one of the white citizens threatened to have Brown tried for lunacy, with the result of nearly losing his life. The maddened worshippers declared that he was an agent of the devil who sought to destroy the people's faith. There appears to be no diminution of their zeal.

BLAINE AND SHERMAN.

A Letter from Ohio's Honored Senator on Politics Past and Future.

NEW YORK, Aug. 2.—[Special wire.]—Recently the Buffalo *Express* printed some reminiscences of the Hon. A. N. Cole, who claims to have been the father of the Republican party, and who, for 30 years, has been on more or less intimate terms with the great political leaders.

In these articles has been much concerning these leaders, and it appears that the papers containing the articles were forwarded to John Sherman. The latter found time to write the following decidedly pertinent letter to Mr. Cole:

> I have read with deep interest what is said in the number of July 10 in reference to Blaine's opinion of myself. It is quite true, as Mr. Blaine says that he and I have always been on intimate terms, and have always had the highest regard for each other.
>
> We were both presented as candidates in 1880, but then some of Mr. Blaine's friends in Ohio made the fatal mistake of dividing the Ohio delegation and refused to vote for me, but voted for Mr. Blaine.
>
> This not only defeated me, but prevented the concentration of the Ohio delegation in favor of Mr. Blaine on the night before the last day of the convention, when he said he hoped the Ohio delegation would unite upon me, and, if so, my nomination would follow as a matter of course; but so much feeling had been caused by the division that it was found impossible, and was only reconciled by the nomination of Gen. Garfield.
>
> It may be that the same division will produce the like result in the approaching canvass. I certainly have no objection to the nomination of Mr. Blaine, and if he is nominated I will do what I did in 1884—do all I can to secure his election. He is more injured than benefited by the activity of his friends in making divisions in Republican states.

By some it is considered that the special significance of this letter is that it indicates no change whatever in the fair rivalry and cordial relationship which have long existed between Sherman and Blaine. It is held to mean that John Sherman will get the Republican nomination for President next year if he can, and if he cannot he will be glad to see it fall to James G. Blaine, and that if the honor should fall upon Sherman it may be taken for granted that the Ohio statesman will have the hearty support of Blaine, of Maine.

FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

The Egyptian Convention Still a Subject of Comment in Oriental Circles.

PARIS, Aug. 2.—[Special wire.]—M. Flourins, minister of Foreign Affairs, has sent a circular to foreign agents regarding the Egyptian convention. He says that after the rejection of the convention there was a noticeable spirit of conciliation manifested by England.

The convention's two bad points were: First—The abandonment of part of the Sultan's power to a Christian power. Second—The absence of a specified date for the evacuation of Egypt by the British.

He believes that if negotiations are renewed it will be easy to arrive at a useful result by avoiding those difficulties. He concludes by explaining the hope that Lord Salisbury will not deceive himself regarding French sentiments on this subject. There is nothing hostile, he says, in his policy. France continues to desire a settlement according to the wishes of all the powers.

THE LATE ITALIAN PREMIER.

ROME, Aug. 2.—The members of the cabinet after attending the obsequies of the late Premier De Pretis at Stradella, will go to Monza to confer with the king.

The members of the municipal council of Rome, will attend the funeral in a body. They have decided to place a bust of M. De Pretis in the capitol, to grant $20,000 for a public monument to him and to name a street in his honor.

AMERICANS IN CHINA.

A General Belief that Yankee Capital is to Cut a Figure in the Celestials Country.

NEW YORK, Aug. 2—[Special wire.]—The report that Jay Gould proposed to give the slow-moving progress of China a big boost by introducing telephonic communication and establishing a great bank there that was not only to do a regular banking business, but was to take charge of all the government finances and control impending railroad and telegraph enterprises in the Mongolian kingdom, was denied yesterday by his son George, as mentioned in this report.

George E. Seward, ex minister to China, said to a reporter that he was convinced that American capital would ultimately "open up" China.

Russell & Co., No. 80 Wall street, do a large proportion of the banking business between this country and China, and Manager Hanna was asked what he knew of the report.

"I am sorry," he said, "that publicity has been given to it, because premature publication often knocks these things in the head. At the same time, I am free to admit that such an enterprise as announced is now on foot. Mr. Gould is not in it, however. I am not at liberty to tell you who are its promoters, except that we are ourselves interested to a certain extent.

AFTER FIFTEEN YEARS.

A Man Confesses to a Murder for Which Another Man Was Executed.

MCKINNEY, Tex., Aug. 2.—About fifteen years ago a man named Ballou was hung in this (Collin) county for the murder of one Golden. The men came together from Indiana to Texas on a prospecting tour. After the murder Ballou returned to Indiana, and, wearing the murdered man's clothing, married Golden's sister.

Suspicion was aroused and he was afterwards arrested and condemned to death.

A few days ago a man named Mex, on his death bed confessed that he and not Ballou murdered Golden. He gave a minute description of the whole affair. The finale, however, spoils the sensation, for Mex said that he was hired by Ballou to commit the deed.

NEW FIELD OF LABOR.

Miners Leaving Pennsylvania for the Mines of Alberta.

POTTSVILLE, Pa., Aug. 2.—A movement which may eventually exercise a sensible effect upon labor interests in this region will have its inauguration to-day. A party of 40 picked miners, under the charge of Traveling Passenger Agent John R. Pott, of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul railroad, will leave this city, via the Pennsylvania road for Alberta, where they will be employed in the anthricite coal mines, recently opened in that region. Other parties will follow as soon as they can be organized.

M'GARIGLE'S CASE.

Talk from Washington on Extradition—His Abettors' Liability.

WASHINGTON, Aug. 2.—No application has been received at the State department for the extradition of McGarigle. The attorney-general, when asked touching an application for extradition, said no decision could be made until the question was formally presented. Should a request be made it would be carefully considered and a demand made for the apprehension and return of the fugitive, if such a demand could be made under the law and treaty stipulations.

Other officials at the attorney general's office, while declining to discuss the question of extradition, are disposed to think that the methods employed by McGarigle in effecting his escape from Chicago and passage to Canada will have no bearing on the case.

A sovereign nation has full police jurisdiction over its waters and harbors, and may refuse clearance papers to a foreign vessel that has violated the law, and while thus within police jurisdiction may take from such vessel, under due process of law, a person charged with a criminal act; but a demand for the return of an offender who had escaped from the custody of the law by means of a foreign trading vessel, could not be sustained solely on that account.

ST. CATHARINES, Ont., Aug. 2.—It is reported that McGarigle, acting on the recommendation of Dr. St. John, will arrive in St. Catharines to-day and employ a lawyer, F. K. St. John, to conduct the defense in case of arrest and extradition is made. Lawyer St. John resides in St. Cathasines and is a brother of the now noted Chicago physician.

LONDON, Ont., Aug. 2.—The closest inquiry fails to verify the report that McGarigle is in London, and the general opinion is that he will not come to this city as the local authorities seem determined to arrest him if found.

Its reported that while he took a train for London he got off at Strattiroy, a small town about 20 miles west from London, where he was to remain over night, leaving early this morning for Toronto, or some other Eastern point.

GERMAN-AMERICAN CATHOLICS.

A Gathering From All Over the United States to be Held in Chicago in September.

CHICAGO, Aug. 2.—[Special wire.]—An invitation has been issued to all the German-American Catholics to meet at Chicago September 6. There was a meeting of about 40 Catholic priests held in this city a few weeks ago, at which it was decided to issue the call for convention, and Rector William Tappert, of Covington, Ky., Frederich Arendez, of St. Louis, and William Casper, of Milwaukee, were authorized to issue it. These national catholic conventions (Katholikentage) are an old custom in Germany, but the one held next September will be the first one in United States.

The objects of the convention will be, it is said, a consideration of the differences existing between the German and Irish Catholics. It has often been the complaint of German Catholics in this country that they are neglected, or even intentionally slighted, by the highest dignitaries of the church. Complaint has been made at Rome, and the propaganda has recently decided that the German Catholics in the United States must be treated as equal to the Irish.

The object of the convention is to demonstrate the strength of the German Catholics and take steps to secure recognition.

It is claimed that there are about 2,000,000 German Catholics in the United States.

In respect to the cultivation of the German language in the schools and the church, the convention will not advance any new demands.

It is also intended that the convention shall take some position with reference to the labor problem to encourage respectable organizations of laborers and keep them from dangerous influences.

JOHN BEALL'S CRIME.

The Thirteen-Year-Old Boy Who So Brutally Murdered His Mother Makes a Confession.

EATON, O., Aug. 2.—John Beall, 13 years old, who has been in jail six weeks on the charge of killing his mother, has made a confession to the prosecutiog attorney, the sheriff and an ex-sheriff.

It was not written down, and the persons are secretive about the details.

On June 13 this boy was at home alone with his mother at a farm house and about 4 o'clock alarmed the neighbors by saying three tramps had killed his mother, and that he was asleep, but awakened in time to see them leaving with a watch and some money. The watch has since been found in a vault where the boy admits that he threw it.

The boy had shot his mother twice, and then nearly beheaded her with an ax.

It is supposed he was with the dead body three hours before giving the alarm. No motive for his crime can be assigned, except that he was angry at what seemed to him to be evidences of favoritism shown to his sister by his mother. On the day of the murder he expected to go to Eaton with his mother to get a new suit of clothes, but instead his father took his sister to town and thus he was left at home with his mother.

BLAINE'S PLANS CHANGED.

It is Now Announced That He Will Spend the Winter in Europe.

NEW YORK, Aug. 2.—[Special wire.]—A London cable says: Mr. Blaine has again switched completely around and now says he will spend the winter on the continent. The correspondent is not prepared to say whether the Sherman resolution passed by the Ohio convention is responsible for this, but he does know that on Friday Mr. Blaine received an imposing batch of cables from the United States, and that the alteration of his plan then ensued. Some of these were Ohio advices; others came from Mr. Blaine's friends, and the correspondent understands were in effect remonstrances against his return.

THE STRIKERS.

The Black Diamond Works Resume—The Two-Job Question.

PITTSBURG, Aug. 2.—The strike of employes of the Black Diamond Steel works, of Park Bros. & Co., for a recognition of the Knights of Labor, has failed, and work will be resumed in all departments to-morrow. A large number of the strikers have returned to work unconditionally.

The places of the ringleaders, who will not be taken back, have been filled by new men.

The strike lasted three wreks and affected about 1,500 men.

There is no change here in the situation of the strike of the Amalgamated association against the "two job rule."

The men at the Solar Iron Works & Painter & Co's mill are still idle and both sides are firm.

PEACE REIGNS.

The Green Glass Manufacturers and Employes Come to an Understanding.

PITTSBURG, Aug. 2.—At a conference of green glass manufacturers and workmen here yesterday, an amicable settlement of the wages question and working rules, for the ensuing "blast" or year, was effected.

The wages scale is the same that were in force during the last blast.

It was also decided to allow one apprentice to every fifteen journeymen. The settlement insures peace in all the green glass factories of the west and affects about 1,000 blowers.

How the Emigrants Come.

NEW YORK, Aug. 2.—[Special wire.]—The emigration of the past month was exceeded only by that of one July in the record of the Garden. During it 27,844 people were landed, against 24,434 of last year. Up to to-day there has been landed at the Garden since January 1, 240,499 persons, and during the same period of last year the number was 173,141.

The President's Wife.

NEW BEDFORD, Mass., Aug. 2.—Mrs. Grover Cleveland, accompanied by her mother and aunt, arrived at Marion at 11:18 to-day. They left New York last night on the Fall River line, boat Pilgrim, and on their arrival at Fall River this morning took a special train for Marion.

The party will be the questo of Gen. A. W. Greely, who has a summer residence there.

Uneasy Russians.

ST. PETERSBURG, Aug. 1.—An immense immigration movement is proceeding in Central Russia. Peasants and farmers are going in large numbers to Western Siberia where free pasture and arable lands abound. The movement threatens to result in a serious agricultural crisis. It is reported the government is about to stop the migration.

Mrs. Logan's Condition.

WASHINGTON, Aug. 2.—There is no particular change in Mrs. Logan's condition. Dr. Hamilton says he saw her this morning and that she was resting comfortably.

DEMOCRACY'S BLIGHT.

Why the State Has Not Prospered—Bourbon Corruption and Dry Rot.

WASHINGTON, Aug. 2.—"The Democratic managers in Kentucky are likely to find themselves left out in the cold unless they pay more attention to the signs of the times," said a progressive young man from the Blue Grass regions to-day.

"For years there has been a growing feeling of dissatisfaction with the men and methods employed in running the elections," he continued. "The political fabric of the state is worm-eaten and rotten. The result is stagnation and depression everywhere.

"While her sister states on every side are prospering materially in every respect, Kentucky is at a standstill. Yet there is not a state in the Union which possesses more of the raw material of prosperity."

"To what cause do you ascribe this state of affairs?"

"Simply to the disgust of every respectable man in the state with the political methods of those who rule."

"Why then do they submit?"

"For the same reason that the better element in New York submit to the rule of the rag-tag and bob-tail element in the metropolis.

"For the reason that business men everywhere take very little interest in politics, but allow the 'heeler element' to do all the preliminary work. Buckner, the Democratic nominee for the governorship, is a poor stick. The Republican candidate is infinitely superior to him in every respect and the chances are that the people will show their disgust in such a manner as will awaken the rulers to the fact that it is time to call a halt in the manner of selecting candidates for important offices. The labor party is growing rapidly there, as it is everywhere else. It will not be surprising if the heretofore certain Democratic majority in the state is entirelp wiped out in the next presidential race if the labor party places a ticket of its own in the field. If such a political upheaval should come it will be the salvation of the state, for even the most hide-bound party man will admit that so long as the present state of affairs exists there is little hope for material improvement."

M'COY GUILTY.

The Jury Bring in a Verdict of Murder in the Second Degree.

PORTSMOUTH, O., Aug. 1.—The jury in the celebrated case of Alf. McCoy, charged with the murder of Dr. Northup, returned a verdict this morning. McCoy is adjudged guilty of murder in the second degree.

It will be remembered that Dr. Northup was a warm advocate of the prohibition movement, and it was through the ill-feeling that the McCoy boys had for this move that the killing resulted. Dr. Northup was brutally assaulted, driven down the street by the two brothers and killed.

They Feel That Anything Short of Hanging for McCoy Will Not Do.

PORTSMOUTH, O., Aug. 2.—The McCoy verdict is not liked. It is hard for the people to reconcile themselves to any mitigation of the death penalty, when the evidence directly showed the prisoner guilty of the most deliberate murder, and many mutterings were indulged in. It need not surprise anybody if other results are obtained than that marked out by the decision of the jury.

The prisoner was removed to jail. Mr George O. Newman, in the absence of the attorneys for the defense, made a motion for a new trial. It is hoped by the people of this town that a new trial may be obtained, as they are anything but satisfied with the verdict.

THE TOBACCO CORNER.

Perhaps Cincinnati will Have Better Luck Than in the Wheat Deal.

CINCINNATI, Aug 1.—The attention of tobacco dealers all over the country is today directed toward Cincinnati. A deal is on, and it is one greater than any which has yet been known. Every warehouse in Cincinnati is filled with the weed and the market is flooded.

The "brakes" or amount to be offered at auction sale has been ordered limited. This has been done in order to keep up prices. They are kept up, too, notwithstanding the great amount of tobacco on hand. And behind all this there is an interesting story.

It is this: There is war among the manufacturers of tobacco. Since last February tobacco has risen from 12½ cents and is now selling at about fifteen cents. This city particularly handles a large amount of the brand known as the Burley. It is the chief market. Of this brand are made the tobaccos manufactured by a St. Louis firm, and those manufactured by New York and other leading houses. When the price of tobacco commenced to go up the St. Louis firm issued a circular announcing that the rise was unwarranted, and that tobacco would soon return to its former price.

They still keep their prices down, while other manufacturers raised their prices. There has now grown up a war between this firm on the one hand and the others in opposition. Already the St. Louis men are reported as being short 4,000,000 pounds of tobacco on contracts previously made. The contest is a bitter one, and whenever a St. Louis agent appears to purchase tobacco, an agent of the opposition may be found bidding against him.

NEARLY 5,0000 IDLE.

Trouble Between the Iron Workers and Employers Promises a Long and Bitter Wage Struggle.

PITTSBURG, Pa., Aug. 1.—To-day inaugurates what from present indications will be the most serious misunderstanding that has arisen for years between the Amalgamated Association of Iron and Steel Workers and the manufacturers.

Already a number of mills in the Mahoning Valley have been closed down, and nearly 5,000 iron workers are out of employment, while the indications are that before many days there will be a still larger number of idle mills.

The trouble is caused by an attempt on the part of the Amalgamated association to enforce an old law in their constitution which provides that no man shall hold two jobs at a mill. At the recent annual convention of iron workers an amendment stigmatizing the holder of two jobs as "black sheep" was passed, and it was decided to enforce the law after August 1.

The members of the association were notified of the action taken, as a rule, gave up their extra jobs. But the trouble arose over non-members who refused. At the mills of Painter & Sons, in this city, Brown, Bonnell & Co., Mahoning Valley Iron company and Cartwright, McCurdy & Co., of Youngstown, O., the mill owners refused to discharge these men and the mill closed down this morning.

The same trouble is expected at the Solar Iron works, in this city, and at the Iron works at Akron, Ohio, and Cirard, Pa.

The manufacturers refuse to recognize the law on the ground that it was not included in the agreement or the scale of wages they signed.

Both sides are determined to maintain the stand taken, and unless an amicable settlement is reached soon, several thousand more mill workers may be out of employment.

DROUTH IN KANSAS.

No Rain Since July 4 and Crops Harvested Only for Fodder.

PARSONS, Kans., Aug. 1.—A genuine Kansas drouth has prevailed here since July 4. On that day rain fell nearly all day in torrents since which scarcely a drop has fallen, and although the ground was thoroughly soaked at that time and the corn was exceedingly well advanced, the dry weather which has prevailed since shows a damaging effect upon it.

Although the early planted corn is beyond injury by drouth, there are thousands of acres that were planted after the wheat had been harvested from the ground, that, had the heavy rains that prevailed in june continued, would have made a good average crop. It will now be so retarded in its growth as to make it worthless for anything more than fodder.

YATES CENTER, Kas., Aug. 1.—A good rain fell here last night, accompanied by a good deal of lightning. During the storm Miss Sheehan, a young lady 18 years old, who was standing in the yard, was struck by lightning and instantly killed.

Sold His Wife for $300.

VINCENNES, Ind., July 29.—[Special Wire.]—A peculiar case came up in the mayor's court to-day. Charles Bohn had J. H. Bunch arrested for taking away Bohn's wife and [illegible] with her. Bunch is a blind pensioner, and has quite a sum of money.

Mrs. Bohn had a strong liking for the blind man, and she left her husband; but it now appears that Bohn really sold his wife to Bunch for $300, and held Bunch's note therefor. The sale was a reality, but the note was never paid; hence the difficulty.

Little Phil to Attend.

DETROIT, Aug. 2.—Gen. Phil Sheridan has written that he will attend the reunion of the Army of the Tennessee in Detroit, September 14 and 15. The original idea of having a prize drill of the crack companies of the country, has been abandoned.

New York Republicans.

SARATOGA, N. Y., Aug. 2.—The Republican State committee this morning selected Saratoga as the place of meeting for the Republican State convention, and September 14 as the date.

BARON SEILLIERE.

Released from a Prison He Makes His Way Again to Free America.

NEW YORK, Aug. 1.—Baron Raymond Seilliere, of Paris, whose eccentricities have perplexed Paris and New York, arrived on La Gascogne yesterday from Havre.

To a reporter of the *Herald* the baron gave a full and clear statement of his wrongs, which was supplemented upon his authority by his intimate friend and fellow-voyager, M. Joseph Baudrais. In the course of a long conversation with him and M. Baudrais, the story of how the modern *lettre de cachet* system is operated in France came out with an occasional and thrilling emphasis.

Those who know something of the affair from cable advices will remember that the Baron arrived in France from the United States in May, that he was tricked into placing himself in the power of his enemies, and that he was confined in the private lunatic asylum at Vanves, conducted by Dr. Fairet, from the 19th of that month until the 19th of July, or 62 days and nights.

Once within the walls of the asylum, de Seilliere was for the time being as completely lost to the world as if he had been buried deep in a dungeon under the lower Vincennes. It was two days even before his friends were certain that he had been locked up in an asylum. He was placed in a straight-jacket immediately and hyperdemic injections of drugs were made by force.

Their effect was to produce an abnormal cerebral excitement, accompanied by confusion of ideas. While he was in this state a physician named Montet, an authority on insanity, and a medical reporter were posted behind a screen and the baron was goaded to anger and intemperate words by Dr. Fairet. The report, after this examination, was to the effect that De Seilliere was raving mad.

Then followed a delicate system of torture. On the pretense of treating him for disease of the nerves, acids were employed to burn the flesh off his back. The Baron has brought away the shirt which he wore and it is all charred with the corroding liquid. He was beset by the constant fear that he would be poisoned, and his friends think that but for this fear he surely would have been.

For several days he refused absolutely all food excepting goat's milk, which he himself drew from the udder of the animal, and water cresses, which he gathered from a small brook that ran through the garden of the establishment. Finally he convinced his keepers that he would not eat anything else unless they first tasted it, and this thereafter was the rule of procedure.

Finally, the press of the United States and France took the matter up and he was released. A friend of the Baron's last night said: "I am confident that if the press of tha France and America had not taken up the cause of the Baron he might have remained until his death in secret confinement, and his fate would forever have remained a fearful mystery to all but his enemies."

FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

A State of Great Unrest in Afghanistan—The Ameer's Proclamation.

CALCUTTA, Aug. 1.—Advices from Candahar state that the ameer of Afghanistan has caused a proclamation to be posted in the bazaar in that city, informing his subjects that the British government is holding six infantry divisions, each consisting of nine regiments with cavaly and artillery, in readiness to march into Afghanistan to suppress the revolt of the ameer's enemies in the interior.

The proclamation adds: "I can suppress the Chilzais without them, but they remain ready in case Russia takes advantage of the rebellion to invade the country."

The Ameer invites the rebels to return to return to their homes, and says he will only punish the chiefs in the insurrection. He warns Great Britain against permitting Ayoub Khan to approach the frontier.

The opponents of the Ameer explain that in issuing his proclamation, the Ameer is playing his last trump card, as he finds that the people value his alliance with England more than they value the Ameer himself.

Cholera in India.

CALCUTTA, Aug. 1.—The city of Peshawar in the northwestern part of India, in the Punjab, is infected with cholera of the worst type. Three hundred deaths from the disease occurred during the month of July.

Afghan Insurgents.

CALCUTTA, Aug. 1.—The insurgents in Afghanistan have blocked the roads between Candahar and India.

Go On with the Duel.

PARIS, Aug. 1.—Gen. Boulanger has telegraphed to his seconds to insist upon M Ferry making an immediate apology for his references to the general in his speech at Epinal, and in the event of a refusal to continue the preparations for a duel.

ILLINOIS KU-KLUX.

Hardin County Being Depopulated On Account of Depredations From Lawless Citizens.

HARRISBURG, Ill., Aug. 1.—Persons who have just returned from the interior of Hardin county report that the Ku-Klux gang are preparing for another onslaught on good people of that section. Since the James Belt assassination of last week, County Judge Jacob Hess, Logan Belt's wife, and a number of others, have received written notices to leave the country.

The people throughout the county are terrified, and many are leaving without receiving the invitation extended to so many. The gang is beginning to warn people of other counties to get out of Southern Illinois. Among these are friends of the late Logan and James Belt, who lived in the neighboring county of Gallatin. Not less than eight others who have received these notices have been waylaid and killed.

A meeting of the citizens of the county is called for August 6 to devise means to ferret out the murderous mysteries. The gang is somewhat on the order of the Bald-knobbers, and is getting bolder with each successive crime. Earl Isherwood, one of the persons warned to leave Elizabetptown, has taken up his residence here for fear his life will be taken.

KENTUCKY ELECTIONS.

A Democratic Majority of from 25,000 to 35,000 on the State Ticket.

LOUISVILLE, Aug. 2.—In Louisville the Democratic majority is about 2,000, a Democratic gain of 2,000 over the last election. The city elects a solid Democratic legislative ticket and defeats local option by a large majority. The county and city give a Democratic majority of 3,000.

Meagre returns from the state indicate a Republican gain, but the Democratic ticket's estimated majority will be from 25,000 to 35,000 votes.

The Democratic losses were mainly in local contests. Lexington gave its first Democratic majority in several years. The legislature will be largely Democratic and will elect a United States senator in January to succeed Senator Beck.

ANTI-COERCION.

Chicago Comes to the Fore With a Society to Aid Ireland.

CHICAGO, July 28.—At a large meeting of prominent local Irishmen, last night, a new association was formed, to be known as the "Anti-Coercion association," and the objects of the association were declared to be "to aid the people of Ireland in their efforts to win self-government; to render moral and financial support to the Irish National League in Ireland, and to organize and unite the Irish citizens of Chicago and vicinity so as to make their efforts in behalf of Ireland more effective and conducive to the welfare of the national cause."

A plan of organization and government was adopted. Resolutions were adopted denouncing the coercion law and calling for its repeal.

THE TOBACCO JUMP.

Bulls Trying to Freeze Out the Bears as is Generally the Case.

NEW YORK, July 30.—The *Tribune* says: An explanation is given by tobacco dealers of the rise in the prices of certain grades. Private firms contracted early in the year to supply France, Spain and Italy at low prices; and to injure these firms, the dealers and planters in this country entered into a compact to restrict production.

This would seem to be somewhat in the line of "biting off your nose to spite your face." Perhaps it is a safe operation for the future if the foreign dealers are dependent solely on this market.

Lincoln for President.

WASHINGTON, July 29.—The *Post* has the following editorial paragraph about "Bob" Lincoln:

> The availability of Robert T. Lincoln as a dark horse for the Republican Presidential candidacy is beginning to be generally recognized. During his official career if he showed the possession of no great qualities, he nevertheless exhibited modesty, prudence, and general good sense, and he made no enemies. The name he bears has a very natural charm for the negro of the South, and for great numbers of the unobtrusive citizens of the North. When, in the coming contest, Blaine and Sherman shall have obliterated each other, the surviving faction might do a great deal worse than nominate Robert T. Lincoln.

MONEY REPORTED SCARCE.

Cashier James W. Clews, of Wall Street, Tells the Reason Why.

NEW YORK, July 28.—"Business has been exceedingly quiet for the past few weeks," said James B. Clews, cashier of the famous Wall street banking house of Henry Clews & Co., at the Griswold house, yesterday. "I think prices will go lower. The cause is a general tightness of money, occasioned by the scarcity of supply. This condition of affairs began last August, and by September rates of interest got up as high as one per cent. a day.

"I have never seen a time in business when money was as scarce as it is at present. The same influences which caused the panic of last December are likely to repeat themselves during the coming fall. The great taouble is that the money market is too largely in the hands of a few wealthy men. They have large deposits, and they run a great many of the banks to suit themselves.

"There is Russell Sage, for instance. He undoubtedly has the most ready cash of any single individual in the United States. I do not mean to be understood that he is the wealthiest man in the country, but simply that he has the most ready money within reach of his hand at a moment's notice. His money is chiefly left on balance in the banks. He is a great money lender, and when he makes a loan it is generally made so that he can call it in whenever he likes.

"If he makes up his mind to call in all the money that he has lying about in this manner, it naturally creates a scarcity. Sage, Gould and a few other large houses can put their heads together any day and call in 15 or 20 millions. All they have to do is to check out of the banks and thus reduce the surplus. Their principal object in doing this at intervals is to depress stock and manipulate the market. It is a tremendous power to be placed in the hands of a few men.

"Cyrus W. Field is about as well off today as he ever was, reports to the contrary notwithstanding. Much of his Manhattan stock was acquired when prices were away down. It is generally thought on Wall street that Gould squeezed him, however. The trouble between them is supposed to have grown out of the fact that Field succeeded in reducing fares to five cents, against Gould's express wishes. Had Field not succeeded in this, the legislature would undoubtedly have done it anyhow.

"I received advices from the house this morning that the Baltimore & Ohio deal is off for the time being. It will undoubtedly be taken up again, however. Gould, for reasons best known to himself, has all along been dead against the proposed deal. Every one else interested seemed willing to put it through. It would be a big help to the Western Union, giving them practically control of all the telegraph business in the country, as they had before the Baltimore & Ohio was put through. Gould's idea seems to be that the two lines should be run entirely separate.

"Jay Gould is undoubtedly the coolest-headed and smartest business man on earth day. Of late he has been giving much of his business over into the hands of his son George, who seems to be a chip off the old block. The latter is now president of most of his father's companies."

THE DESERTER'S STORY.

He Still Claims His Story Is True and that Sergeant Bartley Lied.

CHICAGO, July 27.—[Special wire]—Young Manning, whose story of cruelty while in the military prison at Fort Leavenworth, Kansas, was published Monday, and which was flatly denied by the recruiting officers in New York, says a local paper, is ready to stand for the truth of his assertions. The statement of Sergeant Bartley that Manning's name is DeRicqules, and that he came from Cincinnati, where his father is a music teacher, the young man says, cannot be true, inasmuch as he has never been in Cincinnati in his life, and his father is not a musician.

The author of his being, he claims, has always lived in Buffalo and that there he is at present a dealer in malt. His residence is in one of Buffalo's suburbs, called Black Rock. Manning spoke as follows:

> When I went to the recruiting headquarters in New York I did so in response to a note which I received from a stranger, whom I first met at Delmonico's on the night before. The stranger, I afterward discovered, was Sergeant Thomas Bartley, who was the prosecuting witness at the Jefferson barracks court martial, and whose testimony convicted me.
>
> Every word of his testimony was a lie, and I'm pretty sure he knew he was lying when he gave it. I have never had any name but that of W. J. Manning, and have never used any other. The fact that Bartley says I hail from Cincinnati, and that my father is a music teacher there, and that his name is De Ricqules, shows that at least that it is a case of mistaken identity even if my imprisonment was not the outcome of Bartley's malice.
>
> But why should he bear me any malice—I never saw him before the night we met in Delmonico's. Bartley's statement that I admitted my name to be DeRicqules is false and that he knows well.

Young Manning repeats a pitiful tale of cruelty in prison, and says the picture of what he saw will never fade from his mind.

IMMORAL TRAFFIC.

The Canadian Sensation Grows Under Rigid Investigation.

OTTAWA, Ont., July 27.—[Special wire.]—The sensation which was caused at the capital of the Dominion over the startling revelations made within the past few days as to the traffic in young girls of from 12 to 14, in which a number of prominent citizens, as well as several leading politicians are implicated, promises to develope into a scandal even greater than that exposed recently by the *Pall Mall Gazette*.

One scandal following another so closely in the metropolitan city has incensed the citizens generally. Last night a meeting was held under the auspices of the society for the prevention of cruelty, with a view to devising some means by which the great stain on the capital's good name might be removed.

Special legislation, it was decided, would be necessary to attain that end, and the matter must therefore become the subject of special legislation at the next session of parliament before any law can be enacted to reach the culprits.

It is possible, owing to the fact that the chief of police has evidence in his possession which would criminate several prominant politicians if brought into court, that such a measure, if introduced in parliament, would be defeated, guilty members of the senate and house of commons, whose names are freely mentioned, fearing that their indorsement of such a measure and subsequent investigation would criminate themselves.

ELECTRIC STORM.

Business Disturbed and Many People Frightened Badly in New York.

NEW YORK, July 27.—[Special wire.]—The electrical storm which raged over the lower end of Manhattan Island last night does not seem to have done any damage beyond frightening the inhabitants out of their wits. The employes of the great newspapers on Park Row were compelled to rest for about half an hour before they had nerve enough to go on with their work.

The damage to the telegraph and telephone wires has been repaired, and dealers in electricity are now carrying on business as usual. A Chambers street hospital ambulance was returning to the hospital with a patient, was struck by lightning. Surgeon Wedekind, Larry the driver, and the patient, a woman suffering from hysterics, were temporarily pyralyzed. The woman suffered the least from the shock.

ROYAL

FULL WEIGHT
ROYAL
ROYAL
BAKING POWDER

BAKING POWDER
Absolutely Pure.

This powder never varies. A marvel of purity, strength and wholesomeness. More economical than the ordinary kinds, and cannot be sold in competition with the multitude of low test, short weight alum or phosphate powder. SOLD ONLY IN CANS. ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 106 Wall street New York.

CONDENSED TELEGRAMS.

The steamers of the Monarch ocean line have been sold at New York.

There were eight deaths from sunstroke at Philadelphia yesterday.

Georgia floods have caused $2,000,000 damage to cotton and corn.

The sea servent has been seen at Nahant, Mass., 100 feet long this time.

Jeff Davis has written a letter denouncing the Texas struggle for prohibition.

Prince Varoprakaw, half brother of the King of Siam, has arrived in New York.

Swiss army officers have been ordered to see to the army's effectiveness in the event of a war.

One robber held up two Texas stage coaches at the same time in Blanche county, and got a good haul.

Evansville, Ind., has had a slight earthquake. Three tremors, immediately following each other, were noticed.

Sensation in Brooklyn because Miss H. H. Hill, society belle, has married Rev. Joe Sing, a Chinese evangelist there.

An attendance of 5,000 medical men is expected at the international medical conference in Washington next month.

Slight earthquake shocks have been felt in St. Louis. The movement was from south to north and the vibration lasted 5 to 8 hours.

Thomas Byrnes, the survivor of the two men who were shot in Thompson street, New York, by John Carroll, the Cuban negro, has died.

United States District Attorney Peters has brought suit at Salt Lake City to wind up the Mormon church corporation and disincorporate it.

Special detectives made a strict search of all the baggage belonging to the passengers aboard the steamship City of Richmond on her arrival at Queenstown from New York.

Wm. Willshire, 52 years of age, keeper of an oyster saloon in Camden, N. J., shot his wife Ella, aged 47, murdered Justice of the Peace Dan (colored), and then shot and killed himself.

The lord mayor has presented the freedom of the city of Dublin to the Hon. Patrick A. Collins, of Boston, Mass., "As a representative of millions of Irish people banished from their native land by landlordism and oppression."

President Phillips of the suspended Columbian bank, at Philadelphia, makes a public statement that the liabilities are $278,901; assets, $478,991. Excess of assets over liabilities exactly equals the capital stock of the bank.

The miners in the Hocking Valley are out on a strike for a semi-monthly payment of wages. The operatives gave notice that they would pay every 30 days after August 1. There is a conflict of authority between the K. of L. and the Miners' association as to which shall give directions in the matter.

The secretary of the Navy has issued instructions to the United States steam ship Michigan to be at Detroit on the 14th and 15th of September, to take part in the ceremonies at the reunion of the army of the Tennessee, and at Chicago, from the 1st to the 20th of October, for the military encampment.

The preliminary trial of Sergt. Clark, 23d regiment United States Infantry, for shooting private Albert Stone, in Detroit, resulted in his discharge. The court held that he must obey a legal order of a superior officer. Stone had been setenced to a military prison, and tried to escape, and Clark, who was on guard, shot him.

A gang of Texan toughs attacked the Chinese railroad hands at Odessa, Saturday night, and after brutally treating the celestials, stole all their money. Several other camps were uisited. Every conceivable torture was inflicted on the Chinese to make them give up their gold. Some were hung up until almost dead, others beaten and some held on hot stoves.

A. J. Whitman, bookkeeper for the Central Union telephone company, Chicago, has been arrested for forgery. He waived examination and was committed to the criminal court under $25,000. Three years ago he entered the telephone company's employ and rapidly won his way to a position of confidence and responsibility. With these three years, so far as ascertained, he has acquired a deficit of $20,000.

The strike in the Little rolling mills, East St. Louis, when 200 stokers and laborers quit work and compelled the shutting down of the mills and the throwing out of employment of 200 other men, has been settled. The demand of stoker Moore for an assistant was complied with, but the dismissal of foreman Davis (who refused the demand of Moore) which the strikers demanded, was refused.

Augusta, Ga., has narrowly escaped a great calamity. More than three-fourths of the city was covered with water from one to six feet deep. The greatest damage is to the streets, the sewers not being of much benefit to the property in the city. Some industries have suffered and there will be a loss from the stoppage of mills, but the loss to different interests is small. The city will be the greatest loser in damage to the canal and to streets. The rise was caused by a dam break.

The trial of Frank Langston for the murder of John H. Ruffin, on April 4, has commenced at Petersburg, Va. The prisoner is a son of Hon. John M. Langston, formerly United States minister to Hayti, and Ruffin was a leading politician. Langston was indicted by a grand jury in April, but the court to-day quashed the indictment, holding it to be invalid because the foreman of the jury was the owner of a grist mill, and not eligible as a juryman under the laws of Virginia. A new jury was summoned and a new indictment found, and the case proceeded. A jury is being impanelled.

A dam burst on the mountain, letting water down into the village of Parsons, Pa. The whole town was flooded and the people had to flee for their lives. A little girl, Annie Quinn, was drowned. Four bridges were washed away and 500 feet of Jersey Central tracks carried off. At Laurel run the mad waters caught 50 loaded coal cars on a side track and dashed them down the mountain like kindling wood. A mile and a half of track was also carried away. All houses which stood on Ash street were swept off their foundations. Loss to the railway company is about $95,000; to town property, $60,000.

Market Column.

REVIEW OF THE WEEK'S BUSINESS

Financial.

OFFICE OF THE TOLEDO BLADE,
Wednesday, Aug. 3, 1887.

The following is the statement of the New York banks for the week ending Saturday.

Reserve—Increase	$ 366,350
Loans—Increase	45,000
Specie—Decrease	1,385,700
Legal tenders—Increase	372,900
Deposits—Decrease	2,585,800
Circulation—Decrease	16,300

The banks now hold $8,130,975 in excess of the 25 per cent. rule.

The following shows the changes in government bonds during the past week:

	Aug. 2.	Sept. 28.
4½'s coupons	108¾	108¾
4's coupons	126¾	127⅞
Pacific 6's of '95	122	122

NEW YORK, August 2.—Noon—Money easy at 4@5 per cent. Bar silver 96c. The stock market became more active again after 11 o'clock, and especially for New England, Reading, Western Union and St. Paul. The increased business was accompanied by decided weakness in prices. Jersey Central, New England and Reading were the heaviest sufferers, losing 1¾, 1¼ and 1⅜ respectively, while the decline on the general list were from ¼ to ⅝ per cent. There was a slight recovery from the lowest figures, but at noon the market is fairly active and unsettled at about bottom prices.

Closing prices of stocks to-day on Wall street: St. P., 79¾; L. S., 91¼; Pac. Mail, 37½; N. Y. C., 106⅝; D., L. & W., 127⅛; J. C., —; Erie, 28¾; Erie 2ds, ——; W. St. L. & P. ——; do. pref. ——; N. P., ——; N. P. p'f'd, ——; D. & R. G. ——; Louis. & Nash., 60⅞; Texas Pacific, —; Union Pacific, 53¾; Missouri Pacific, 95½; C. S., 52; Western Union, 70¼; Kansas & Texas, 25⅛; C., B. & Q., ——; Rock Island, ——; M., L. & W., ——, L. S. W. pfd. ——; Cen. Pac., ——; Oregon Trans., 24½; Omaha, ——; Omaha pfd. ——; Manitoba, ——; Michigan Cen. 80; Phila. & Read. ——; D. & H. 99½; N. W., 111½; New Eng., 40½; P. D. & E., ——; Con. Gas, ——; Richmond T., 36⅜; Hocking Valley, 24½; P. D & E. ——.

NEW YORK, Aug. 2.—3 P. M.—The stock market was weak during the first hour of the afternoon. At the close, active and weak at lowest figures of the day.

TRADE.

During the week just closed there was a reasonable trade done, generally speaking. Wheat has not come forward as freely as was anticipated. Yet there has been a sufficient quantity reached the seaboard ports to bring a large amount of money westward.

THE MARKETS.

Ten O'clock Markets.

The markets for wheat were firm this morning at an advance of ⅛c to ¼c. Corn was firm and higher.

Prices at the 10 o'clock call of the Toledo Produce Exchange were: Wheat—Cash, 74c, sales; August, 74c sales; September, 75c bid; October, 76⅛c bid; December, 79c bid. Corn, cash, 42 bid; September, 44c sales; October, 44c asked. Oats—August, 2½ bid; September, 26c bid.

One O'Clock Close.

At the noon sessions of the exchanges of the country to-day wheat was taken to a good extent. Prices were higher, closing steady. Exports were fairly good from New York. The cause of the firmness in wheat was in sympathy with corn, which, on account of the absence of rain, moved upward.

At the regular session of the Toledo Produce Exchange to-day, cash wheat was active and higher, closing steady; No. 2 soft red, in elevators, 73¾c, ½c up; No. 3 softred, 72½c; No. 2 white, 72½c.

For future delivery No. 2 wheat sold fairly well. Prices were higher, closing easy.

	August.	Sept.	Oct.	Nov.
Sales to-day	77000	182000	12000	——
" Saturday	405000	135000	102000	——

Seller August 74@73¾c, less price to close, ⅜c up; September, 75⅛c, and finally 75c, ⅝c better; October, 76¼@76⅛c, ⅛c advance; December 79c, ½c stronger.

Corn was active and higher. No. 2, 43c, 2½c better; No. 2 September, 44c, 2½c up; October, 45½c; May, 47c. Oats quiet and steady; No. 2, 25¾c; August, 25¾c; October, 28c. Clover seed quiet; seller November, $4.65 bid. Rye, No. 2, 45½c.

Produce Market.

There was a fairly active market for produce to-day. Butter is firm. Eggs sell well. Butter—Best quality, 18@20c; next quality, 16c. Eggs, 13c. Salt, in barrels, 75c; car lots, 65c. Poultry—Chickens, 10c; spring chickens, 10@18c, in demand, turkeys, ——c. Vegetables—Onions, $1.00 per bush.; cabbages, 40c to $1.00 per dozen; cucumbers, 35c per doz.; asparagus, 5c per bunch; lettuce, 4c per pound; radishes 15@20c per dozen bunches; pie plant, 15c per doz; pineapples, $11 per 100; peas, 90c per bush. potatos, 65@70c per bushel. Fresh meats—Beef, 6@6½c per lb for sides; mutton, 7c; lambs, 7½c; calves per lb, 7¼@8c. Dressed hogs, $6.00. Salt meats—Mess pork, $18.50; short mess, $19.00; long clear, $19.25; short clear, $19.50; rumps, $16.00; butts, $16.00; clear neck and bean, $15.00. Hams, 18 lbs. and over, 12c; 15 lbs. average, 12c; 12½ lbs. average, 13c; shoulders, 8c. Breakfast bacon, 9½@10c; clear sides and backs, 9@9½c. Lard—Kettle, tierces, barrels, half barrels and cans, 8c, 8¼c and 8½c; fine lard, 7½@8c in case, and cans. Fruits—Oranges, per box, $5 00@5 50; lemons, per box, $5 00@6 00; watermelons, $20 to $25 per 100; plums, (wild), $3 00 per bushel; tomatoes, $1 75@2 25 per case; gooseberries, $2 50 per bushel.

General Produce.

DETROIT, Aug. 2.—Wheat—No. 1 white, cash 77½c; No. 2 red cash, and August, 73½c; September, 75½c; October, 76½c. Corn, cash, 43½c. Oats—No. 2, 26¾c; No. 2 white, 29c.

KANSAS CITY, Aug. 1.—Wheat—Market dull. No. 2 cash at 63½c; September at 63½c bid. Corn steady. No. 2 cash, at 33½c; September at 34c; year at 3c bid. Oats—No. 2 August at 21c¾c bid.

MILWAUKEE, Aug. 2.—Flour dull. Wheat stronger but unsettled; cash, 69¾c; August, 69¾c; September, 70¾c. Corn firm; No. 3, 30½c. Oats in fair demand; No. 2 white, 28c. Rye higher; No. 1, 45½c. Barley firm; September, 61½c bid.

CINCINNATI, Aug. 2.—Flour—Market weak; family, $3 00@3 25; fancy, $3 50@3 75. Wheat—Market quiet, 71½@72c. Corn firmer; at 42c. Oats firmer at 26½@27½c. Rye dull at 47c. Pork steady and unchanged. Whisky active and firm; sales 1,016 barrels finished goods on a basis of $1 05.

BALTIMORE, Aug. 2.—Wheat—Western, firmer; No. 2 winter red spot, and August, 78⅛@78¼c; September, 80½@80⅝c; October, 81⅞@82c. Corn—Western, higher; mixed spot and August, 47½c asked; September, 48¼@48½c; October, 49@50c. Oats—Steady with moderate demand; western white, 36@38c; do mixed, 33@35c. Rye—Lower and easy, 48@52c.

CHICAGO, Aug. 2.—1 P. M.—Wheat—Easier; cash, 69⅛c; September, 70⅝c; October, 72⅛c. Corn—Firmer; cash, 41c; September, 42c; October, 43 1-16c. Oats steady; cash, 25¼c; September, 26c; October, 27c. Rye, 44c. Barley—September, 65c. Prime timothy seed, $2125. Flax seed, $1 05½. Whisky, $1 10. Pork steady; year, $12 10; January, $12 65. Lard steady; cash, $6 62½; September, $6 72½@6 75; October, $6 82½.

NEW YORK, Aug. 2.—Wheat opened firm and later declined ⅛@½c, with a moderate stir to the speculation; receipts, 269,350 bu; sales, 40,000 bu; No. 2 red August, 79⅝@79⅞c; 1,216,000 bu do September, 80⅝@81⅛c; 496,000 bu do October, 82⅛@82½c; 1,040,000 bu do December, 84 15-16@85⅛c; —— bu do January, ——c; 464,000 bu do May, 91@91⅛c. Corn—1@1¼c higher and strong; mixed western spot, 45½@47c; future, 46½@50¼c; receipts, 1,100 bu; sales, 816,000 bu. Oats—⅛@½c higher and active; Western, 34@41½c; receipts, 73,000 bu; sales, 210,000 bu. Beef dull; new extra mess, $7 50@8 00. Pork dull; new mess, $16 25@16 75; old do, $15 25@15 75. Lard higher and firm; steam rendered, $6 95. Butter firm; Western, 12@22½c. Cheese dull; 5@10½c, latter for fancy colored. Sugar firm; crushed, 6 1-16@6½c; powdered, 6 1-16@6½c; granulated, 6c. Coffee dull; fair Rio, 19c; good do, 19¼c; prime do, 19½c. Spirits turpentine, quiet at 32c. Eggs, Western, 12@15c.

Live Stock Markets.

CINCINNATI, Aug. 1.—Hogs—Market steady; common and light, $4 25@5 25; packing and butchers, $4 90@5 35. Receipts, 1,300 head; shipments, 500 head.

EAST LIBERTY, Aug. 1.—Cattle strong at last week's prices. Hogs active; Philadelphias, $5 65@5 75; Yorkers, $5 60@5 65; grassers, light, $5 30@5 40. Sheep—Market dull, 25@35c off from last week's prices.

ST. LOUIS, Aug. 2.—Cattle—Receipts, 2,800 head; market steady; fair to choice heavy natives, $4 00@4 25; butchers' steers, $3 40@4 00; Texans and Indians, $2 00@3 75. Hogs—Receipts, 2,000 head; market active and 10c higher; choice heavy and butchers, $5 40@5 50; packers and Yorkers, $5 10@5 35; pigs, $4 00@5 50. Sheep—Receipts, 5,000 head; market quiet.

CHICAGO, Aug. 2.—Hogs—Receipts, 11,000 ead; market active and firm; prices 5@10c higher; light, $5 20@5 50; rough packing, $5 10@5 25; mixed and heavy packing and shipping lots, $5 25@5 75. Cattle—Receipts, 9,000 head; market strong for good at $4 00@4 55; common @3 20@4 25; stockers, $1 50@3 10; Texas steers, $2 50@3 25. Sheep—Receipts, 4,000 head; market steady; common to good, $2 50@4 00.

BUFFALO, Aug. 1.—Cattle—Good to choice steers advanced 5@10c; poor to common declined 10@15c. Since last Monday, common to fair, $3 40@3 90; good to choice shipping, $4 00@4 40; native stockers, $2 75@3 00; veals, $4 00@5 00. Sheep—market dull and lower; common to fair, $3 90; good to choice, $4 00@4 50; lambs, firm, $5 00@5 75; extra, $6 75. Hogs—Market advanced 5@10c; light pigs, $4 50@5 10; mixed pigs, light Yorkers, $5 25@5 40; selected Yorkers, $5 50@5 65; good to choice heavy $5 70@5 80; selected heavy ends, $4 60@4 70.

KANSAS CITY, Aug. 1.—The *Live Stock Indicator* reports: Cattle—Receipts, 1,500 head; shipments, 900 head. The market for corn fed was weak, grass and range were steady. Sales of good to choice corn fed at $3 70@4 00 per cwt.; common to medium at $2 25@3 65; stockers, $2 00@2 40; feeding steers at $2 50@3 00; grass range steers, $2 25@3 00; cows, $1 40@2 50. Hogs—Receipts, 6,400 head; shipments, 1,614 head. The market for choice was firm and 5c higher, and closed weak; sales of good to choice, $5 15@5 25; common to medium, $4 50@5 15. Sheep—Receipts, 124 head; shipments, 480 head. The market was steady. Sales of good to choice, $3 00@3 50; common to medium, $2 00@2 75.

New York Wool Market.

The demand is moderate. Manufacturers are showing but little disposition to operate. X and XX Ohio, 32@35c; washed Western 24@31c; washed fleece, 41c; Oregon, 20@24c; Texas, 14@23c; Mexican, 15c; Montevideo, 29½c; scoured California, part at 56c.

Foreign Markets.

The Mark Lane Express, in its review of the British grain trade during the past week, says: Harvesting wheat is becoming general. A large proportion of the oat crop is already cut. Values are tending downward. Crops being reaped are in good milling order. Prices are expected to be lower than ever. Rates for foreign wheat are all in buyers' favor. Liverpool has recorded a decline in spot wheat every market day. Traders are very much depressed. Corn is weaker. Barley is lifeless. Linseed 3d better.

DR. CLARKE
NO FEE Until Better. ESTABLISHED 1851 Chicago, Ills. 186 So. Clark St.
THE REGULAR OLD-ESTABLISHED PHYSICIAN & SURGEON Is still Treating with the Greatest SKILL AND SUCCESS ALL PRIVATE, NERVOUS AND CHRONIC DISEASES
YOUNG MEN who by their own acts of Imprudence or Folly suffer from Nervous Debility, Exhausting Drains upon the Fountains of Life, affecting Mind, Body and Manhood, should consult the Celebrated DR. CLARKE at once. Remember! Nervous Diseases (with or without dreams) or debility and loss of nerve power treated scientifically by new methods with never-failing success.
MIDDLE-AGED MEN who now find the penalties following their Transgressions, Indiscretions or Over Brain Work, may consult with the assurance of Speedy Relief and a Permanent Cure, if within reach of Human Skill.
OLD MEN who suffer from weaknesses will find immediate Relief and Comfort, and in many cases a permanent cure.
☞ The terrible poisons of Syphilis and all bad blood and skin diseases completely eradicated without mercury. ☞ Remember that this one horrible disease, if neglected or improperly treated, curses the present and *coming generations*.
☞ All unnatural discharges cured promptly without hindrance to business. Old Gleets, Strictures and all diseases of the genito-urinary organs cured without injury to stomach, kidneys or other organs.
☞ No experiments. Both sexes consult confidentially. ☞ Age and experience important.
☞ It makes no difference what you have taken or who has failed to cure you.
☞ Send 4 cts. postage for Celebrated Works on Chronic, Nervous and Delicate Diseases. Consultation personally or by letter, free. Consult the old Doctor. Thousands cured. Offices and parlors private. ☞ Those contemplating marriage send for Dr. Clarke's celebrated guide, Male and Female, each 15c., both 25c. (stamps). Before confiding your case, consult DR. CLARKE. A friendly letter, or call may save future suffering and shame and add golden years to life. Medicine and Works sent everywhere secure from exposure. Hours 8 to 8; Sundays, 9 to 12.
Address: F. D. CLARKE, M.D., 186 So. Clark Street, Chicago, Ill.

PRICE 50c
COMPLEXION DR. HEBRA'S VIOLA CREAM
SEND FOR CIRCULARS
Without injury positively removes Freckles, Liver-moles, Pimples and blemishes of the skin. Is not a wash or powder to cover defects, but a remedy to cure. Secure mailed, for 50c. G. C. BITTNER & Co., Toledo, O.

LEPAGE'S THE ONLY GENUINE LIQUID GLUE
UNEQUALLED for CEMENTING wood, glass, china, paper, leather, &c. Always ready for use. Pronounced strongest glue known.
IS MADE BY THE Russia Cement Co., AWARDED TWO GOLD MEDALS. Gloucester, Mass. Sample 20c stamps